

J.I.D #6 10 #6

Movie CLASSIC

AUGUST

10
CENTS

JUL 15 1936
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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JEAN HARLOW

"I'm Suzy. I loved that guy and when they shot him I fled to France. Sure, I gave my lips to Andre—but I never knew..."



BENITA HUME

"I'm Madame de Chabris. I get around. The spy racket is a cinch when you've got a figure like mine..."



CARY GRANT

"I'm Andre. Yes, I was weak. I loved that girl but somehow the night life of Paris got me—and those secret plans! That's how it happened!"



FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."



JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE • CARY GRANT
LEWIS STONE • BENITA HUME
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

New!

Movie Classic is now written and edited completely in Hollywood, to bring you new features, stories and photos . . . with news that is NEW!

MOVIE CLASSIC

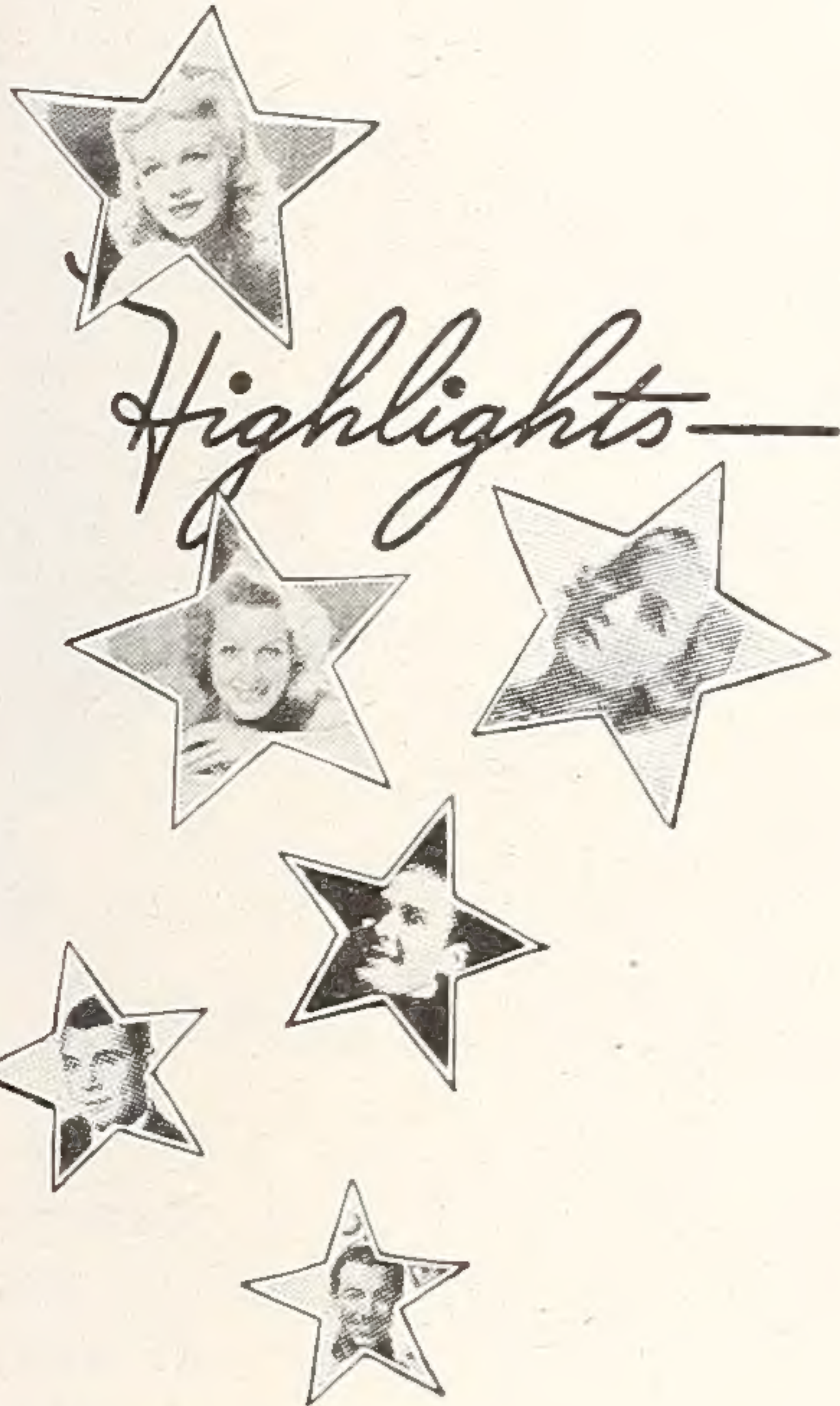
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

AUGUST, 1936

VOL. 10 No. 6

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
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Managing Editor



Highlights—

Fred MacMurray Answers	by The Inquiring Reporter	24
Win a Telephone Call from Ginger Rogers		26
The Girl Robert Taylor Can't Forget	by James Reid	28
Gertrude Michael's Hour of Horror	by James Parr	30
The Romantic Czech—Francis Lederer	by John Lawton	31
The Evolution of Jean Harlow		32
Circus Daze in Hollywood	by Philip K. Bailey	34
The Fortunes of Hopkins, Inc.	by John L. Haddon	36
Why George Brent Shuns Romance	by Harry Lang	37
In Quest of Romance—Errol Flynn	by William Ulman, Jr.	40
Small Wonder—Jane Withers	by Donald P. Sheldon	42
Drama in the Desert—Marlene Dietrich	by James Reid	44
Saddle Leather Vs. Sex Appeal	by Eric Ergenbright	46
The Man of a Thousand Faces—Edward Arnold	by Scoop Conlon	50
Evelyn Venable Reveals Her Beauty Secrets	by Alison Alden	10
Four Star Dresses	by Sally Martin	38
For the Sake of Sport—Summer fashions		48
Party Line in Hollywood	by Eric Ergenbright	12
The Show Window—last minute reviews	by Eric Ergenbright	16
Hollywood Highlights	by The Boulevardier	20
The Pickford-Lasky Contest Winners		52



Beauty—

News—

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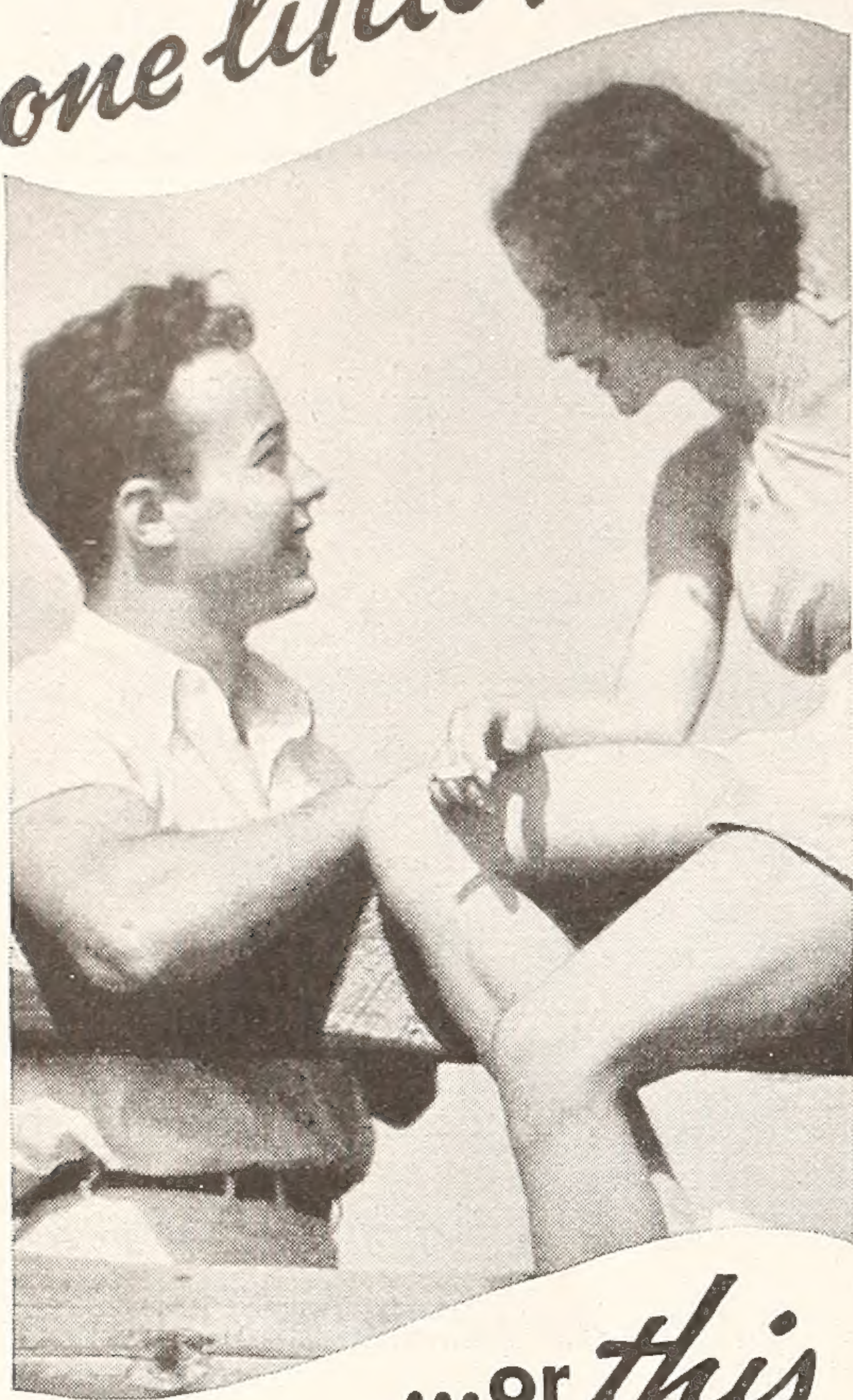
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Remember
one little thing



...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

Now, just remember this one thing—don't let a harsh, over-acting cathartic spoil things for you. Strong purgatives are apt to throw your whole system out of rhythm . . . upsetting your digestion, causing stomach pains—even nausea.

WHY A CORRECTLY TIMED LAXATIVE IS PREFERABLE

When you choose Ex-Lax you are choosing a laxative that works g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y . . . that takes 6 to 8 hours to be effective. In other words, a laxative that's *correctly timed*. Its action is thorough. Yet Ex-Lax is so mild and so gentle that it won't cause you even a moment's uneasiness. There'll be no shock to your system, no pain or disturbance of any kind.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOR

And here's another nice thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious, creamy chocolate. Buy Ex-Lax at any drug store. Tuck it in your traveling bag. There's a 10c size, and a still more economical size at 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Now You're Talking

The readers' page, whereon they are urged to express their frank opinions of pictures and players—and MOVIE CLASSIC

\$15 Prize Letter

She blushed—A few years ago when censorship came into effect, I was highly indignant to think that an individual or group should dictate what the public should or should not see.

One of our local theatres recently began showing revivals of older pictures and, wanting to see a few I had missed, I went down to see them.

Imagine my embarrassment when I actually found myself blushing and a little disgusted at some of the scenes they had managed to get away with.

I see now that censorship has at least made it possible to see a picture without leaving the theatre with a bad taste in one's mouth.—(Mrs.) Anne Margulies, 2041½ Hightower Drive, Hollywood, California.

\$10 Prize Letter

Give Us More Realism!—Tarzan is engaged in a terrific battle with a lion. The beast apparently sinks his teeth many times into vital spots of the ape man's anatomy, mauls him and claws him but Tarzan, after overpowering the animal, gets up without a scratch—Impossible.

Warner Baxter, in "Shark Island", is escaping from prison. Eight or ten guards, supposedly crack-shots, are shooting at him as he hangs to the outer side of the prison wall. When he dives into the shark-infested moat, which surrounds the prison, a dozen or more sharks dart toward him but the volley of bullets, which is still being fired at him, either kills or frightens away the sharks and he escapes through a hole in the wall—Preposterous.

Errol Flynn, as the mighty "Captain Blood," leads his men to victory after victory. In their victorious battle with the French at Port Royal, one of the most ferocious, exciting, dramatic sea battles the screen has ever produced, he comes through without shedding a drop of blood—Ridiculous!

GIVE US MORE REALISM! Let's see some bullet wounds, cuts and blood on our fighting heroes.—G. H. Strand, 2684 Moss Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

\$5 Prize Letter

The Forgotten Men—The man behind the scenes in motion pictures, the technician. Who is he? What does he do? What sort of a person is he? I, for one, would like to know.

Compare any of the modern pictures with those made ten years ago and the wonderful strides made in photography and sound are at once apparent. Compare American-made pictures with those made in foreign countries and the technical superiority of American-made pictures is vividly brought home to you.

And why? Because of the obscure technician behind the scenes, the modern miracle man. Consider the pictorial splendor of *A*



Joan Crawford, in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, appears in period costume for one of the few times in her career. We would like to hear what you think about our most modern lady adopting the garb of the past

Midsummer Night's Dream, of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and many others, all made possible through the unsung hero behind the scenes.

Let's hear something about him and let's give him a great big hand, he deserves it.—Vernon Wilkinson, 1024 47th St., Oakland, Calif.

\$1 Letters

Broadway's Movie Mad—I am convinced that Manhattan is as completely "movie struck" as a town like . . . well, Squeedunkus Falls, where legitimate drama is limited to stock company performances of *East Lynne*.

At the recent premiere of *The Great Ziegfeld*, it took traffic policemen afoot and on horseback to keep order in front of the Astor Theatre, where what looked like a Cecil B. De Mille mob scene had assembled to get an "in person" glimpse of stars.

Contrast with that of the premiere of the stage *Ziegfeld Follies* which, though a brilliant affair at the Winter Garden [Continued on page 61]

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month **MOVIE CLASSIC** offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) \$15; (2) \$10; (3) \$5; all others published, \$1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to **MOVIE CLASSIC'S** Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.



Ask your mirror!

"Will I Be More Popular Tonight?"

YOUR mirror tells you the truth. And here's how to make *your* mirror say, "YES!"

Lovely young women everywhere tell us they are more popular with soft lustrous hair. Radiant hair alone quickly gives them a new, lovely fresh bright appearance. Now you, too, can gain this popularity. Have sunny hair friends admire! Blonde or Brunette, rinse brilliant lustre into your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES — To restore natural golden beauty, to brighten *evenly* and give sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair — rinse your hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES — Increase *your* attractiveness. Just a rinse with Marchand's gives your hair a soft, lustrous sheen. Or, using Marchand's full strength, lighten your hair gradually — secretly — to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES — You can make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable*. And so keep your face, arms and legs alluringly soft and smooth! This summer use Marchand's to soften attractively and make unnoticeable the soft natural hair on face, arms and legs.

Marchand's keeps you dainty and attractive *all over!* Start *today* to use Marchand's yourself, at home. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore.

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(Use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH**

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*Straight from
the Kitchens*

*of
Hollywood's
Favorite
Hostesses*

MOVIE CLASSIC offers you the favorite recipes of film stars! Each celebrity has personally autographed his selection and they have been kitchen tested by a noted food expert.

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½ x 11 loose leaf notebook.

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Stamp for Each Leaflet
You Need!**

Heather Angel's Salads

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Dishes

Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Leftover Surprises from Sally
Eilers

Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Andy Devine's After Dinner
Snacks

E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Pud-
dings

Raisin Recipes from Noah Berry,
Jr.

Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot
Breads

Cottage Cheese Delights from
Binnie Barnes

Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria
Stuart

For information, write to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. No inquiries answered unless a **STAMPED, SELF AD-DRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!**

Speaking of Sandwiches

*Astrid Allwyn excels
Hollywood caterers
in making sand-
wiches. Their invit-
ing appearance and
unusual fillings make
them irresistible!*

By
**Dorothy
Dwan**



Astrid has many interesting hobbies—one of which is creating sandwiches that are different

DID you know that plain, everyday sandwiches, so dear to the heart of the American public, have a royal background? Astrid Allwyn, explained the sandwich "family tree" to me—and it surely behooves us to treat them with the utmost respect!

Many decades ago, in Ye Merrie Olde England, John Montague, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, was seated at a gaming table with a group of friends, when dinner was announced, Astrid related. His enthusiasm for the game and the pangs of hunger warred within him, and once again, necessity became the mother of invention. Demanding bread and meat, the Earl slipped a piece of meat between

two slices of bread so he could eat with one hand, while playing with the other. Pleased with his brain child, Montague dubbed it a "sandwich," little dreaming he was writing a page in the history of food.

"Now—picnics, lunch boxes, tea tables, drug stores, and I are furthering the famous lineage," Astrid concluded, reaching once more for the sandwich tray.

We were seated in the patio, enjoying the tinkle of ice upon our frosty glasses and munching Astrid's sandwiches. I had arrived early to find her bustling about the kitchen while the maid looked on.

"Tyl," a [Continued on page 58]

Jean Muir's

STRAWBERRY BAVARI- AN CREAM

2 tbs. plain gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup fruit juice
1½ cups crushed strawberries
1½ cups whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water, dis-
solve in hot fruit juice, and
cool. Sweeten the berries to
taste, depending on tartness of

Cook Book

fruit. Add fruit to gelatin mix-
ture and place in refrigerator
cabinet to chill, stirring occa-
sionally. When mixture begins
to thicken, fold in stiffly
whipped cream and turn into
mold, which has been dipped
in cold water. Place mold in
refrigerator until mixture be-
comes firm. Unmold on serv-
ing plate, garnish with ripe
berries and whipped cream.

Last Call for the MOVIE CLASSIC Trek to Hollywood

This is your final opportunity to join a delightful, yet inexpensive vacation party!

WITH the success of the annual movieland tours sponsored by MOVIE CLASSIC and its sister magazines proving that our readers love travel—particularly when it's a trip to Hollywood—reservations are nearly complete for the August tour.

This year two complete vacation trips to Hollywood from Chicago were organized by MOVIE CLASSIC and cooperating railroad lines. Although the actual cost of the trip per person is only \$160, including fare, berths, hotels, most of the meals and all the varied banquets and entertainments planned for Hollywood, it is estimated that Classic's readers this summer will spend more than \$100,000 for these two summer vacations.

And yet the Hollywood program could not be bought at any price by the casual tourist to movieland. For through this magazine it has been made possible for our guests to visit studios, dine and dance with the stars, be entertained by them at their homes, and become an intimate part of the Hollywood colony during their stay here.

From the start of the trip, August 9, when the special train pulls out of Chicago, to August 23, when the houseparty on wheels returns, every minute will be exciting. The side trips alone will be thrilling as you cross half the continent, but once in Hollywood the real thrills crowd thick and fast.

Bette Davis will be guest of honor at the annual banquet at the Blossom Room, in the Hotel Roosevelt. Harmon Nelson, bringing both his wife Bette and his famed orchestra to enchant you, will provide the music for dancing. "Ham" and Bette will greet you personally, along with many other stars planning to be present. Donald Woods, popular Warner Brothers player seen recently in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, *Tale of Two Cities*, *Frisco Kid*, *Anthony Adverse* and other hits, will entertain you at his Beverly Hills home at a cocktail party, so bring kodaks and autograph books, and be prepared to meet your favorite film folk. Universal Studios will open its gates to you for a special trip through the studio to see pictures in the making. Max Factor is holding open house for you at his lovely salon, and will present mementoes to the ladies, and demonstrate how the stars attain that well groomed look. A surprise party will be held at the Brass Rail; in short, every minute will be occupied with star gazing until you won't know what to tell first when you get home filled with novel adventures to relate.

For full particulars and handsome booklet, address a card TODAY to Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Director, 360 No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill. The time is short, only a few reservations remain open, so send in your inquiry now!

See you in Hollywood!

Once Ignored...Now Adored!



*She found the
lovelier way*
to Avoid Offending

She bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

HOW appealingly feminine . . . how desirable you are . . . when you guard your daintiness this Cashmere Bouquet way!

You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be *fragrantly dainty*. For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes . . . And only such costly perfumes will bring you such *lingering* loveliness!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from

every pore . . . keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

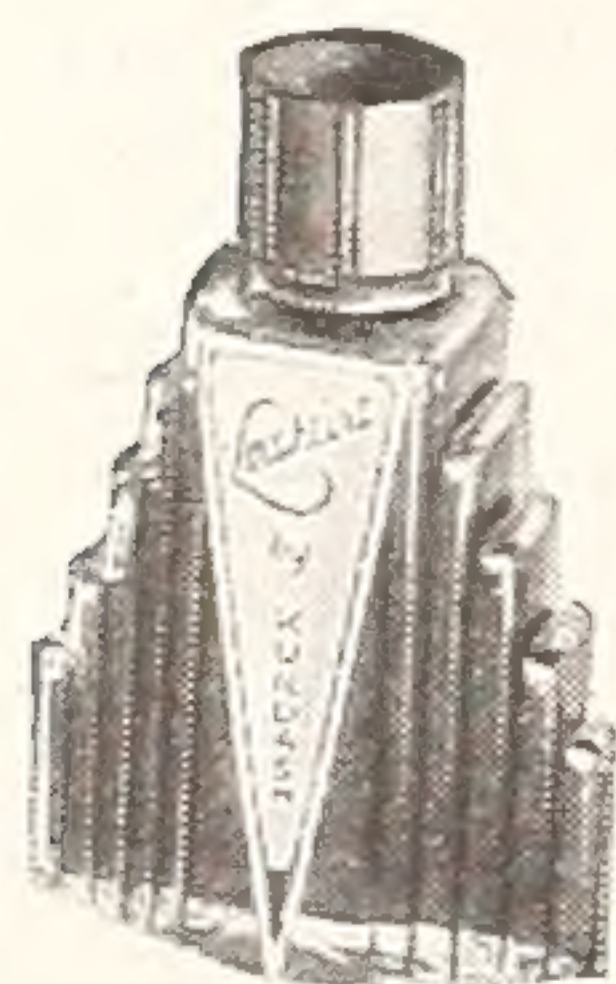




"Keep an eye on the sun"
says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamorous*! Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only \$1.



● *Lashlinc*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . \$1

● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . 75c



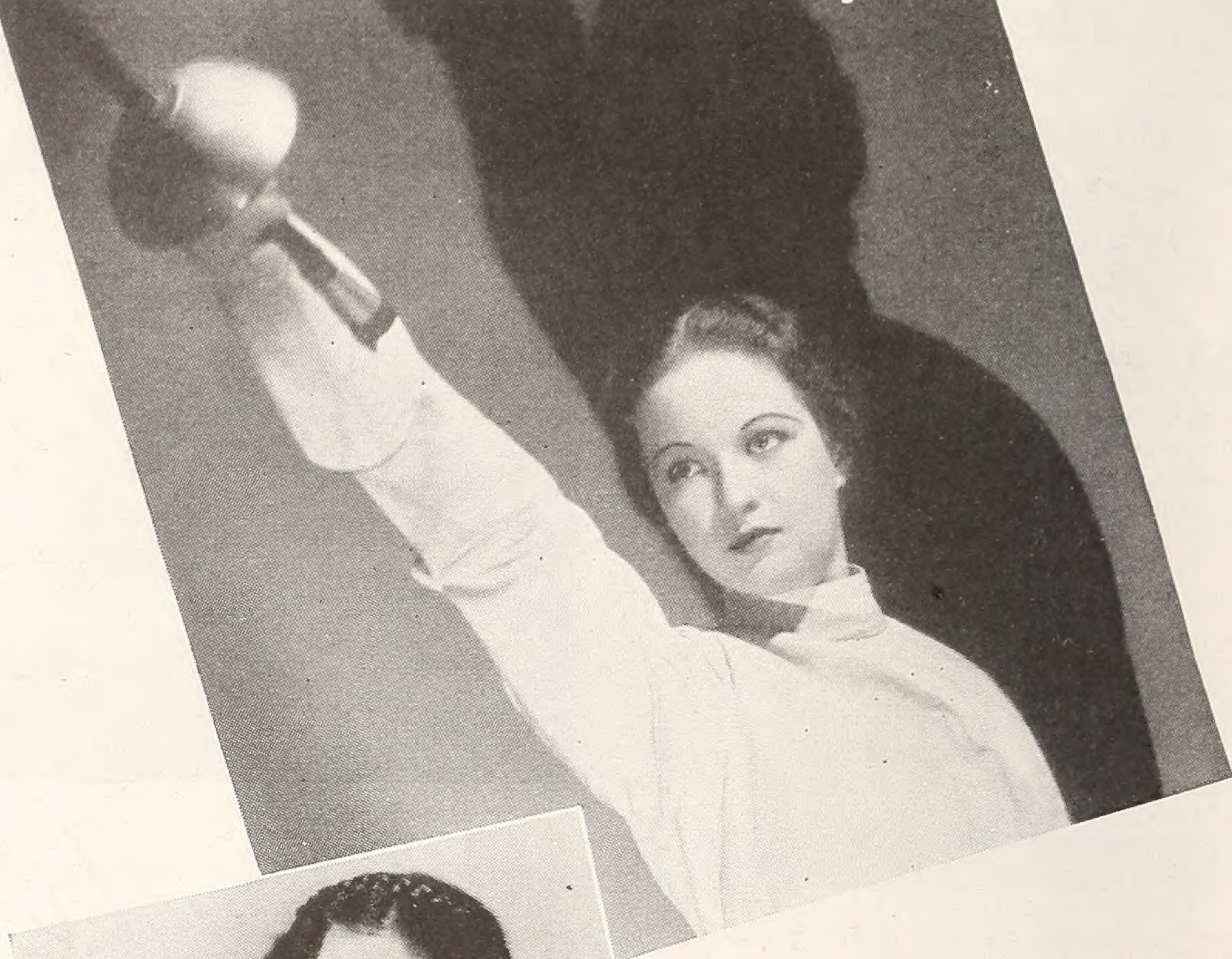
● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

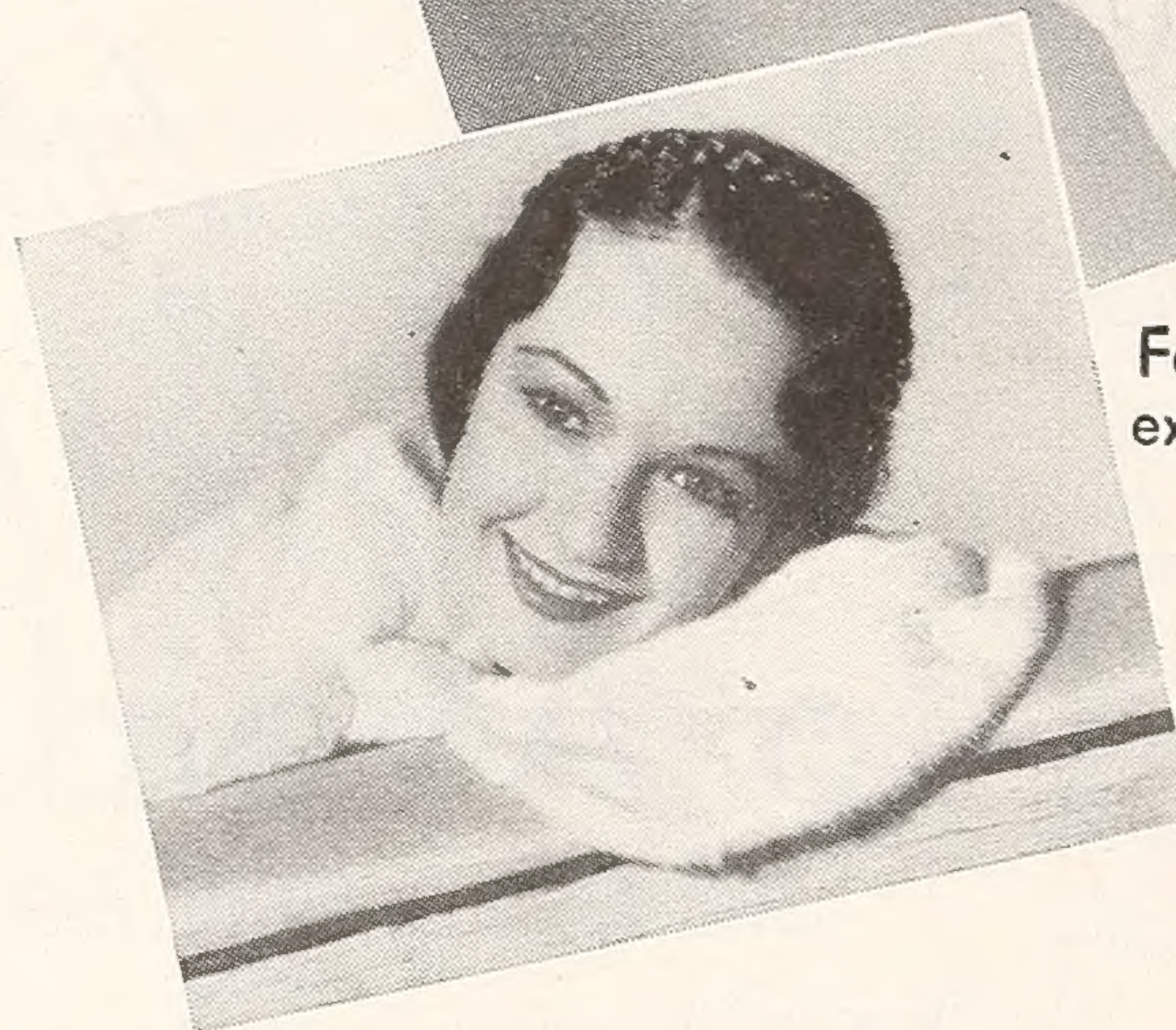
Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Evelyn Venable

Reveals Her Beauty Secrets



Fencing is Evelyn Venable's favorite exercise. It is excellent for posture.



Practical makeup tips and habits of beauty discussed with a favorite of the screen.

by

Alison Alden

IT WAS on the *David Harum* set and Evelyn Venable, young Shakespearean actress, was being introduced to her cameraman. "How do you do, Mr. Mohr," said Miss Venable.

"Do you know that you have an absolutely perfect face?" asked Hal Mohr, ignoring her conventional greeting. Miss Venable smiled graciously.

"But your makeup is terrible," he added, "Take it off at once!"

Miss Venable seethed. "How would you like to jump in the lake?" she inquired inelegantly.

Thus began Evelyn Venable's inter-

est in correct makeup—and one of Hollywood's most perfect romances. Hal Mohr, you know, is the cameraman who won the 1935 Academy Award for Cinematography and who, far more important to him, is now Evelyn Venable's husband. He has filmed such outstanding productions as *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Captain Blood* and *Green Pastures*.

Evelyn explained that by a "perfect" face Hal Mohr had meant her face was perfectly symmetrical, identical on both sides, and that she would never have to worry about camera angles.

"Then you did take off your makeup," I suggested.

Evelyn laughed that delicious low laugh which so characterizes her charm and radiant well-being. "I did *not*!" she said. "We quarreled furiously all that day and I went home burned to a crisp, vowing vengeance. I had practically grown up on the stage in Shakespearean rôles and had been in the habit of applying makeup with a heavy hand in the theatrical tradition. My lashes *were* too heavily beaded, my makeup *was* too dark for picture purposes, but I didn't want to admit it then."

To appear beautiful to the technical scrutiny of a camera-minded husband as well as to the public is certainly asking a great deal of any girl, even one so lovely as Miss Venable.

"It does keep me on my toes," she con-

fessed. "I find it simplest to have a beauty routine—certain rites to be performed every day and others to be performed on a definite day each week. By following this schedule it not only saves precious minutes when I am working in a picture but gives me a sense of confidence in myself and in my appearance."

What a lot of well-groomed women there would be if we could all be married to cameramen! No "letting down" every now and then, no skipping a manicure or shampoo, no letting the brows grow every which way for lack of a few minutes attention.

The Use of Cosmetics

Evelyn's face grew serious as she said, "The most valuable tip I could give to girls on makeup is—EXPERIMENT! You must try many shades and discard until you have the correct harmonizing colors. For help in this, seek the advice of competent beauty authorities.

"I have a large assortment of shades in rouge, lipsticks, powder and eyeshadow—four or five completely harmonized sets. These I use according to the color dress I am wearing, governed to be sure by the time of day. At first this requires a great deal of patience and experiment but when one learns which colors blend with which makeup and which is right for day and which for evening wear, it's just as simple to apply one kind as another."

I thought this excellent advice. Too many girls struggle along with one shade of rouge, one lipstick and one shade of powder, either in the interests of economy, which is really no economy at all, or because they have never taken the time to study their makeup carefully.

"For street wear," Evelyn went on, "I use only a light coating of powder, a small amount of rouge and am careful to blend my lipstick to the natural curve of my mouth. Lipsticks with the new russet cast call for a yellowish note in powder. I use a touch of oil to my lashes and extend my brows ever so slightly with a pointed eyebrow pencil.

"In the evening I accentuate my rouge by placing it a trifle higher on my cheeks than for street wear. This tends to make the eyes more lustrous. I use a more vivid lipstick too and outline my lips with a definite stroke. Mascara is essential for evening and I also use eyeshadow of which I have four different shades. My favorite is a faint lavender which I wear with gray or rose colored gowns. The other shades are blue, gray and brown and I wear them with harmonizing colors."

Correct Bathing

The day-by-day schedule followed by Miss Venable combines beauty and health to a nicety and I give it here in her own words.

"Every night before going to bed I bathe my eyes with a good eye lotion, a drop or two in each eye to soothe and cleanse. This treatment is especially refreshing after a day at the studio working under harsh lights. Then in the morning a dash [Continued on page 69]



Go TRAILWAYS

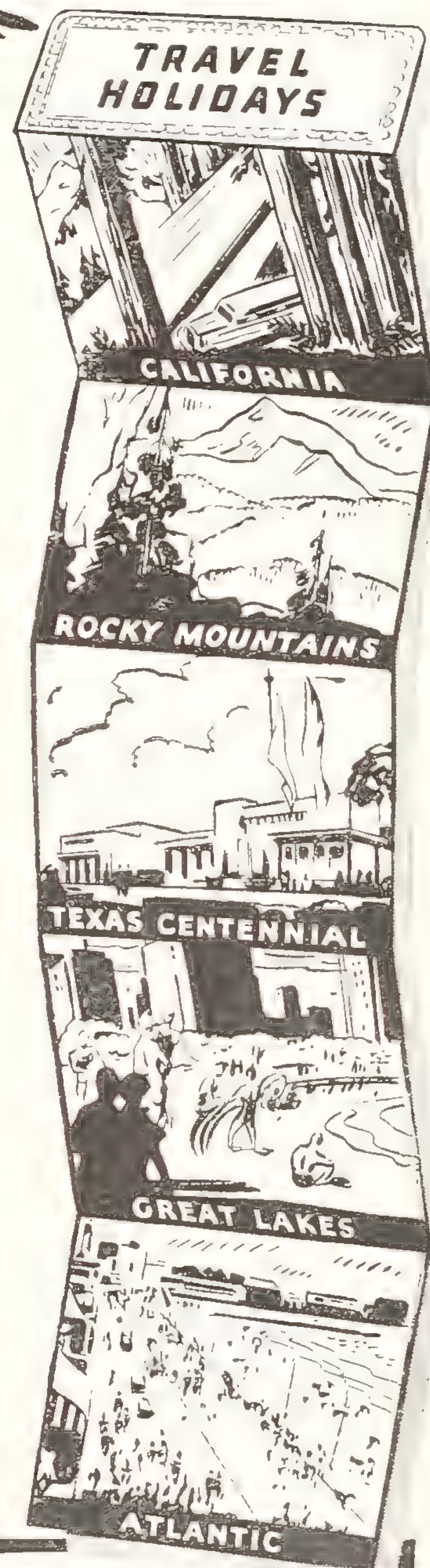
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As one Woman to another

A frank intimate chat

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

authority on feminine hygiene



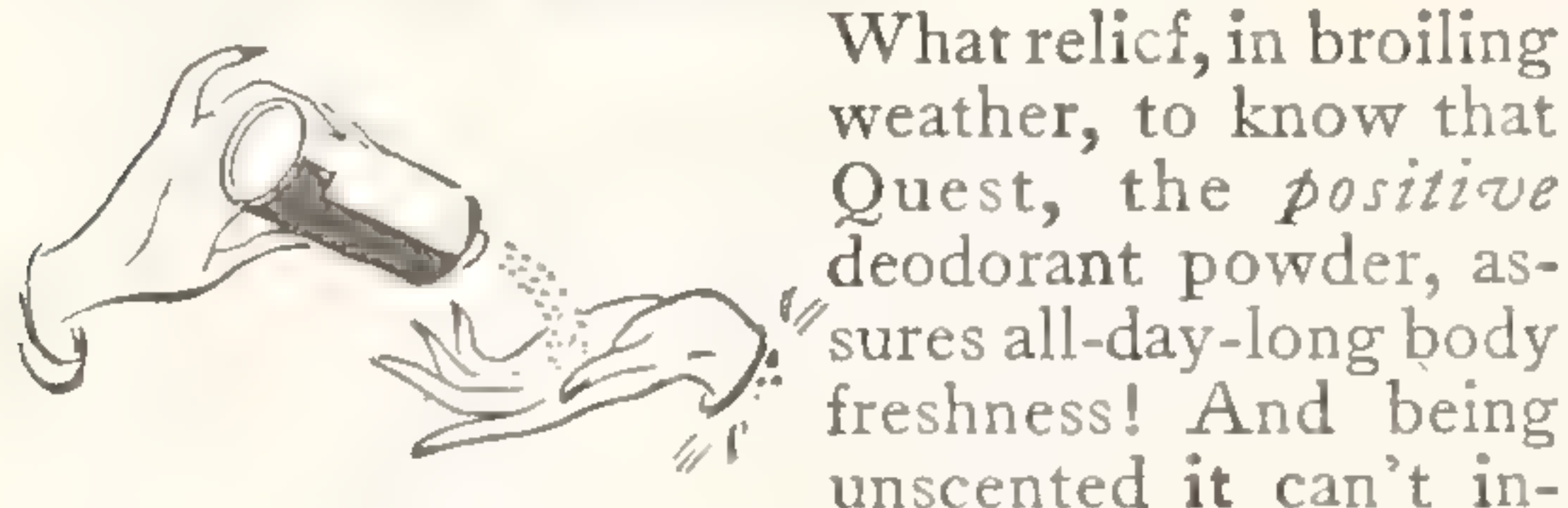
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Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort every woman dreads.



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What relief, in broiling weather, to know that Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness! And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume.

You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins. It soothes—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest and you'll agree with me that 35c is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

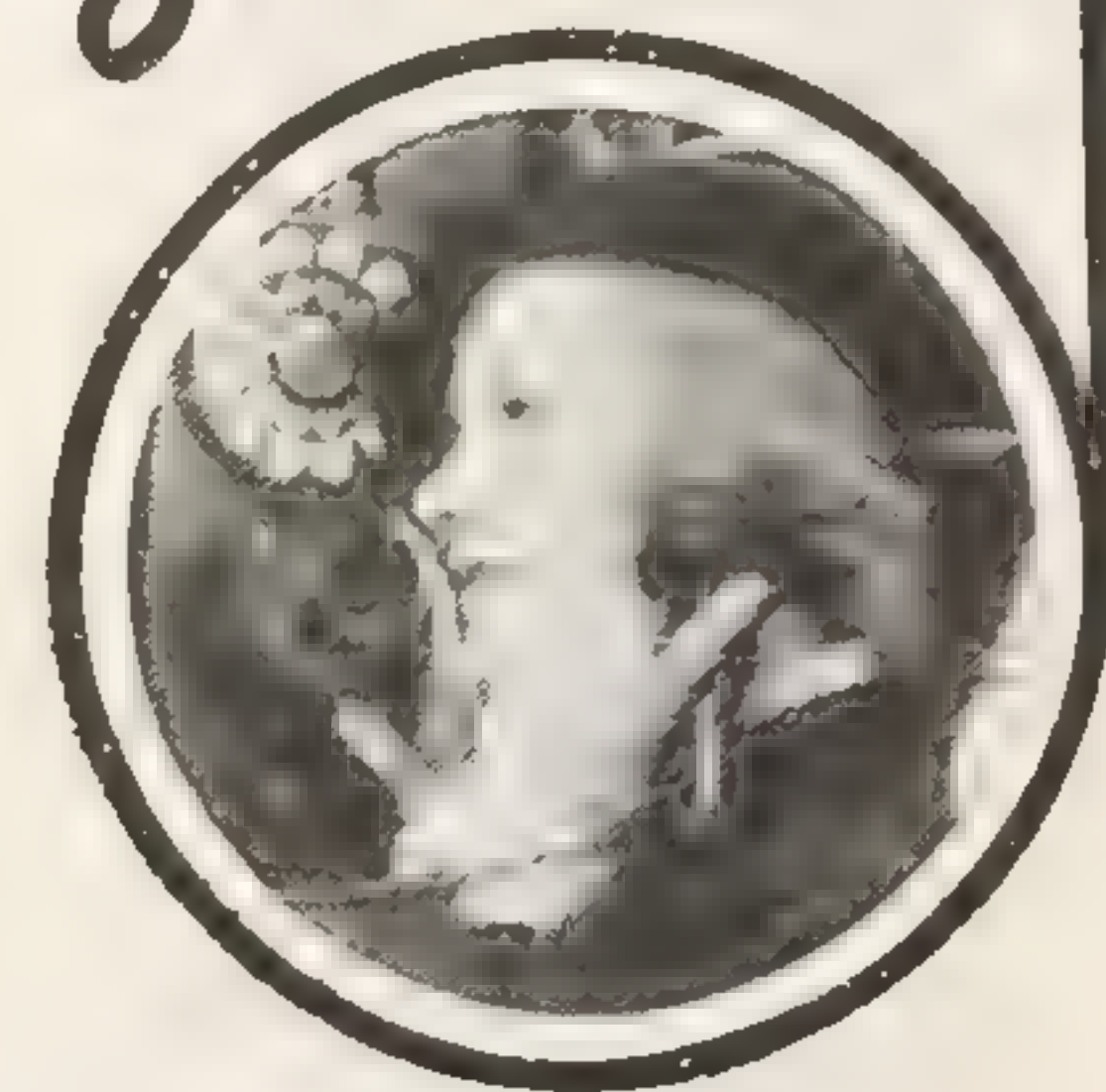
Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

Three Gifts for You! One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1401, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



*Behind-the-scene news and gossip about
Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-
the-minute report of the latest happenings*

Party line in Hollywood



By

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

ANOTHER month and another deluge of news and gossip coming in over the Party Line. And among the items is one that provoked a real chuckle.

You've heard about that now time-honored feud between Joan C—— and Jean H——. Well, it seems that an unlucky chap, who had just been talking with Miss H——, made a grave mistake while chatting a few minutes later with Miss C——. Unthinkingly, he addressed her as Miss H——. And from all accounts, there was H... to pay!

A Profitable "Disaster"

The Party Line for the last month or so has been buzzing with figures, exclamation points and paens of triumph. And the cause of all the furor is the fact that *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ridiculed by most of Hollywood's wise-acres as the most extravagant folly in the history of the screen, has confounded its critics and fully justified the sagacity of its producers. To date, after being road-showed in only one hundred theatres, it has already produced a gross revenue of more than \$1,500,000—and that impressive amount, mind you, represents its earnings in the United States alone. In Europe, it is playing to tremendous crowds and promises to show an equal box office take. By the time it has been in general release, it is safe to predict, it will be established as one of the most profitable productions ever filmed.

Already, its success is exerting a profound influence on the production plans of every major studio. "Big" pictures, super-productions which will run for two hours or more, are the order of the day. Literary classics are in demand. Shakespeare and Dickens are the lions of the hour.

And Warners' "Folly," it appears, will turn out to be an important milestone in picture-making.

We Told You So

A couple of months ago, *MOVIE CLASSIC* printed an article which hinted that a second marriage was hardly an improbability for Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda.

And now we'd be willing to wager a small, conservative bit that said marriage will transpire by this time next year. Henry's being very, very attentive. Margaret doesn't say much—es-

pecially for publication—but her friends are all commenting on her very ecstatic appearance.

Crazy Over Horses

From its lowliest laborer to its loftiest executive, Hollywood went insane over horse-racing during the late, lamented Santa Anita season. Many stars, not content with losing their weekly paychecks on the ponies, risked their annual incomes by purchasing stables. Which is all a preamble to the statement that Patricia Ellis has just acquired a half-interest in a mystery nag named Thunder Cloud, which is rumored to be faster than greased lightning. Rumor has it that he has been clocked in breathtaking time—and Pat is busy plotting how she will spend the \$100,000 purse offered for the handicap winner next winter.



Irene Dunne—like almost every star in Filmtown—has become a badminton addict

Bing's Girl Friends

There are fans and fans, but never two so devout and determined as the highschool girls who have parked in Bing Crosby's limousine every Thursday night for four years and sat enraptured listening to the Crosby voice via the radio in the Crosby car. Bing parks in a specified lot near the N.B.C. studios and turns the car keys over to the girls who invariably are waiting to keep their tryst.

Lina's Come-back

Lina Basquette—remember her torrid rhumba dancing?—has staged a screen comeback in *San Francisco Nights*. The picture, itself, is hardly to be classed as a super-colossal, but Lina gave such a swell performance that all the town's buzzing about it. And they do say that she's being tested for a long term contract by a major studio.

In-demand Irene

Irene Dunne, thanks to her magnificent work in *Show Boat*, is undoubtedly the most "in-demand" actress in the business just now. Every studio is bidding for her services and eavesdroppings from the Party Line indicate that the sums offered her would stagger the imagination of a mint worker.

On her return from New York, where she has been spending a well-earned vacation, she will star in five Class A pictures in quick succession. For Warner Brothers she will play Madame Curie in a biographical epic based on the life of the great woman scientist. For Universal, she will make one as yet untitled epic. For Columbia, she will star in *Theodora Goes Wild* and *Women Are Wise*. And for Paramount, if she approves the script, she will play the title role in the sensational *Valiant is the Word For Carrie*, the story of a courtesan.

The chances are that she will approve, for it's no secret that Irene is bored



Peter and Mrs. Lorre have just returned to Hollywood from London, where he starred in *Secret Agent*

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A Beautiful
Walter Wanger Star

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You may enter as often as you wish. The "Search for Talent" closes December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of a HOLD-BOB Card or facsimile of same (HOLD-BOB bob pins are sold everywhere)... attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

When you are reading the full details on the back of the HOLD-BOB card notice the many outstanding features of HOLD-BOBS; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why Hollywood uses these famous bob pins almost exclusively.

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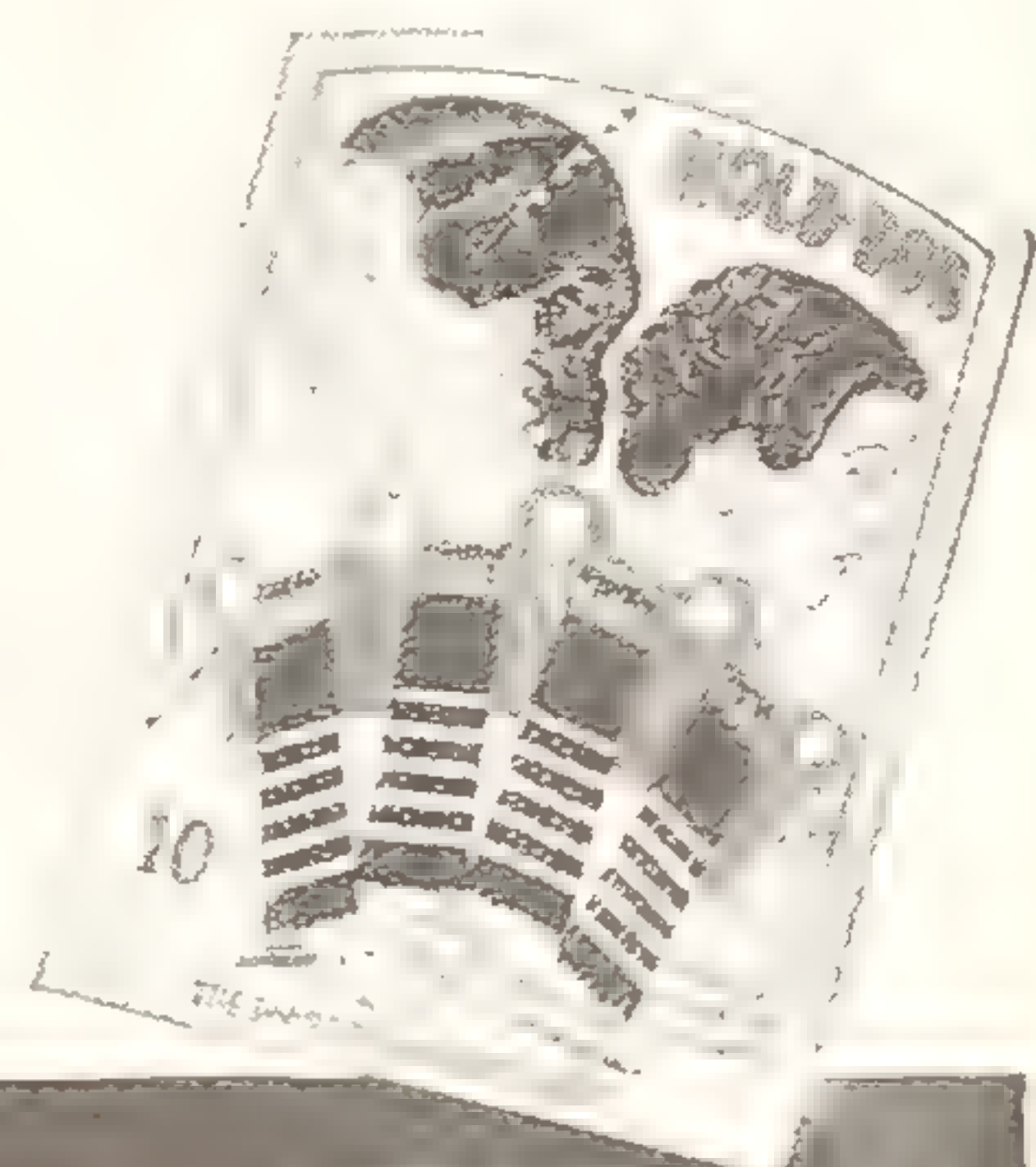


Curved Shape Style

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Robert Taylor dancing with Margaret Hehn, one of the recent "Search for Talent" winners, at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.



The seven lovely winners of HOLD-BOB'S First "Search for Talent" being welcomed by Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Nino Martini at the premier of the Pickford-Lasky Picture "One Rainy Afternoon."

Party Line in Hollywood

with the prospect of always and forever being the perfect lady in her screen characterizations.

We Doubt It

Leslie Howard, for the umpteenth time, is hinting that he is ready to retire as a screen star. He says that after completing his present contracts, he wants to star in one more picture, produced by himself, in England, and then devote all of his time to the stage and to production work.

Twinkle, Little Star

Little Sybil Jason steps into the stellar ranks with her assignment to top billing in Warner Brothers *Way For a Pirate*, which will also feature May Robson and Guy Kibbee. And her ascension to the heights gives Hollywood a full sextet of child stars, to wit: Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, Jackie Cooper and Sybil.

But it won't be long before Jackie's budding mustaches will reduce the number by one.

Once a Star . . .

When you see Virginia Weidler's first starring picture, *Girl of the Ozarks*, note the ancient, doddering wreck of a horse that draws the rattle-trap wagon. Half-blind, creaking in every joint, he's the most pathetic nag that ever stumbled before a camera.

But, if only the truth were known, the sizzling of the studio lights and the whirring of the cameras were probably like a soul-stirring trumpet call to him.

For the horse is "Romeo," the famous companion of William S. Hart in a hundred dramas of the West. Theatre audiences everywhere loved him! He was a star in his own right!

Years ago they put him out to pasture and only sentiment brought him

back before the lights for one last appearance.

In Rogers' Shoes

Over the Party Line comes word that Wallace Beery, after completing his current picture, *Old Hutch*, will star in *Timberline*, a hell-roaring newspaper drama of silver boom days in Colorado. Incidentally, *Old Hutch*, was made several years ago under the title *Honest Hutch*, with Will Rogers in the title role.

A New Team

Bette Davis called with the important announcement that she will co-star in *Another Dawn* with Errol Flynn—and what an ideal team that should be! The story deals with a feverish love triangle in the hinterland of Iraq, tucked away in a corner of the Arabian desert, and Bette will have a part to her liking.

Flynn, by the way, skyrockets higher and higher in the estimation of the studio czars. His fan mail is approaching an all time record and the Messrs. Warner are frantically trying to capitalize on his popularity. At the moment he is slated for four super-specials in such quick succession that he will have no more than a single day's freedom between any two.

Casting Office Notes

Billie Burke and Frank Morgan are to co-star in *Ada Beats the Drum* and if it clicks at the box-office Metro plans to make them a permanent comedy-team Jean Arthur, courted by every studio since her hit performance in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, will play opposite Edward Arnold in Radio's super, *The Robber Barons* Ketti Gallian, after seeing her career go into a temporary eclipse, has landed an important



Betty Furness and Cesar Romero were members of a gay yachting party. Aboard the *Adore*, Lee Tracy's palatial schooner, they cruised to Ensenada, Mexico

role in *Opera Versus Jazz*, which co-stars Gladys Swarthout, George Raft and Jack Oakie Charles Boyer is being considered for Garbo's love interest in the second picture which she will make under her new contract for Metro.

Social Prerequisite

The formal opening of the new yacht harbor at Newport Beach, some forty miles from Hollywood, certainly proved that without a yacht, you just don't belong in Cinemaland society. Leading the parade of yachts which entered the harbor in the wake of the governor's official craft, were boats belonging to Lee Tracy, Preston Foster, Henry Wilcoxon, Ernest Schoedsack, Harvey Gates, Donald Crisp, Frank Morgan, John Ford, Howard Hughes, Joseph Schenck, Douglas MacLean, Cecil B. De Mille, Leo Carillo, Warren William, James Cagney, Lewis Stone and at least half a hundred other screen celebrities. Down to the sea in ships is the battle cry along the boulevard these days.

Touchdown

Poor Charlie Butterworth! How he suffered because some inebriated football fan made headlines last fall by dashing out on the playing field and trying to do or die for dear old Yale—or was it Harvard?

At any rate, in the current production, *We Went to College*, they called on Charlie to emulate that maneuver and the gridders from U. S. C., who were cavorting on the field, were so darned realistic that when Charlie emerged from the pile-up he was practically a cripple.



Believe it or not, Bette Davis once was a lifeguard at a Maine summer resort. She is today noted in the film colony for her exceptional ability as a swimmer and a diver. Her latest picture is *The Golden Arrow*

Connie Returns

With a train-load of trunks, a fortune in Parisian clothes, a secretary, a hair-dresser and a vast amount of determination Connie Bennett is back from England, where she has been playing in pitchurs.

And they do say that Constance, who is undoubtedly the best business lady in all these parts, has succeeded in whangling from Twentieth Century-Fox a nice fat contract that will pay her approximately \$150,000 for appearing in one picture.

The girl has enemies; and the girl has friends—but be he friend or enemy the man doesn't live who can deny her ability when it comes to making a deal.

So Calm Yourself

There was terrific excitement a few days ago in Cinemania, when Bob Taylor appeared on the set toting an assortment of diamond bracelets. Many a feminine heart, seeing that collection, did a nose dive in the belief that the very eligible Robert had at last been snared.

But Loretta Young, who played with him in *Private Number*—and gave a very elegant performance, too, by the way—tells me that all the flutterings and despair were needless. Bob was selecting a bracelet for his mother. A birthday gift.



There might be those who would call him lazy, but Gary Cooper, being practical, believes in riding a bicycle around that big Paramount lot instead of using shanks' ponies

Listen in, GIRLS!



MISS NORRIS
Wells Employment Agency

MR. PAIGE
Paige & Barton, Inc.



"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will, Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm—and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing

to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable *odor* of perspiration, and not *the perspiration itself*.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

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The Show Window

Frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

THE GREEN PASTURES—Seeing—it might be more apt to say “absorbing”—this magnificent fantasy will prove one of the most memorable events in the experience of any theatre-goer. It brings to the screen Marc Connelly’s great stage play, losing nothing in the process and even gaining in power and in imaginative quality because of the screen’s greater scope. Based on the “down-south” negro’s version of Heaven, it is at the same time comedy, drama and pathos. One of the most daring ventures ever attempted by a motion picture studio, it fully justifies the judgment of its producers. It is a triumph for all concerned!

Credit its all-negro cast with the most impressive acting—credit Marc Connelly with a masterly screen adaptation of his own play.

Rex Ingram, as “De Lawd” is superb; Oscar Polk as the “Angel Gabriel,” who is never permitted to quite blow his horn, is a high note in the comedy; the Hall Johnson negro choir is great.

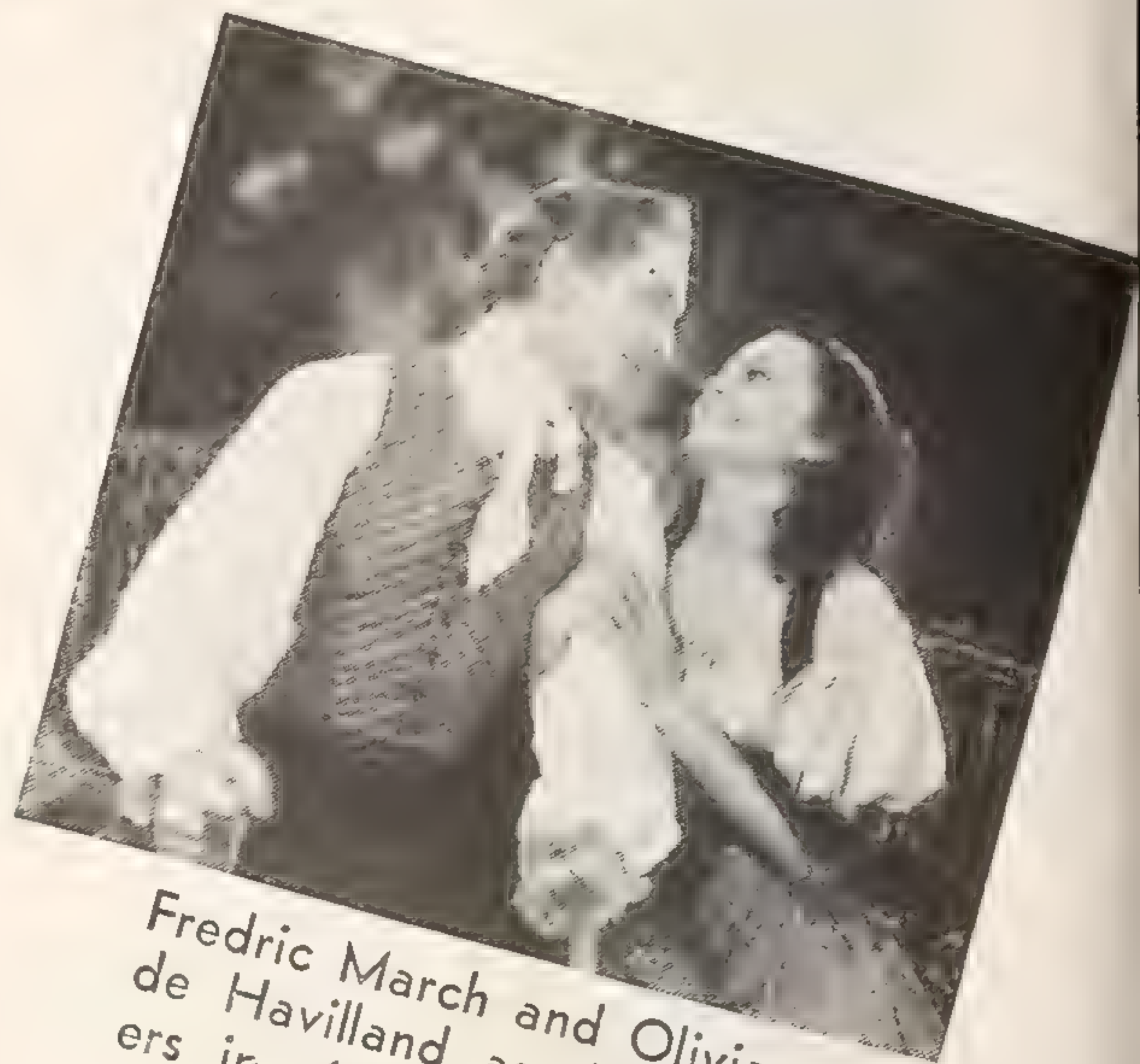
The Green Pastures is a theatre experience that no one should miss! Warner Brothers.

ANTHONY ADVERSE—And here is one of the greatest achievements in screen history, a masterpiece of narrative which succeeds in tracing the development of a man from babyhood to middle-age without once losing its psychological import or suffering a let-down in interest. A hazardous experiment, ridiculed by more conservative producers, it proves a tribute to the screen.

Running for seventy-eight minutes, an almost unheard of length, it carries its hero through adventure after adventure, but always builds from one minor climax to another of even greater interest.

Fredric March, as the adult Adverse, gives his greatest performance. Invariably restrained, he makes his rôle completely believable. But, despite the perfection of his work, he is forced to share honors with Anita Louise who is perfectly cast as his ethereal mother, and with Olivia de Havilland, whose “Angela” is one of the finest character studies ever contributed by a young player. Warner Brothers.

THE ROAD TO GLORY—A worthy successor to *The Big Parade* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*, this stirring drama of the World War will undoubtedly go down in film annals as one of the finest productions of its kind. Grim, realistic, even horrible in its more sombre sequences, it still manages to be inspirational. And much of the credit is due its cast. Warner Baxter,



Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland as the lovers in *Anthony Adverse*



Madeleine Carroll, Scotty Beckett and George Brent in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*



Alison Skipworth and Carole Lombard in the latest Lombard-MacMurray hit, *The Princess Comes Across*

by
Eric Ergenbright

Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff never once are guilty of overplaying their ultra-dramatic rôles. June Lang, the only girl in the cast, handles a difficult rôle with real finesse. Beautiful and innately talented, she needs only more experience to become one of the screen's outstanding stars.

The Road to Glory is neither a preachment for war nor against war. It simply sets out to tell a moving, human story—and succeeds so well that it is an emotional thunderbolt. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

EXCELLENT

THE KING STEPS OUT—An individual triumph for Grace Moore, whose glorious voice is now equalled by her acting ability. Deft direction, a gay and amusing—though not too plausible—story, the romantic music of Fritz Kreisler; the colorful setting of old Vienna—and what further ingredients are needed for perfect entertainment? Miss Moore sings are delightful, but in this picture they are secondary to her new-found ability as a comedienne. *Columbia.*

BULLETS OR BALLOTS—It's taken Edward G. Robinson five years to find another picture with the dramatic sock of *Little Caesar*—but this stirring tale of modern gangland has it, and more! Robinson's performance is magnificent, the best he's ever given, and most audiences will agree that the picture as a whole is the best of its type ever produced. Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, Joseph King, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart head the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers.*

FURY—With a story so powerful that it will hold every audience breathless, this grim story of mob "justice" is one of the most dramatic offerings of the film year. Perfectly enacted by a well balanced cast, headed by Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sydney, Walter Abel and Bruce Cabot, it has rare emotional appeal. Totally lacking in comedy relief, its situations may be found too tense and too tragic for popular approval. Nevertheless, it is a screen masterpiece. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL—It's difficult to rate a Shirley Temple picture, and this one, in particular, presents a problem. The story is illogical and unconvincing—but Shirley is at her best. She sings, dances and cavorts in general so cleverly that her fans will not only overlook the picture's flaws, but acclaim it her best to date. Four of her songs are definitely in the hit class. Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen and Jack Haley head the supporting cast. The plot centers around the rivalry between two soap companies in radio advertising and Shirley's singing is addressed to a microphone. If you're a Temple fan—and who isn't?—don't miss it. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THE WHITE ANGEL—Based on the life of Florence Nightingale, this heroic drama of a woman's self-sacrifice to better conditions in military hospitals, is one of the most important film offerings of the month. Emotionally powerful and epic in its sweep, the story offers Kay Francis her best rôle to date—and she gives a truly



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The Show Window

remarkable performance. Already a major star, this picture will enhance her popularity tremendously. *Warner Brothers.*

PRIVATE NUMBER—Salute one of the most appealing love teams in screen history—Robert Taylor and Loretta Young—co-starred in a re-make of *Common Clay*, the story which skyrocketed Constance Bennett to stardom some six years ago.

The story is built about the secret romance and marriage of a servant girl to the scion of wealth. Robert Taylor, improving with every performance, is excellent and Loretta Young, in a difficult rôle, does her best work to date. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

FATAL LADY—At last, a new technique in presenting an opera star! Walter Wanger, whose trademark is rapidly becoming a guarantee of quality, has cleverly combined music and mystery in this dramatic story of a prima donna whose career is repeatedly wrecked by her seeming implication in unsolved murders. And the mystery remains a real mystery until the final fadeout.

Mary Ellis, of concert, opera and stage fame, is one of the most appealing personalities of the musical world to reach the screen to date. Startlingly beautiful, she is not only the possessor of a remarkably fine voice, but she is also a very capable actress. Unquestionably, she has a brilliant future in pictures.

Walter Pidgeon, Norman Foster, Alan Mowbray, John Halliday, Edgar Kennedy, Ruth Donnelly and Guy Bates Post are excellent in supporting rôles. *Walter Wanger—Paramount.*

DANCING PIRATE—One of the most delightful travesties in many a moon is this all-technicolor dancing-musical, which gaily tells the story of a Boston dancing master, a Spanish-Californian senorita and her would-be-stern papa. With the opening sequence, the audience is invited, in effect, to sit back, relax and prepare to chuckle. And the chuckles continue without a break until the story is told.

Charles Collins, a famous dancing star of the legitimate stage, makes his screen bow in the title rôle and shows rich promise. Steffi Duna is delightfully piquant as the girl and Frank Morgan as the aristocratic papa is responsible for some very delicious laughs. Don't miss this subtly appealing farce. *Radio Pictures.*

GOOD

GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Virginia Weidler, the little pig-tailed girl of *Laddie* fame, makes her bow as a full-fledged star in this quaint comedy-drama of the Arkansas hinterlands, and proves her ability most unmistakably. As the little hill-billy, speaking a dialect that would stump most adult veterans, she is perfect. The situations are alternately rich in comedy and heavy with pathos. And the average audience will pronounce the picture, as a whole, fine entertainment. *Paramount.*

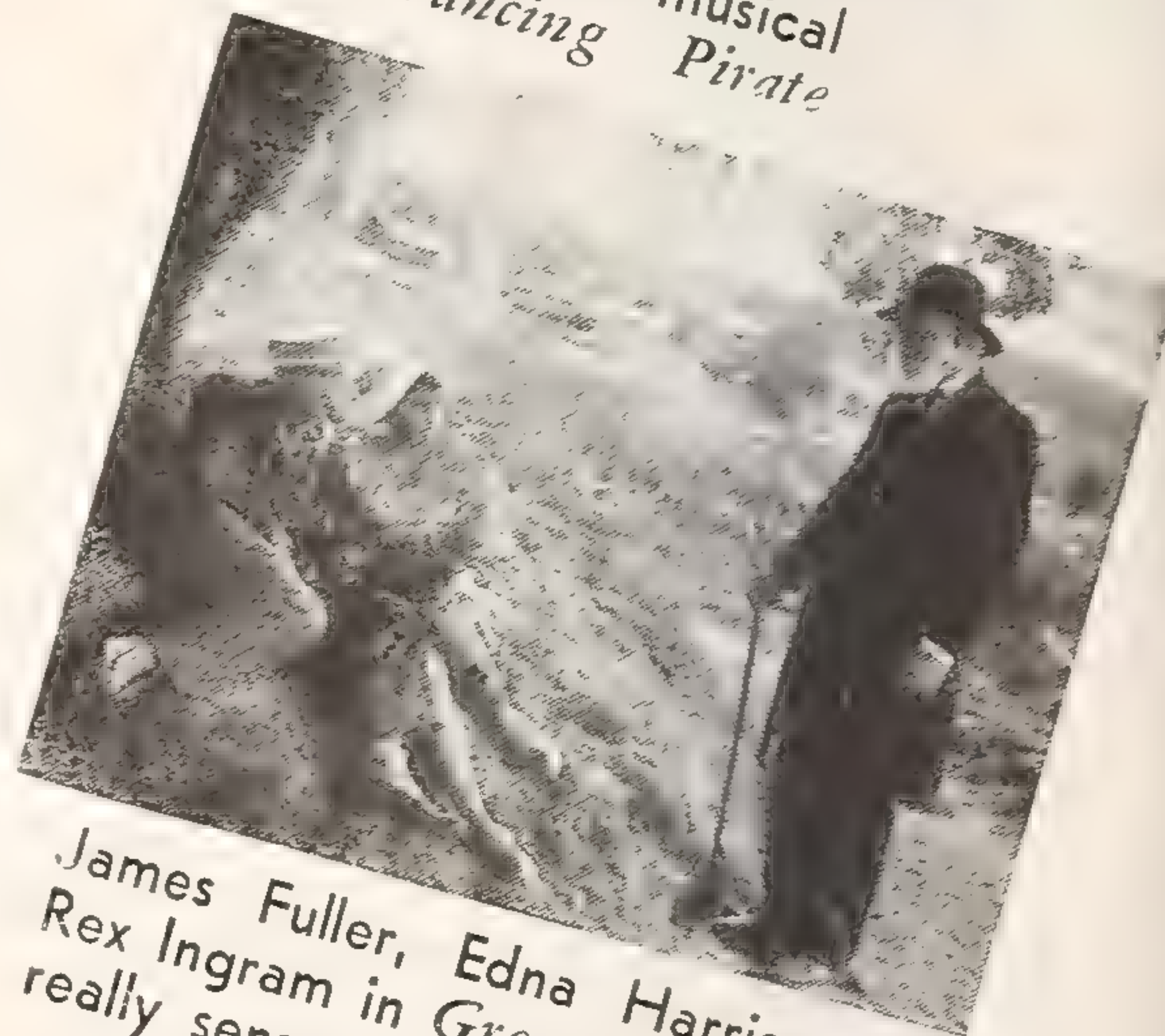
EARLY TO BED—An hilarious farce, tailor-made to suit the talents of Charles Ruggles, who is a riot as the sleep-walking salesman for a glass-eye factory. He takes his bride—and his profound timidity—to a sanatorium on their honeymoon, is there in-



Joan Blondell and Edward Robison co-star in the Warner Brothers hit, *Bullets or Ballots*



Steffi Duna and Charles Collins in the all-color musical romance, *Dancing Pirate*



James Fuller, Edna Harris and Rex Ingram in *Green Pastures*, a really sensational screen triumph



Guy Bates Post and Mary Ellis in a scene from the new operatic offering, *Fatal Lady*

volved in a murder—and the fun waxes fast and furious. Mary Boland is excellent as the bride. *Paramount.*

TROUBLE FOR TWO—Co-starring Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, this sparkling comedy-drama is ideal summer fare. The plot centers around the adventures of a prince and a princess, who revolt against the dignity of their positions and go adventuring before their politically-arranged marriage. They meet, fall in love, and narrowly escape death at the hands of assassins. Brilliant performances, unusually clever dialogue and genuinely funny situations combine to make the whole satisfactory entertainment. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS—It starts out to be another *Hands Across the Table*, suddenly turns into a murder mystery and ends as a decided disappointment to Lombard-MacMurray fans, who will, nevertheless, remain to praise the excellent work of its two stars.

Carole Lombard, as a bogus Swedish princess, Hollywood-bound, does an amazingly good job of saving a rather hopeless rôle and manages to extract a maximum number of laughs despite the story's incongruities. Her imitation of Garbo is a howl. MacMurray, as the musician-sleuth, deserves a better part. *Paramount.*

NOBODY'S FOOL—Edward Everett Horton at his best—this time as a small town real estater who falls victim to a gang of big city racketeers but manages to outwit them in the end. Glenda Farrell, Cesar Romero and Frank Conroy head the supporting cast. *Universal.*

FAIR

BUNKER BEAN—For the third time, Hollywood brings to the screen Harry Leon Wilson's immortal novel, this time with Owen Davis, Jr., a new personality freshly imported from the New York stage, in the title rôle. His performance is excellent. The picture is smart, sparkling comedy which will please the average audience. Louise Latimer, another newcomer, scores as the "love interest." *Radio Pictures.*

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Paul Cavanagh heads the cast of this melo-dramatic offering which hinges on the efforts of a gambling ring to marry one of their number (Cavanagh) to a copper heiress. A murder aboard ship, a wild automobile race and several fight sequences enliven a story that has many incongruities. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

HOT MONEY—The old get-rich-quick theme, brushed up and modernized. Thanks to smart dialogue and capable performances by a cast which is headed by Ross Alexander and Beverly Roberts, the result is satisfactory comedy-drama. *Warner Brothers.*

LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY—A light, breezy comedy-drama distinguished by clever dialogue and a fast-moving plot. Hugh Herbert, Warren Hull, Patricia Ellis and Hobart Cavanaugh head the cast. *Warner Brothers.*

EDUCATING FATHER—The second of the "Jones Family" comedy-dramas, this cross-section of domestic America offers an hour of good, homely entertainment. The bickerings, affections, ambitions and frus-

[Continued on page 59]

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role: First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."



FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



Hollywood Highlights

The latest gossip gleanings from the highways and byways of Studioland. What your favorites are doing—who they're doing it with—and why. MOVIE CLASSIC'S gossip sleuth scouts all—and tells all.

by The
Boulevardier

MERLE OBERON (call her "Queenie," that's her pet nickname) and David Niven gave out with a bit of ripe old English spoofin' the other day, and the newspapers fell for it hard—and so did you, maybe, if you read it?—about how in love they are, and want to marry, but can't, because Sam Goldwyn has a clause in their contracts which prohibits matrimony!

Well, I'm ready to lay one of Uncle Sam's \$10 bills against their British thrupenny-bit that you could fine-tooth those contracts and find no such clause. I'm winking at (and with) you, Queenie and Davie. Marry?—oh, my word!!

Marlene Entertains

After seeing what Marlene Dietrich



Hollywood hails a new star in Lightning, the wonder dog which will share honors with Michael Whalen, Jean Muir and John Carradine in *White Fang*



Merle Oberon and David Niven are complaining these days that anti-romance clauses in their studio contracts prevent them from yessing each other at the altar—but . . . we wonder . .

did, the other night, I wouldn't be surprised any more even to see Garbo herself sliding down a banister in her panties! Behold Marlene going buffoon, and entertaining a crowd of people with positively murderous imitations—better call it living cartoons!—of such as Joan Crawford, Mae West, Greta Garbo, Paulette Goddard. Her maewestian slither was something the Hays office folk would have died over, and her garboesque mask, accomplished simply by face-muscle control, was the most devastating caricature of the Great One I've ever seen. And it wasn't for a private roomful of guests that Marlene put on her act—it was right out in front of fellow actors, God, a mob of extras and the usual movie-set attendants, on the back-lot set where they were shooting *Garden of Allah*.

And only a short time later, I happened to see in Marlene's dressing room that which made me ask if Marlene's unprecedented behavior isn't, perhaps, a cover-up of a great hurt. There, like a shrine, stood a photograph of John Gilbert. Before it, in an amber glass, glowed a tiny wax taper—like an altar-

light. Marlene keeps it burning, always.

Irvin Cobb-isms

Had lunch with Irvin Cobb the other noon. He limped. Got it because he wouldn't fake a fanny-fall in the picture he's making with Janie Withers. All through lunch, he worried because in his next scene, he was going to be socked in the eye with a moribund tomato, and he was afraid he'd start wincing before it hit. Into his glass of beer, he wept while he told me:

"No matter how much ART they talk about in movies, the height of cinematic artistry is *still* to take a custard pie in the face without blinking first!"

Then he went back to practice a lugubrious cowboy song he's to sing with Slim Summerville. The chorus consists of coyote howl. "It ought to be swell," he told me, "because I sound and look like a coyote when I howl, but Slim—hell, Slim even *smells* like one!"

Studio Love Song

What a romantic build-up they're giving James Stewart! It's an old trick down MGM-way, to link up their he-

stars with various film-land beauties. Like the romance they whispered while Bob Taylor and Janet Gaynor were co-starring. Only that one didn't jell. But the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard case, which started as a press-agent gag, is really turning into the real thing, now!

—but, to get back to Jimmy Stewart. You've been reading inspired pieces, haven't you, about how he's stepping out with Ginger Rogers, now that Ginger has finally called it quits with Lew Ayres. You can read, too, that Stewart and Wendy Barrie are going places together. Seems they'd like to have you envision Jimmy as the bone of contention between Ginger and Wendy.

BUT—don't say I didn't tip you off if it really turns out that Jimmy's got his tongue in his cheek through it all, and that the real temperature-raiser in his life turns out to be Alice Faye!

Whatsa Matta, Girls?

Have you paused, yet, to realize what a flop leap year has turned out to be, in Hollywood—of ALL places? Here's half the year gone, and of all the boy-meets-girl affairs you know about, not one has reached the halter-at-the-altar stage yet! Wouldn't you imagine, with leap year giving them full privilege, that Lillian Lamont would be Mrs. Fred McMurray by this time? Or that Jean Harlow would have popped the question to Bill Powell? Or that Mary Brian would propose to Cary Grant and make him forget that no-wife-for-five-years-yet idea of his? So what's the matter with these Hollywood beauties—too bashful?


And now I suppose that between the time this is being written and the time it goes to press and the magazine-stands, they'll make me out a liar by sliding in a whole flock of June weddings in Hollywood.



There's no accounting for the taste of some people when it comes to the selection of pets. For instance, there's Robert Young, whose inseparable pal is his pet coyote



HOW TO AVOID PAYING FOR WASTED ELECTRICITY

WHEN you are offered lamp bulbs of unknown make, remember that you are going to pay for electricity as well as the bulbs themselves. A poorly made bulb is costly at any price. It may blacken or burn out too soon. It may get dimmer and dimmer the longer you use it. It may use electricity wastefully without an adequate return in light. Your safest course is to insist on lamps that bear the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer. The General Electric monogram  on the end of the bulb is your assurance of good light at low cost.

They stay brighter longer

only
15¢
15-25-40-60
WATT SIZES

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G-E MAKES A 10 CENT LAMP! It is the best lamp quality you can buy at the price . . . 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt. Each dime lamp is marked . . . G-E

WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE Weak, Rundown Nervous Skinny!

Get Kelpamalt's Natural Iodine
into Your Blood and Glands—
Then... These Results Quick or
Your Money Back!

NOW IS
THE BEST
TIME TO
START
KELPAMALT



1. Improved Appetite.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh.
3. Strengthen Nerves.
4. Ordinary Stomach Trouble Banished.
5. Sounder Sleep.
6. New Strength, Energy and Endurance.

If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities, in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, if it doesn't relieve ordinary stomach trouble, and give you calm nerves, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 901, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Hollywood Highlights

Bashful Bing

Sitting in the office of "Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc." on the Paramount lot the other day were a group of visitors from Bing's home town, listening to one of Bing's recordings being played on the phonograph there.

"Too bad we missed Bing himself. We'd like to have met him," said one of them to Bing's brother, who was doing the honors. Just then, the door opened—and in walked Bing, in person.

Without ado, he strode over to the phonograph, lifted the arm, took the record off the turntable—and sent it spinning out of the office window, to shatter into a million pieces on the street outside. "Sorry," he grinned at the visitors, "but I—er—don't like that piece."



Caroline Houseman, who makes her screen debut in Columbia's *Trapped by Television*, spends every available hour at the beach

Afterward, Bing's brother told me the real reason for Bing's action.

"He's bashful—terribly bashful—about having his own records played when he's present."

Go Away, Stork

Incidentally, if you happen to hear a radio chatterer broadcast the other night that the Bing Crosby's are expecting another baby—skip it! Both Bing and Dixie (and she ought to know!) "say it isn't so . . . !"

It seems Bing, in an unguarded moment, mentioned in a gossip's hearing that "we're hoping for a baby girl." The gossip immediately mistook it to mean that the stork had a Crosby date. Truth is that Bing and Dixie, with three sons,



Little Mavourneen O'Brien had a birthday and commandeered her famous father as a charger in celebration of the great event

hope their next—when and if—will be a she.

Pardon the Masks

They say you can't eat quail on toast for a fortnight running, and that too much peaches and cream makes you ill, and I suppose it's the same way with women . . .



Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby, boy and gal in *Rhythm on the Range*, go to town with the latest in cowboy ditties

Anyway, consider poor Messrs. Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, of MGM's movie factory. After making love to loveable ladies day in and day out, they just can't take 'em any more. BUT try as they may, the gals, it seems, just pursue them, no matter where they go. So what?—well—

So Clark Gable had a conference with Jack Dawn, head of MGM's make-uppery, and between them, they've worked up an "invisible" makeup for Clark. He can do it easily when he's vacationing, and it so changes certain lines of his face that he can get by, in the great majority of cases, without being recognized as the great heart-palpitor.

And Bob Taylor—? Why, he isn't going to all that trouble. Bob's already fixed it so he will take a fortnight or so to raise a thick set of whiskers before he goes traveling on his next between-pictures vacation. And if any



They're predicting a brilliant screen future for Frank Shields, Davis Cup tennis star

girl recognizes him under the shrubbery, she'll have to be brave to wade thru for a stolen kiss.

Irony, Oh Irony!

Driving down Sunset Boulevard the other day, I got the week's best laugh. There was a motor cop, writing out a speed ticket for a pretty girl. I recognized her. Frances Drake. The laugh comes when I tell you that the cop tagged her for speeding to the studio to play in Paramount's anti-traffic-law-violator picture, [Continued on page 54]

Especially in Summer

COMFORT DEMANDS A NAPKIN THAT CAN'T CHAFE!



KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



starring
JOAN CRAWFORD

with

ROBERT TAYLOR

Out in Hollywood Joan Crawford's newest picture, "Gorgeous Hussy," is being filmed.

Today you can read the complete fiction story of this romantic production, illustrated with actual scenes from the picture.

This is only one of the many coming pictures fictionized in the August issue of

ROMANTIC
Movie Stories

On sale July 10

Get your copy today at any newsstand. Read your movies first—then see them. It adds to your enjoyment!

Fred MacMurray



Fred MacMurray
doesn't like to talk about himself
but he responded nobly to your queries

FRED MacMURRAY squirmed uncomfortably as he regarded the mountainous stack of questions which had been conveyed to his dressing room by your "Inquiring Reporter." For nearly a month they had poured in like flakes of snow in an Alaskan blizzard. And Fred MacMurray, of all the stars in Hollywood, has the most profound dislike for questions which intrude upon his privacy. He's no Garbo, mind you, but any display of public interest simply makes him uncomfortable. In other words, he is an honest victim of modesty. So rapid and bewildering has been his rise to stardom that he still cannot realize the fact that he is a personality of great interest.

Together we weeded out those questions which duplicated one another—and there were many—discarded a meagre handful which violated studio bans, and with a sigh of resignation Fred mounted the witness stand. And here are the answers to your queries. Your questions are printed in italics; his answers will be found in bold face type.

Q. Do you ever intend to sing in any of your pictures?

A. Since I used to sing when I was

playing with an orchestra, I have had a secret ambition to sing on the screen. As a matter of fact I sang one song in *The Princess Comes Across*.

Q. What is your hobby?

A. Trying my darndest to stay aboard a horse.

Q. Which one of your pictures did you enjoy the most?

A. Hands Across The Table, I think. I particularly enjoyed making that hysterical scene in which Carole Lombard called my fiancée and imitated the voice of a long-distance telephone operator. Maybe you thought we were acting when we laughed so hard. We weren't.

Q. Is it true that you intend to marry Lillian Lamont?

A. Yes. We are engaged.

Q. Do you expect to retire soon?

A. Not as long as Hollywood has a market for my services.

Q. Who is your favorite leading woman? Which actress in Hollywood do you admire the most?

A. Say, you're trying to put me on the spot. After all, I have to live in this town.

Answers

You asked him—and Fred's telling you! Here are many facts you never knew before about that MacMurray lad

by

The Inquiring Reporter

Q. What is your favorite rôle?

*A. I have liked most of my screen rôles. If I have a preference it is for the rôle I played in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*.*

Q. What is your favorite dish?

A. A full dish. I have one of those appetites that runs to quantity rather than quality.

Q. How long have you known Lillian Lamont?

A. A little more than three years.

Q. Do you live with your parents?

A. With my mother.

Q. Have you ever been married before?

A. Neither before nor now.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. I was born in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. (I'll bet you never heard of that one.) In 1907.

Q. Do you enjoy acting or do you cherish a secret ambition to become a director or scenario writer?

A. I really enjoy acting but I know that the professional life of any actor is brief. When I am no longer in demand as an actor I hope to direct.

Q. Do you dance?

A. If you mean ball-room dancing, yes. But I'm no Fred Astaire.

Q. How long have you been in pictures?

A. A little less than two years as a featured player but before that at various times I tried my luck at playing extra.

Q. What will be your next picture?

*A. I am working in *Texas Ranger* now. After that is completed I am scheduled to play opposite Gladys Swarthout in *Champagne Waltz*.*

Q. Will you ever play opposite Katharine Hepburn again, or Ann Sothorn?

A. I can't say. They are both under contract to another studio and there would seem to be very little prospect of such an assignment.

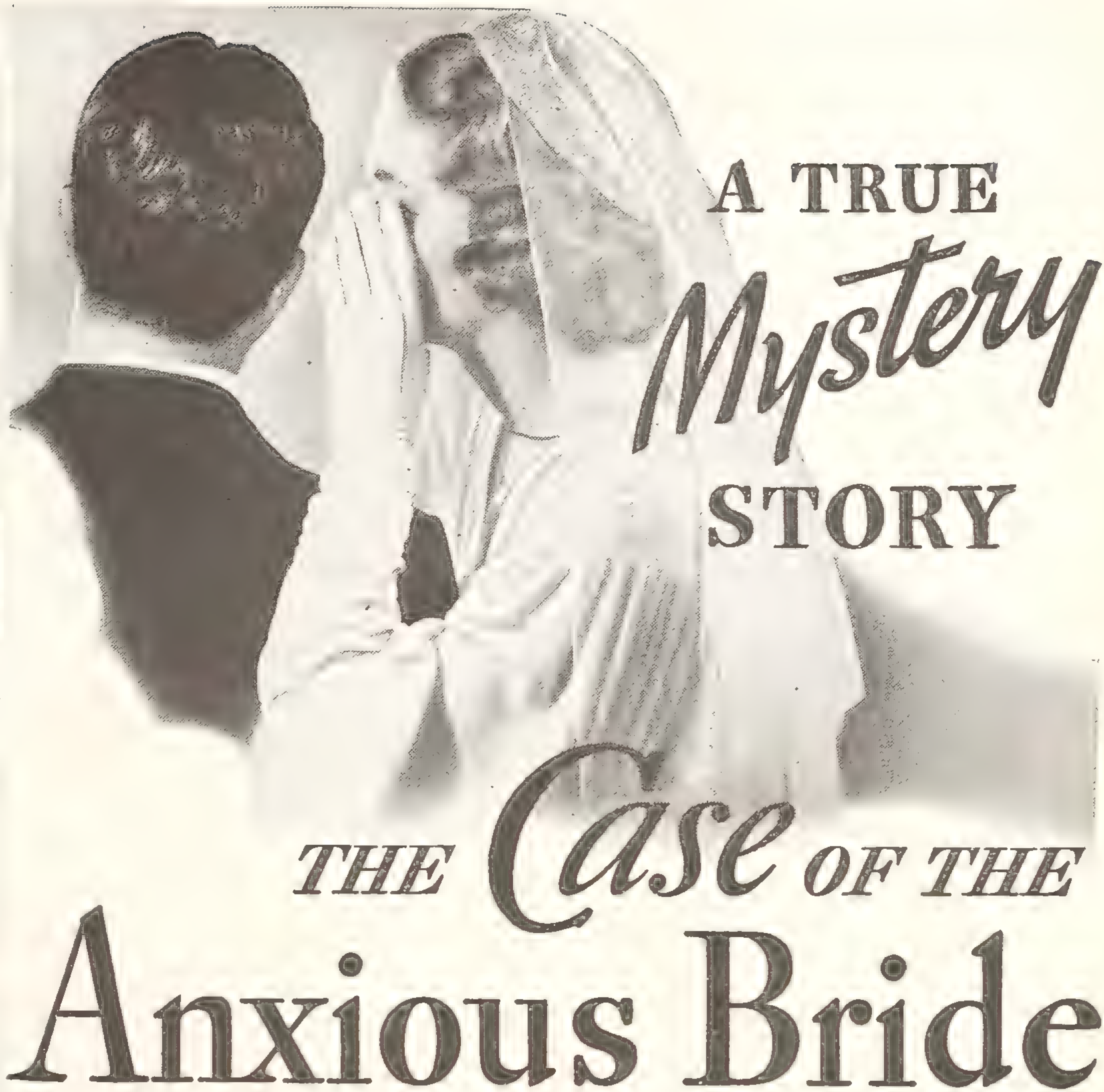
Q. How did you get into pictures?

A. I saxophoned my way in.

Q. Do you consider working in pictures hard work or fun?

A. Acting is a job—a little more pleasant probably than some kinds of work, but a job nevertheless. And sometimes a very tiresome job.

Q. What [Continued on page 62]



*"Do me this favor" she besought the best man . . .
"but HE mustn't know . . ."*

"I LOVE him so," she pleaded. "I don't want anything to spoil our happiness. Please, please tell him . . ."

"I did as she asked," the best man relates. "Tactfully I pointed out that even a hint of 'B.O.' may spoil the companionship of wedded life. I gave him my cake of Lifebuoy to try and I saw that Lifebuoy went in his suit case for their honeymoon.

"Later they both wrote me. 'Thank you,' said her letter—and under the words she had drawn a tiny cake of Lifebuoy. It spoke volumes. I knew then he was taking no chances with 'B.O.'"

Letters by the thousands

These are real people. This incident actually happened. And it is just one of thousands of letters that have come to the makers of Lifebuoy telling True "B.O." Experiences.

How plainly these letters show that "B.O." (body odor) spares no one! No one can afford to take chances, especially now when the weather is hot and muggy . . . when we're perspiring more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—you'll be fresh, refreshed and safe!

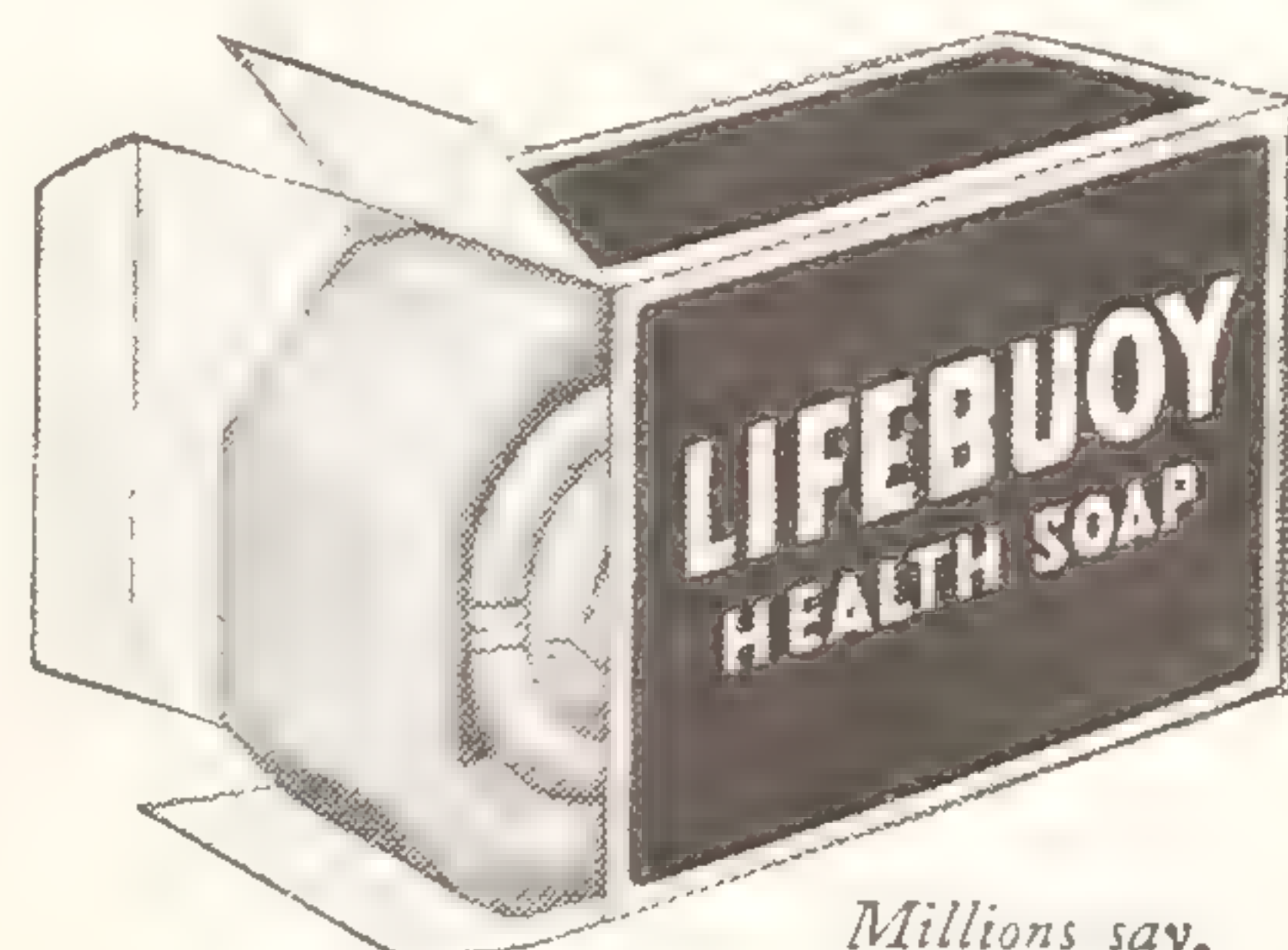
For there's a special purifying ingredient present in Lifebuoy's creamy lather which rids the pores of the cause of "B.O."

This special ingredient—not present in ordinary toilet soap—is also responsible for Lifebuoy's super-mild, extra-gentle action on the skin.

Beautifies complexions, too!

This smooth, caressing lather does wonders for your complexion . . . gives it that fresh, healthy radiance men adore. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Lifebuoy lathers richly in hardest water—its clean scent rinses away.



*Millions say,
"it agrees with my skin"*

Win a Telephone

Call from Ginger Rogers

*Here's the most novel of contests
and the chance of a lifetime to
chat personally with one of the
screen's most glamorous stars*

EARLY in September, some lucky fan is going to receive a long distance telephone call from Ginger Rogers!

The exact day and hour for that call will be arranged by the editor of *MOVIE CLASSIC*, to suit the mutual convenience of Ginger and the winner of this most unusual contest.

The toll charge will be paid by *MOVIE CLASSIC*.

Ginger, herself, will choose the winner! And here's how:

Just ask Ginger Rogers a question. Write it on the coupon which you will find on this page—or, if you prefer, type it on a separate sheet of paper. In either case mail it, **PROMPTLY**, to The Inquiring Reporter, Fawcett Publications, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

All of your queries will be relayed to Ginger Rogers and the winner of this contest will be that person, who, in *her* opinion, submits the *most interesting* question. The long distance telephone call from Ginger is the one and only prize offered.

Please note:

Your questions must be received by The Inquiring Reporter not later than July 20th, 1936. Any queries received later than that date will automatically be discarded.

Your questions must not violate the bounds of good taste. Any which violate studio bans will be discarded. Do not "put Ginger on the spot" by asking her to name her "favorite leading man" or her "favorite star" or the actor or actress whom she considers the most talented. Such questions, answered publicly, jeopardize friendships and cause embarrassment. There are thousands of other queries much more interesting.

The answers to all queries will be published in October *MOVIE CLASSIC*.

So, act promptly. Send in your question now—and stand by for a long distance call from Ginger Rogers!



**The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.**

Please ask Ginger Rogers the following questions, answers to which will appear in the October issue of *Movie Classic*.

Your name _____

"THE BEST PICTURES
I EVER TOOK ...
AND I PAY ONLY
10¢ FOR A ROLL
OF FILM!"

YOU, TOO, CAN SAVE MORE
THAN 1/2 YOUR FILM COST...
AND NOW GET BIGGER AND
BETTER PICTURES!

Univex is taking the country by storm. Last year more Univex Cameras were sold than any other make! Now they will be more popular than ever... because now you can get beautiful, sharp, clear 3" x 4" pictures (exactly the same size as shown here) with Univex 10¢ film at *approximately the same cost as other 3" x 4" quality prints.*

3" x 4" Photos

Why spend 25¢ or more for film... why carry around a bulky camera... when these compact, easy-to-carry, lightweight Univex Cameras and the superior ultrachrome Univex 10¢ film give you such perfect, big pictures—better pictures than you ever took before! So be smart... be thrifty... be modern! Get your Univex today and join the fun. At all good drug, department, and stationery stores. Universal Camera Corp.—New York City. • When you have your Univex Film developed be sure to order 3" x 4" prints.



NEW FOLDING UNIVEX

Streamlined to fit pocket or handbag... 12 new features to take better pictures than ever before — and non-breakable, lightweight body. The world's most sensational camera value complete with attractive, handy "Karry-Kase" and backed by a bona fide written guarantee... **\$1.50**

(Below is the 3" x 4" size photo)



ANYBODY CAN NOW TAKE PERFECT
PICTURES WITH...

Univex

Now..SAVE 1/2 YOUR FILM COST!





The Girl Bob Taylor Can't Forget!

They met in college . . . their romance ended when he gave up his plans for a screen career . . . but her memory has survived in spite of every distraction

"I F I WEREN'T in the movies—if I were in any other profession—I'd probably be married now," confessed Robert Taylor, thoughtfully tapping the ashes off his cigarette. "I'm the type who would ordinarily marry young. I'm that impulsive . . . As it was, I nearly married, even before I was through college."

Robert Taylor, Bachelor No. 1 of Hollywood, who appears so self-possessed, emotionally—who doesn't seem to have lost his heart to a single glamour queen—who doesn't act, off the screen, the least bit marriage-minded . . . was not always thus.

"At Pomona College," he added, with a half-ironic grin, "I became interested in dramatics—and a girl. I married the

dramatics instead of the girl. But that wasn't my fault."

He will not tell the name of the girl who broke down all of his defenses—as no movie beauty has been able to do. The girl who could have said that he was completely hers. The girl he cannot forget.

His refusal to reveal her name is understandable. Put yourself in Robert Taylor's place. You, too, if you had wistful memories of a broken romance—if you still thought highly of the girl—would not want to risk causing her embarrassment now.

Likewise, he will not reveal if she was blonde, brunette or redhead. The color of her hair was not important to *him*; why should it be important to anyone else? Human nature being



by James Reid

1. Loretta Young and Bob Taylor in *Private Number*.
2. Eleanor Powell and Bob in *Broadway Melody of 1936*.
3. Bob and June Knight in *Broadway Melody of 1936*, and, 4. Bob and Janet Gaynor in *Small Town Girl*

what it is, people might leap to unfair conclusions if he ever showed interest in a girl with hair of a similar shade.

However, she *was* one of the prettiest girls he had ever met—and her attractiveness was not artificial, superficial, manufactured. A color-camera would have been kind to her. It would have approved of her naturalness, as Bob did.

She was intelligent, with an eager mind. She had no talent for gossip, for small talk. (Neither did Bob—and he has not acquired any liking for it since.) She had too many other interests, worthwhile interests.

She was slight, but athletic, with inclinations toward swimming and tennis. (Bob's own favorite sports).

She had a quick sense of humor—and a laugh, not a giggle.

She read constantly, as he did. (And does). She liked psychology, one of his own major interests. (He still has that interest, along with Hollywood's largest library of books on psychology.)

She shared his love for music—which had led, indirectly, to his finding her.

She liked him for what he was. Certainly he had no reputation then—and little money. ("I still don't have much," he told

me, with a smile, "but in those days I was living on exactly seven-fifty a week from home.")

Being a dreamer herself, she could understand *him*. ("I'm still building air castles. Right now, I have a yen to see France and Italy, the sunny Riviera, the blue Mediterranean. And I'll get there yet.")

They would take long walks together under the California moon, talking about life and love and beauty and happiness; talking about the things they wanted to do, the places they wanted to see. Sometimes, there would be long, vibrant silences between them—silences vibrant with happiness, because they could share each other's thoughts even without words.

Always, they were trying to be by themselves. If they went to the movies, they made it a party of two. If they went to a dance, they begrudged dances forfeited to others. When his funds would permit a dinner together, they sought out a quiet corner of some quiet restaurant.

Every mood that Bob had, seemed to be her mood, too. "We're in love—we *must* be in love," he told himself.

There was only one fly in the balm of living. He had a rival for her affections. He liked the chap—as much as it was possible to like him under the circum- [Continued on page 81]

Gertrude Michael's "Hour of Horror"

Given up for dead, her face seemingly marred forever by hideous scars, she fought her way to health and stardom

by James Parr

TODAY, Gertrude Michael is one of the most alive, most alert, most promising young stars on the screen. And thereby hangs one of Hollywood's most dramatic, amazing true stories. For, less than a year ago, after one horrible moment, her career seemed over. Her very life seemed over. She was lying beside a crumpled car, her broken body and blood-smeared face hidden under a merciful covering, given up for dead!

On the set of her fourth picture since then—*The Return of Sophie Lang*—she told me the story. Calmly. Simply. As if she were chatting about some everyday occurrence.



"I had been at Arrowhead Springs," she began, "and was driving back to Hollywood—alone, except for my little dachshund. It was night, the night of September tenth, last year. There was

a very full moon. I was feeling grand; I was coming back from a lovely rest.

"I knew that I should go through San Bernardino on Fifth Street, and I wasn't sure that I was on the right street. I was looking for a street sign. I had just crossed some railroad tracks, when—not more than ten feet in front of me—a small truck loomed up, without any tail-light. Sitting in the back of the truck, wrapped in blankets, was a small child. I had only a flash of the child, but the flash chilled me. I would kill that baby if I ever struck the truck.

"My car was going somewhere between thirty and thirty-five; no more than that. But the truck was barely moving. With every bit of strength in my body, I pulled the wheel to the left, jammed on the brakes. The brakes locked, catapulted the car into a massive tree at the side of the street.

"I didn't think, in that moment, of the highlights of my life—as, they say, people who face death always do. I didn't have time even to think, 'I'm going to be killed.' I didn't have time to think of anything. It all happened too quickly. In the flutter of an eyelid.

"Luckily, the impact broke both doors open. I was thrown out of one, my dog out of the other. My head must have struck the curb.

"It happened in the foreign quarter of San Bernardino. Nice people, those foreigners. They took my white coat and covered me up for dead. Then they stole everything they could lay their hands on. But I still insist that they were nice people," she added, with an ironic smile. "They came to the hospital later and prayed for me."

Perhaps she needed their prayers. Because:

"I was there at the side of the road, my face and body covered with the white coat, for forty minutes—before the ambulance came. Nobody could tell who I was; I was covered with blood, and my pocketbook, with possible identification cards in it, was missing. But the ambulance doctor discovered that, whoever I was, I still had a faintly beating pulse.

"At the hospital, I heard later, they threw me on a bed, and said, 'Well, she'll die.' I had a fractured skull, I had a broken leg. I had bruises all over my body. I still don't understand how I got them all. I had no internal [Continued on page 79]




Even blasé Hollywood is getting feverish about Francis Lederer who is most decidedly something new and different in screen Romeos. And here are all the answers

by

John Lawton

Checking Up On the Romantic Czech



Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, in *One Rainy Afternoon*, a love comedy, are a popular new love team

DOORBELLS rang, all over Hollywood. In stars' homes, in extras' little apartments, in the bungalows of studio electricians, press agents, writers. . . .

People hurried to answer. Stars' butlers and maids, wives of the humble workers. Outside, in each case, stood a messenger, with a huge bag. The messenger delivered the bag, hurried off.

Scores of puzzled folk hesitated, then opened the bags. Inside lurked one, or two, or maybe even three huge heads of cabbage!

"But I didn't order cabbage!" one or two of them called after the departing messenger. Then they looked again, and saw a printed message on the bag. It was a long message. Its purport was brief. It set forth that the sender, having too, too many heads of cabbage on his hands, had decided the best thing to do with them would be to distribute them among friends, so that they could all enjoy them, rather than waste them. And the message was signed:

"—FRANCIS LEDERER."

Well, by the next morning, Hollywood thought Lederer had pulled a swell publicity gag. At the Paramount lot, where he's making *The Count of Arizona*, his fellow workers and actors—each of whom had gotten one of his cabbage-crammed bags—hailed him with congratulations on his clever "stunt." I was there, and saw Lederer's reaction—

First a look of astonishment and surprise. Then a hurt look; deeply hurt.

"Gag? Stunt?" he echoed. "But it was not a gag, not a

stunt. I really meant it. You see, on the property I have bought in San Fernando Valley, many cabbages grew, and I did not know what to do with them. I did not want to waste them. So why not, thought I, let my friends eat of them. And so I sent them to my friends. Soon I shall have apricots, walnuts, other things growing there. I shall send them, too. But it will not be a gag, or a stunt. No."

"Why," asked an indefatigable wisecracker, "didn't you send some corned beef along with the cabbages?"

Lederer looked bewildered.

"Beef? Beef?—but I 'ave no stock farm, you know."

So they gave up, and went to work shooting the picture. And that whole incident is so very, very typical of Francis Lederer—the man in whose lexicon there is no such word as *play*.

He does not understand play. He has no inclination for it. He says so, frankly. Life, to him, is intensely serious. In it the two most important things, to Francis Lederer, are: 1—to help others and to do what he can to better the world, and, 2—to constantly improve, physically and mentally, Francis Lederer.

Any other activities are merely time-wasting. And, to him, criminally so.

"Why," he told me, in that rapt, half-breathless, but carefully-plotted and well-measured manner of talking of his, "if I should ever, through any mischance, sit still for a half-hour, doing nothing constructive, nothing to better myself either in mind or body, I would feel that—that I had committed a crime!"

You don't see Lederer in

[Continued on page 76]

childhood



Asleep in the arms of her nurse, one-month-old Harlean Carpenter was anything but camera conscious



An old snap-shot, taken some twenty years ago in Kansas City, shows what was being worn by young ladies out for a stroll in the park



The future Jean Harlow at six, with her mother, whose features are startlingly like those of Jean, today

The Evolution of



Renamed Jean Harlow, she launched her screen career as a member of the famous Hal Roach beauty brigade. Her comedy training was to stand her in good stead when she received her opportunity in bigger rôles



As the heartless siren, playing opposite Ben Lyon in *Hell's Angels* she suddenly soared to screen fame



After her success in *Dinner at Eight* her name was inscribed in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

Another photographic biography,
tracing the dramatic rise of
one of Hollywood's most
popular stars

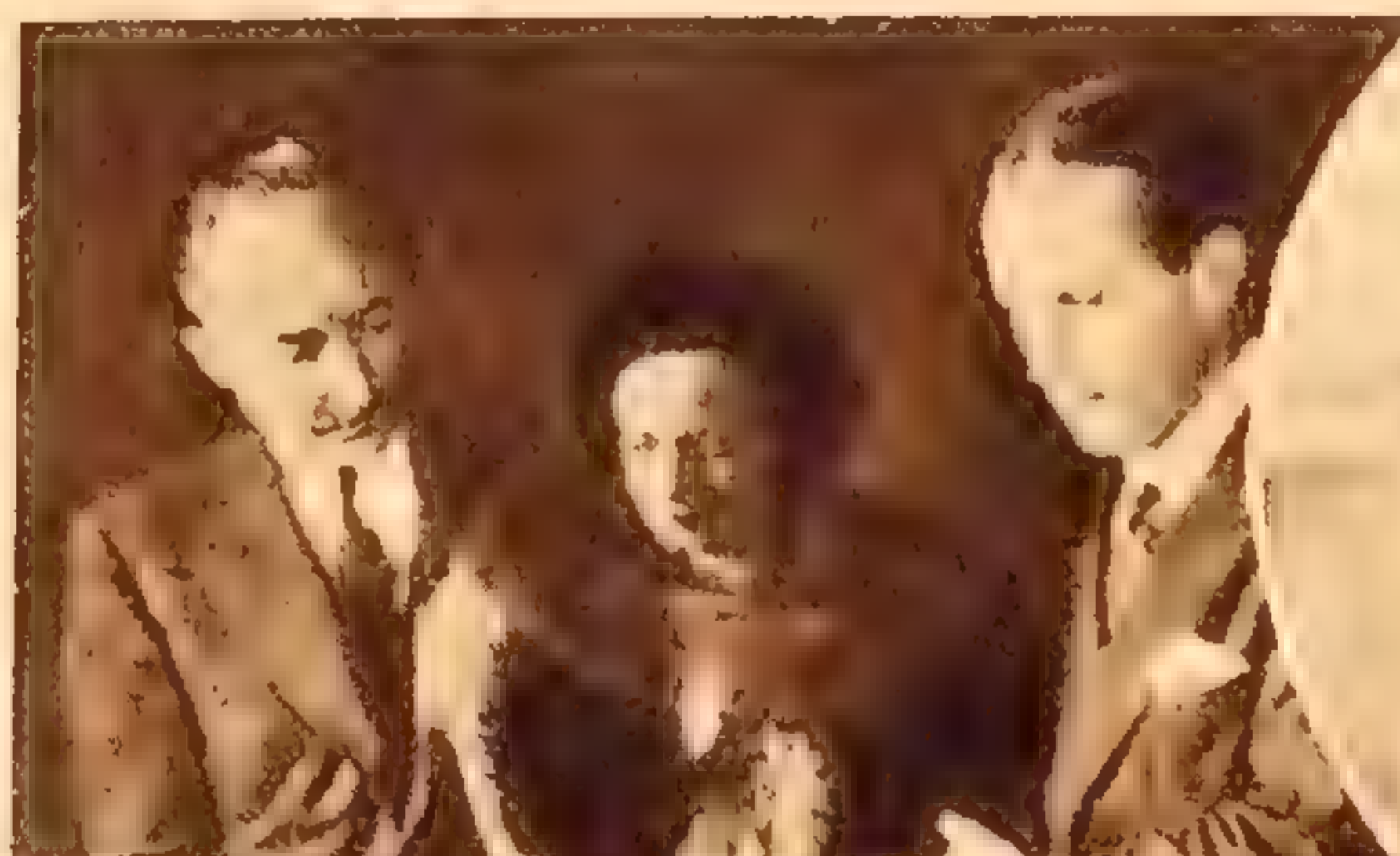
Jean Harlow



The days of struggle were over and she built a palatial home. Then, opposite Clark Gable in *Red Dust*, she skyrocketed to even greater heights



In the title rôle of *Suzy*, a war-time spy story, she has one of her best rôles



romances



Jean and Hal Rosson, (in circle) astounded Hollywood by their sudden romance and marriage. Now, divorced from Rosson, she is rumored to be engaged to marry William Powell

Newspapers printed special editions when the "Platinum Blonde" and Paul Bern applied for a marriage license

A year later Paul Bern died by his own hand. Jean is glimpsed here at the funeral services

Circus Daze

When the Big Top comes to town, the stars of Cinemaland declare a holiday, for they can't resist the lure of the sawdust arenas

IF YOU are in Hollywood when a circus is in town, that's the best place to see an array of screen stars. At every performance there's a blazing of flashbulbs as press photographers catch Cinemaland's famous entranced by the excitement of the sawdust rings. They love it!

The fact that many stars got their start under the big tops, and the fact that numerous circus performers and animals have parts in various pictures combine to knit the fellowship between the stars of the screen and the stars of the sawdust arena very closely.

Screen celebrities and circus artists alike greatly prize the informal snapshots taken together in the canvas-fenced enclosure behind the big tent. Most of our Hollywoodites are like children in their intense admiration for the circus performers, and often

Barnum and O'Shaughnessy's Boy, with Jackie Cooper. Several of the pachyderms he worked in those films are in the Barnes herd this year. When the big Ringling Circus came to Hollywood two summers ago he had a grand time renewing acquaintance with several of the older elephants he had handled as a youngster.

For many years the studios have used the Al. G. Barnes Circus, which winters at Baldwin Park, near Hollywood, as the background for all the circus pictures. You've just seen Warner Oland in his latest, *Charlie Chan at the Circus*. Twentieth Century-Fox finished making it before the show started its 1936 tour, with many of the circus people playing extra parts.

"Handling that ten ton chorus in *The Big Broadcast of 1936* was about the hardest job I ever did with elephants," Walter



Ken Maynard, Edith Fellows and Marian Marsh visit the commissary of Ken's Diamond K Wild West Show



Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, his wife, are among Hollywood's most ardent circus fans

you see an arenic champion nearly forget his routine while he slackens his pace to stare at a film star "in person."

"Oh look, there's Wally Beery!" people were saying when I attended the Al. G. Barnes Circus in Hollywood.

Sure enough, there was Wallace Beery sitting with his little adopted daughter, Carol Ann, down in a first row seat, where they wouldn't miss a thing.

When I drifted out into the circus backyard after the show, there was Wally again fooling with the elephant herd. No wonder Wally loves "bulls," as show people call elephants, no matter what sex they may be, for one of his first jobs was being hand-maiden to a couple of elephants with a circus.

Many of the elephants in the herd, Wally has worked in pictures. Remember two of Beery's best films, *The Mighty*



Wally Beery, who launched his career as a "bull man" with the circus introduces Carol Ann to the leader of the Barnes herd of performing elephants

in Hollywood

by Philip K. Bailey

McLain, boss elephant man for the Barnes aggregation, told me. He had to stand fifty feet away, behind the cameras, and direct the huge creatures with a stick.

Another of McLain's feats was stampeding his whole elephant herd, which was weighted down with various armor and trappings, in *Clive of India*. Remember the old elephant in *Tarzan* that emerged from the swamp and hobbled on three legs through the waterfalls before it died? That was "Ruth," his pet pachyderm, which heads the herd this season.

Just as you enjoy seeing an excellent picture several times, so some of the stars attend a circus again and again. Wallace Beery saw the circus open in San Diego, again in Los Angeles, and the third time, as I've mentioned, in Hollywood. Dick Cromwell is another two-timer. First he escorted Rochelle Hudson to the Los Angeles showing. A few days later Dick was spotted with Ida Lupino seeing the same circus again in Hollywood.

"We feel like adopting Charley Murray, he is around so much," one of the circus bosses jokingly told me. Murray,

comedian of *Cohen and Kelly* fame, is a pal of many of the sawdust fraternity and just about lives around circuses during their Hollywood presentations.

You know the old gag about the adult taking the kids to the circus to have an excuse to go himself. It holds good in Hollywood, too. Often, if the celebrities haven't any children of their own, they adopt a friend's for the annual circus outing.

Of course, the ones who get the biggest kick out of the sawdust glamour are the child stars. Little Jane Withers was so excited trying to see what was going on in every ring that she could hardly keep her seat. After the last act, she went out in the circus "backyard" and had the time of her life meeting all the performers and being photographed with them. And her thrill of thrills came when she was allowed to don a clown suit and grease-paint and actually be a circus performer when the Barnes show gave its final performance here.

An American circus is a great treat for Freddie Bartholomew. He says it is so much larger and more thrilling than the small one-ring circuses in England. Jackie Searl was another leading juvenile star I saw enjoying the colossal exhibit.

An added thrill for spectators was seeing little Shirley Temple, the films' leading player, accompanied by her father and mother, walking along the hippodrome track to their seats.



Dick Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson meet Joe, the chimpanzee star of the Al G. Barnes Circus



Going to the circus wouldn't be complete, says Gloria Stuart, without feeding the elephants peanuts



You saw golden-haired Shirley in *Our Little Girl*. Part of the Barnes circus was used to make those scenes in which Shirley had so much fun with the jolly clowns. She's a great favorite with the folk of the big top.

THE circus was one stopping point for a smart progressive Easter celebration which Anita Louise, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Robert Marlowe, Helen Ferguson, and the Johnny Mack Browns held. From Anita Louise's home on Easter eve the party went to the circus. Following the performance, they returned to Anita's house for a midnight buffet supper. Leaving there they attended the sunrise services in the Hollywood Bowl. To Jeanette MacDonald's for breakfast was the next move. Swimming and tennis [Continued on page 74]

Jane Withers was the envy of every Hollywood youngster when she was invited to don a clown's costume and perform with the circus troupe

The Fortunes of Hopkins Inc.



In which is analyzed one of the most amazing personalities of the screen

MIRIAM HOPKINS shrugged a pretty shoulder in nonchalant defiance at her thirty-third birthday last October, and why not?—because she looks like such a kid that she couldn't even get her favorite drink (which is a long, tall, cool, ginny Tom Collins) at Santa Barbara the other day! She'd been running up and down the beach in shorts, and stepped into a cocktail bar for the cooler.

"Whatsa big i-DEA?" yowled the bartender. "Y'know we don't sell drinks to *kids* in here. Get outta here!"

But she's only five-feet-two, weighs 102, and outside of a tiny dab of powder and some "natural" lipstick, she doesn't wear offscreen makeup, so it's no wonder the bartender was fooled.

That time she laughed. The bartender was lucky. You never can tell whether Miriam's going to laugh at something that's happened to her, or raise particular blazes. She's been called a hellcat—and even shorter words—in Hollywood, because when she doesn't like something, she ups and says so. She has definite ideas of how and what she wants to play on the screen, and if those ideas are crossed, she tells 'em off, from the director right up to the producer. She's what's known as a "tough baby" about things. There's the yarn about the writer-friend of hers who called her up long distance over 3,000 miles from coast to coast one night, just to tell her he'd sold his first play. It was his tough luck that he happened to wake Miriam up with the call. After he'd

burbled his glee at her over the 3,000 miles of wire, she calmly asked, "Well, why bother *me* about it?" and hung up.

But that's only *half* the picture. The gal's not as tough as that seems. Because, just the other day, she worked straight through a forty-eight-hour stretch of shooting! And why? Because that way, her picture would be finished in time for her crew of cameramen, grips, electricians, technicians and so on could go into another picture at once, whereas if she hadn't, they'd have faced a several weeks long layoff.

So you've got to amend that "hard-hearted Hannah" stuff by admitting that she's the softest-hearted hard-heart in Hollywood.

Heart? Hers has been cracked twice. Brandon Peters was the first husband. The second was Austin Parker, the writer who likes to wear a cloak and opera hat so that he looks like Dracula. When they married, they both admitted it was gonna be tough, because each confessed to being hard to get along with. So they tried living in separate homes. It didn't work. They divorced, and now they're swell friends. Such good friends that Miriam's

always having Austin and his current gal friend over to dinner.

Is that sophistication? Don't tell Miriam so. She hates the word, because it's so loosely over-used. Yet Miriam is one of the most sophisticated women in movies. Honestly so, not just a pose. She speaks French and Spanish like a native of each country, loves to travel abroad when work permits, makes a specialty of serving champagne to interviewers in her dressing room—and just dotes on fortune-tellers like any yokel's sweetheart at a county fair.

[Continued on page 72]

by
John L.
Haddon

Women consider him the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood—but they have no place in his present scheme of life

GEORGE BRENT wants no romance!! Not now, thank you . . .

Six years from now, maybe. But between now and 1942, at the earliest, he wants to remain a bachelor. Militantly. And so, today, he's living in a hide-out home somewhere in the San Fernando Valley, ten miles or more from Hollywood. Few people know his address; fewer, even, know his telephone number.

He never goes out with women or girls—blondes, brunettes, red-heads, platinum blondes, it makes no difference. His home is staffed and operated by men servants.

Once in a while, he plays tennis with a woman—but she's

women—but they're either married or too intent on their careers to leave room for love.

"Hollywood's full of women for a man to take out—if he wants them. But for me, it'd have to be a gesture of sheer desperation to take them—and I'm not desperate. I can wait. I have gotten along without 'em long enough to know I can keep on doing it."

Now, all this stuff probably makes George sound and look like a sour-pussed old curmudgeon; a misogynist, a woman-hater of the most revolting order. Maybe it makes him sound conceited, too.

But neither of those assumptions are true. Listen—

Let me put you straight on George. It's been my good fortune to know the fellow fairly well. It's been my privilege to hear Brent discuss, frankly and openly, those subjects concerning which he shouts a consistent "NO!" to all interviewers—women, romance and his love-life.

I think I understand George and his attitude, because he has opened up to me about it. He talks of love, in the first person, with an unconcealed distaste. For two reasons: In the first place, he has been pestered to death by interviewers who ask him the most impudent questions about it; in the second place, he thinks his own love-life, when and if [Continued on page 70]

Why George Brent Shuns Romance

by Harry Lang

an ex-champion, and merely his tennis instructor.

At the studio, he's pleasant, polite to the girls he works with and meets during the day's work. When the script requires, he makes love to his leading lady, and kisses her most acceptably and convincingly—as long as the camera is trained on them. The rest of the time, he ignores them—not boorishly, mind you, but definitely.

And, at the end of the day's work, he hurries off to his womanless hideaway and disappears from Hollywood's ken and vision until the next morning when he reports for work again.

"Romance? I don't want any of it, now," he says, frankly. "It has no place whatsoever in my scheme of things. I have no time for it. I have no inclination for it. I'm perfectly happy this way.

"Besides, I haven't met a girl who has carried even the hint of romance to me, for years. I don't think there's a girl in movies who *could* have that appeal for me . . . !

"There are so, so many women in Hollywood who are simply empty-headed little dolls. They're pretty; they're fun—if you like that kind of fun. But they don't know anything, they can't talk intelligently about anything except gossip or the latest swing number and I'm not interested in either. There are intelligent women in Hollywood—many intelligent





4 STAR DRESSES

by
sally martin

whys and wherefores

1—Gather ye shirrings while ye may—the strawberries are all right too, be they printed on fabric, or artificial bunches for bosoms, waistline or shoulders. But the shirring is very important, particularly with the original use of heavy cording that defines the romantic bodice,

the diaphanous and quaint sleeves, the neckline skillfully draped with measured fullness both back and front and the padded edge of the voluminous skirt of the Second Empire dress sponsored by Claire Trevor, 20th Century-Fox actress. Leg o'mutton (Continued on page 64)

A. L. Schafer

3



2



A. L. Schafer

4



5

A. L. Schafer



In Quest



Concluding the dramatic life story of Errol Flynn, South Seas Adventurer, screen sensation and gambler with Fate

FOREWORD: Having run away from home, in Australia, to seek adventure and romance in the untamed wilds of Papua, little known island of cannibals and gold, Errol Flynn was, successively, prospector, member of the constabulary, pearl diver and labor recruiter. Time after time, he narrowly escaped death in the uncharted jungles. Once he was tried for murder but proved that he had killed the dope crazed native to save his life and the lives of his servants. It was on one of his expeditions into the far interior, to recruit native laborers for the English plantations that his raft overturned and he found himself swimming for his life in a crocodile-infested river.

HIS stomach was like a cake of ice. Terror, unashamed, retching fear, assailed him as Errol Flynn fought his way through the river water, his flesh crawling in anticipation of the ragged teeth of a crocodile. . . . A horrid way to die, to be pulled under water, jammed beneath a slimy log and there left to decay until soft enough to make easy food for the gigantic reptiles. He'd faced death a thousand times in the last few jungle years, but always on his feet, fighting, ready to die, if he must, but ready to die like a man. Within a few yards of shore he became conscious of the wild screams and excited leaping of his boys. He hadn't time to rationalize—all he wanted was to make shore beside them and ask questions later. He still wishes he'd paid heed. . . . For a moment later his knee thrust against what felt like the rough



of Romance



In the stellar rôle of *Charge of the Light Brigade*, a colorful saga of the Crimean War, Errol Flynn has one of the most spectacular parts in screen history

bark of a tree—except that it, too, was moving with unbelievable speed. He threw himself wildly, anyhow, head-over-heels, felt a sharp, raking pain down his leg and, simultaneously, the grateful grasp of willing hands hauling him ashore.

Unconscious for the moment of the blood streaming down his leg, he seized his light .30-.30, the nearest gun at hand, swung and began pumping lead into the water in an effort to cover the frantic approach of his swimming boys. He bagged two crocs and wounded two more, one a big bull whose roars of pain were like thunder and set the whole jungle to screaming in an answering chorus. . . . But even over such a concerted pandemonium could be heard the soul piercing shriek of the faithful Gonai, his gun bearer. It ended abruptly as his brown hand, fingers stiff and clawing, disappeared beneath the waters.

Flynn's last conscious thought before he pitched over on his face from loss of blood was that his boys all needed a tot of rum and quinine.

The monsoon season was nearly over when he became himself again. He was in bed, snug and cool beneath white mosquito netting, not yet conscious that he looked like a yellowed skeleton from weeks of delirious fever. He didn't know that Maru had taken command, led his safari and labor boys on to the plantation, carried him, raving and cursing in his madness, as tenderly as a sick child and had refused to leave his side during the painful weeks that followed. The jungle makes deep enemies—and friends that pass all understanding.

Weeks later Flynn was in a doctor's office in Port Moresby, gaunt and worn, his smart whites hanging on him like burlap and only his eyes showed that the man within was fighting.

"No more jungle for you, my lad," was the kindly dictum, "at least for some months to come. Matter of fact you've got no right to be alive at all, you know. I understand from N—that you've about four hundred banked from the last trip. My advice to you is to buy a small trading schooner and keep to sea until you build up a bit."

Thus it was that the Maski II came into being. Small and snug, well powered and stoutly masted with trim lines and little draft, she was ideal for island trading, skimming gently over

shark-toothed reefs. His crew was half kanaka, half bush-boy as he and Maru put to sea in search of whatever the Southern Seas might offer.

He coasted along among the islands, carefree, following the winds. The islands knew him as far east as Bora Bora in the Societies and up to Namoi in the Carolines, but always he came back to his first love, Papua. He'd fished for pearl and beche de mer, he'd carried copra and cane and traded shrewdly with a hundred villages, and the sun and sea had given back his strength.

It was during a stop at Dampier Island that he ran across Yapanee, an ancient chief so old that he had already become legend. Yapanee was rumored to have great wealth and a fine collection of uncut stones garnered from some secret place deep in the island.

The village didn't appear friendly at first, but when Errol presented the old man with a squealing sucking pig he suddenly remembered his manners and his pidgin English. As he lead the young Irishman toward the Laki-Laki house, communal home and club of the men, Errol was pleased to note that the women were slowly returning from their bush hiding places. In front of the house stood an imposing group of forbidding warriors. Two were glowering, one holding a knife; the other a spear; still another was holding high a smoking brand from the cooking fire; the fourth a green branch of palm. A man used to the islands and the savage sign language read it easily:

"It is death for you to enter the Laki-Laki house." (Knife and spear.) "But you are our guest and have brought us food." (Brand from the cooking fire.) "Therefore we are at peace." (Green branch; the sign of peace the world over.)

by
Wm. Ulman, Jr.

A DAY of feasting followed and Errol was careful not to mention trading, even over the roast suckling which he and the Chief were greedily consuming. The prospects for lucrative trade were excellent when an unexpected interruption occurred.

It was the arrival of three whites and a large party of motion picture travelogue makers. The men were surrounded by a very angry looking group of [Continued on page 67]

Small Wonder!

Jane Withers earns \$1000 a week as a nine-year-old screen sensation!

by Donald P. Sheldon

JANE WITHERS is a nine-year-old bundle of dynamite, who has just had her screen salary upped from \$150 a week to a reported \$1,000 for every seven days' work. She is a born actress, who can show many of the older players the fine points of the art. She can play *Juliet* with the finesse of a Jane Cowl, and can, on demand, outdo a Jackie Searl in being a screen "meanie." She can imitate to perfection the voice, posture and facial expression of many prominent stars of stage, screen and radio. She can rattle off five pages of dialogue without ever missing a word. She can do anything from the hula to the Bill Robinson *up-the-stairs* dance or the *Dying Swan* ballet of Pavlowa. She is as graceful as Ginger Rogers on her feet.

Her mother, like the mother of little David Holt, had always wanted to be an actress—and was frustrated in her hope. So when she and her tire salesman-husband had a

small daughter, she transferred her hope to her little girl. Even in her bassinet, the child showed signs of being a talented mimic. When the signs increased to the point where total strangers noticed them, mother and daughter packed up and headed west from Atlanta, Georgia. They were in Hollywood three years before the studios would give Jane a break, but when they did, she went over with a bang. As dynamite should.

In *Bright Eyes*, she was called upon to torment Shirley Temple. She did such an excellent job that the studio decided that it could have two child stars where it had had only one before. She did such an excellent job that she still gets letters of protest about the way she treated the nation's idol. The two little girls—despite the three-year difference in their ages—are good friends. Why not? There is room on the screen for both of them.

Jane and her mother put up a brave front in Hollywood for two years before Mr. Withers could arrange a transfer from Atlanta to Los Angeles with the tire company. Now, even though Jane is in the star class, they live most modestly in a bungalow near the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio. On the roof of their garage, Jane has a playhouse—big enough so that she can stand up in it. She has an amazing collection of bird and animal pets.

"We have two rabbits, some carrier pigeons, a dog, a cat, some chickens, and now I want a monkey," she told me.

She has not the slightest interest in seeing herself on the screen. When the studio called to tell her mother that her own first starring picture, *Ginger*, was having an unannounced preview in a Glendale theatre after the regular show, Jane cried, "Oh, let's go early and see the other picture. That would be fun!"

For my personal benefit and without the least embarrassment, she went through her imitation of ZaSu Pitts, complete with fluttery hands and dithery voice. She showed me impersonations of Baby Le Roy, Ed Wynn, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple singing *The Good Ship Lollypop*, Garbo and Kate Smith.

[Continued on page 60]

In her latest picture, *Pepper*, Jane Withers shares comedy honors with Slim Summer-ville and Irvin S. Cobb. The picture deals with the laughable adventures of Jane and Slim who are victimized by a bogus nobleman. About to be jailed for fraud, they are rescued by Cobb and receive a reward instead of a jail sentence.

Jane Withers in private—an unspoiled little girl



Jane Withers in action as *Gentle Julia*, the title character of her latest film





Madeleine Carroll
and
Gary Cooper

Teamed in *Chinese Gold*, they are the screen's newest lovers. Gary, ex-cowboy, off-screen rancher and big game hunter, is one of the most romantic figures on the American screen. Madeleine, ex-schoolteacher, and English star, is a European favorite



Drama *in the* Desert

Never has Marlene Dietrich, woman and mother, been so completely revealed as in this amazing article

MARLENE DIETRICH felt slightly faint as she stood up and stepped out of the meagre shelter of the sun-umbrella. She started across the deep, hot, desert sand toward "the honeymoon tent," only a few yards distant. The short walk was an effort for her, but she struggled on, trying to smile, trying to let no one know how she felt. Everyone else probably felt the same way, in this blazing heat. Some of the men had been working under the direct rays of the sun for hours. And no one was complaining

Walking in deep, shifting sand is not easy at any time. Her faltering unsteadiness, therefore, attracted no attention. The Technicolor make-up is very pale, all of one tone. Her own paleness escaped detection.

She reached the wide doorway of the large tent, resisted the temptation to grasp the canvas for support. Waves of heat, coming from the interior of the tent, struck her face. Powerful arc-lights, necessary for photographing this interior scene, were adding their torment to the sun's torture. Her old friend, Charles Boyer, with whom she was to make the scene, warned her, with a smile, that this "take" would be an endurance contest. She tried to smile in return, as she took her place before the camera. She had a flash of pity for Charles, in his heavy suit.

There were crazy black dots gyrating before her eyes; then, concentric circles of red, revolving dizzily. Unconsciously, she brushed the back of her left hand across her eyes and forehead. Director Richard Boleslawski, quick in his perceptions, asked, "Do you feel all right, Marlainah?"

She nodded—and then, suddenly, limply, she dropped. Marlene, for all her will power, had fainted.

Five minutes later, the company doctor had revived her. She had had a slight sunstroke, he told her. She could not work any more today. They must carry her to her car. She



must go back to the hotel in Yuma, relax, rest. She tried to protest. She wanted to continue, didn't want to "spoil the whole day's work." They wouldn't listen to her.

When they arrived back at the location camp, a small, neat city of well-screened wooden "tents" on a level expanse of ground a mile away, one of the workers looked at a thermometer. 138 degrees! God only knows what it had been out on the dunes. One of the publicity men at the camp commandeered a company car, raced to nearby Sidewinder, teletyped the story to his boss in Hollywood. The next morning, a Sunday, every newspaper in the country carried the item that Marlene Dietrich had collapsed on the sand dunes near Yuma, while at work on the Technicolor picture, *The Garden of Allah*.

But not one newspaper carried the inside story of her determined effort to fight off faintness, her demonstration that she was a trouper.

I happened to be at *The Garden of Allah* location the next day. On every side, I heard the story. From Boleslawski,



Filmed entirely in natural color, with the great sand dunes of the Colorado desert as background, *The Garden Of Allah* will for the first time bring Marlene Dietrich's true beauty to the screen. Charles Boyer is co-starred with her and plays a role which will undoubtedly confirm his already established popularity

from Marlene's stand-in, from cameramen, from prop men. The story was no hoax. It had happened.

After I went out on the dunes, to the setting of the honeymoon tent and an imitation ruin of an old castle nearby, I wondered why they all had not collapsed; why Marlene was the only victim. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but sand, white sand, great wind-rippled hills and dales of sand. The sun, almost overhead, was merciless in its brightness, in its heat. The workers were commenting that it was even hotter than the previous day. And there was no shelter anywhere, except under one lone sun-umbrella. That was Dietrich's.

At a little after two, Marlene appeared, dressed in ankle-length gray chiffon, set off with a filmy orange scarf and a blue cape—her costume for the first scene of the afternoon. A beautiful woman, serenely poised. Her glamor is not something that the camera has given her; it is as natural as the candor of her blue eyes. You will see its reality for the first time in *The Garden of Allah*, filmed in natural color.

With Marlene was her daughter, Maria, dressed in a sports suit of light blue. She was almost as tall as Marlene, a young husky, exuberantly healthy. Rounder of face than Marlene, and freckled, but with the same blue eyes, the same light brown hair, the same lovely mouth.

All those on terms of any intimacy with Marlene—and they ranged from Boleslawski, the director, to Irving Sandler, chief prop man—asked her how she felt. "I'm not going to faint today," she told them.

The publicity man showed her the clipping from the Sunday paper, asked her if she had

seen it. She had. "I don't know why they sent that out," she said. "It frightened everybody at home. Maria came down on the train last night, with her governess, just to make sure I was all right. She wouldn't take my word over the telephone."

Someone told her the sequel to her fainting spell, intending to amuse her. It seems that Joseph Schildkraut, also working in the picture, has a weak heart. To ease the physical strain from the brutal heat, he had been carrying an ice-bag around with him, keeping it pressed over his heart between scenes. When Marlene collapsed, he was the first one at her side—with his ice-bag, which he placed on her wrists. The company doctor rushed up, raised her to a sitting position, put a bottle of smelling salts under her nostrils. Suddenly, Schildkraut reached over, grasped the bottle and whiffed it himself.

Marlene did not laugh at the story, as others present did. She said, "He has a weak heart, you know. If I had been in his place, I probably would have done the same thing. I know I've often felt as if I, too, were fainting, seeing other people faint."

SHE had been expected to laugh; she had not even smiled. She had responded with sympathy, instead. That was, to me, a hint of Dietrich's humanity. I was to see much more of it during the course of the long, sun-baked afternoon. From two o'clock until ten minutes of five, the company waited for the sun to put the desired shadows on the dunes for the "confession scene" that Marlene and Boyer were about to make. For me, it was an afternoon of getting acquainted with Marlene Dietrich—actress, woman and mother.

The Garden of Allah is being produced by David O. Selznick for Selznick International Pictures. It is the first picture that she has made for any company other than Paramount since her arrival in America six years ago. She is also the first "glamor queen" to dare an appearance in a color picture. What impelled her to take the rôle of *Domini*?

"The color, prin- [Continued on page 56]

by
James Reid



Often, for years
the biggest money maker at
Fox is with "putting them on"

Saddle Leather

*Seldom publicized—forgotten
by the industry they created—
the cowboy stars of the screen
ride on to glory and profits*

THE daily deluge of news stories and publicity broadsides from Hollywood carries little mention of the screen's cowboy stars. The critics seldom review their pictures. The manufacturers of men's togger never name their latest style creations in their honor. No one "raves" about their sex-appeal. They are "forgotten men" in an industry which they played a major rôle in creating.

But—please—no sympathy. They don't need it. The screen's buckaroos are still riding the cinematic trail to glory and wealth—and they carry in their saddle bags a goodly measure of every producer's financial security.

Westerns—Hollywood's highbrows call them "horse-operas"—built the industry. For years they carried the industry when sophisticated dramas were dripping red ink on the studio ledgers. And they're still the backbone of almost every producer's production schedule.

In fact, westerns are undergoing a phenomenal revival at this writing. Most of the major studios—probably impressed by the always-satisfactory profits of the cheaper westerns—are featuring outdoor melodrama on their summer and fall production schedules.

Gary Cooper—whose popularity was founded on his cowboy roles—is to be starred in not one, but three, western epics. Fred MacMurray is starring in *The Texas Ranger*. Cecil B. DeMille is about to start production on *The Plainsmen*—without a bath tub. Selznick International is planning two all-technicolor westerns. In short, Hollywood is definitely sombrero-minded.



Fred MacMurray, in *The Texas Ranger*, is having his fling at western melodrama which has made more big stars than any type of picture



Can Robert ...
ing popularity ...
of the western



vs. Sex Appeal



Colonel Tim McCoy, perennial star of Columbia westerns, is a box office favorite, yet big city movie-goers rarely see his pictures

by

Eric L. Ergenbright

That the old-line cowboy stars should have been neglected while Hollywood sings the wonders of its sex-appeal heroes is IRONY!

The first motion picture fortunes were created by the production of open air, action pictures—Westerns, for the most part. Bronco Billy Anderson rode Hell-for-leather through every theatre box office and lassoed millions. William Farnum rose to fame as a western star and made the industry's cash registers ring a paen of joy. He received ten thousand a week, every week in the year, and *earned* it. His brother, "Dusty" Farnum, swung into the saddle and saved more than one studio from bankruptcy. William S. Hart, one of the most widely famed and universally beloved stars in screen history, drew his trusty six-guns and shot gold nuggets into one of the worst depressions in Paramount's hectic life. He was known from Timbuctoo to Walla-Walla and every kind of coin from Japanese yen to English shillings poured into Hollywood as a tribute to his popularity.

WESTERNS!

What a debt—in gratitude and hard cash—the studios owe to the cowboy stars, past and present.

The sex-appeal pictures, the sophisticated dramas, and the super-colossals cost fortunes and are gigantic gambles. The good old "horse-operas" cost a tenth as much and are so much profit in the bank.

At Fox, they called Tom Mix "the mortgage lifter." His pictures, eight a year, coined money. And they saved Fox from the wolves just as neatly as Tom saved his golden-haired heroines from the stubble- [Continued on page 78]



For the

(A) Over her white linen play suit Jane Hamilton, RKO player, wears a smart, practical beach coat of henna color linen with over-sized coin dots. (B) A striking color combination is used in Louise Latimer's sports frock of seda loma cloth. Powder blue hat and dress trimmed in magenta crepe dotted with white. (C) As cool as a Pacific breeze is this white frock featuring interesting burnt orange wood buttons worn by the RKO star Louise Latimer.



Sake of Sport

by
Sally Martin

*Fashion Editor
of
Movie Classic*



mer. (D) Anita Colby who makes her screen debut in RKO's *Mary of Scotland* wears brown linen with leather belt and printed scarf. (E) A gay splash of red and white constitutes Louise Latimer's beach costume. The short sleeved coat is a new note. (F) Jane Hamilton's yellow silsutta cloth play suit offers tailored lines and an exaggerated tab collar. Yellow linen sandals and a beach hat of natural straw complete the picture. (G) The purpose of Jane Hamilton's perky linen outfit is not for active swimming but to make a highly picturesque and decorative note under a beach umbrella. (H) This flattering two piece sea suit of jersey in geranium red and white is worn by charming Jane Hamilton.



The Man of a Thousand Faces

Edward Arnold runs the gamut of world-famous biographical roles—but none is more interesting than his own life story

by
Scoop
Conlon

WHO AM I? Edward Arnold might have some difficulty in answering that question in the popular "guessing game" because he is the man of a thousand characters.

Who am I?

Well, you are clever, jovial and popular; but you are also dominating, ruthless and feared.

You're big and powerful, mentally, physically and financially.

To correctly answer this one, Arnold would have to figure out whether he is Nero Wolfe or Pinkerton, Diamond Jim Brady or Canfield, Sutter or Jubilee Jim Fiske, Barney Glasgow or Alexandre Dumas. Certainly, he is all of these characters.

Arnold could quite easily be Death Valley Scotty, Falstaff, Cortez, J. Pierpont Morgan or "Bet-A-Million" Gates as well. He is our most versatile "biographical actor" on the motion picture screen today.

Of powerful physique, although inclined to the robustness that so often goes with success and dominance, he is ideally suited for the roles of scores of famous men.

In Hollywood among his fellow actors, directors and producers, Arnold is noted for his genuine love of hard work. He has need of this rare asset because he will have created the above-mentioned EIGHT biographical characters within the space of one year.

To B. P. Schulberg, the astute producer who developed and brought to

From the squalor of an East side tenement, Arnold has risen to fame and wealth

screen stardom such talent as Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sydney, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, Nancy Carroll and Clara Bow, goes the credit for actually "discovering" Edward Arnold. Schulberg has always had uncanny foresight in picking potential picture personalities.

Touring in a successful stage play, *Whistling In The Dark*, Arnold attracted the attention of the producer, who signed him to a personal contract immediately. That was in December, 1932. And, it turned out to be a very lucrative Christmas present for both the party of the first part and the party of the second part.

Arnold promptly scored a sensational hit with Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee*, and was catapulted to screen fame overnight. However, it was the birth of "screen biographies" as box-office pictures that really brought Arnold into his own.

Playing so many widely diversified characters, one would imagine the actor to be a rather complex personality in real life, as are his contemporaries, Charles Laughton and the older George

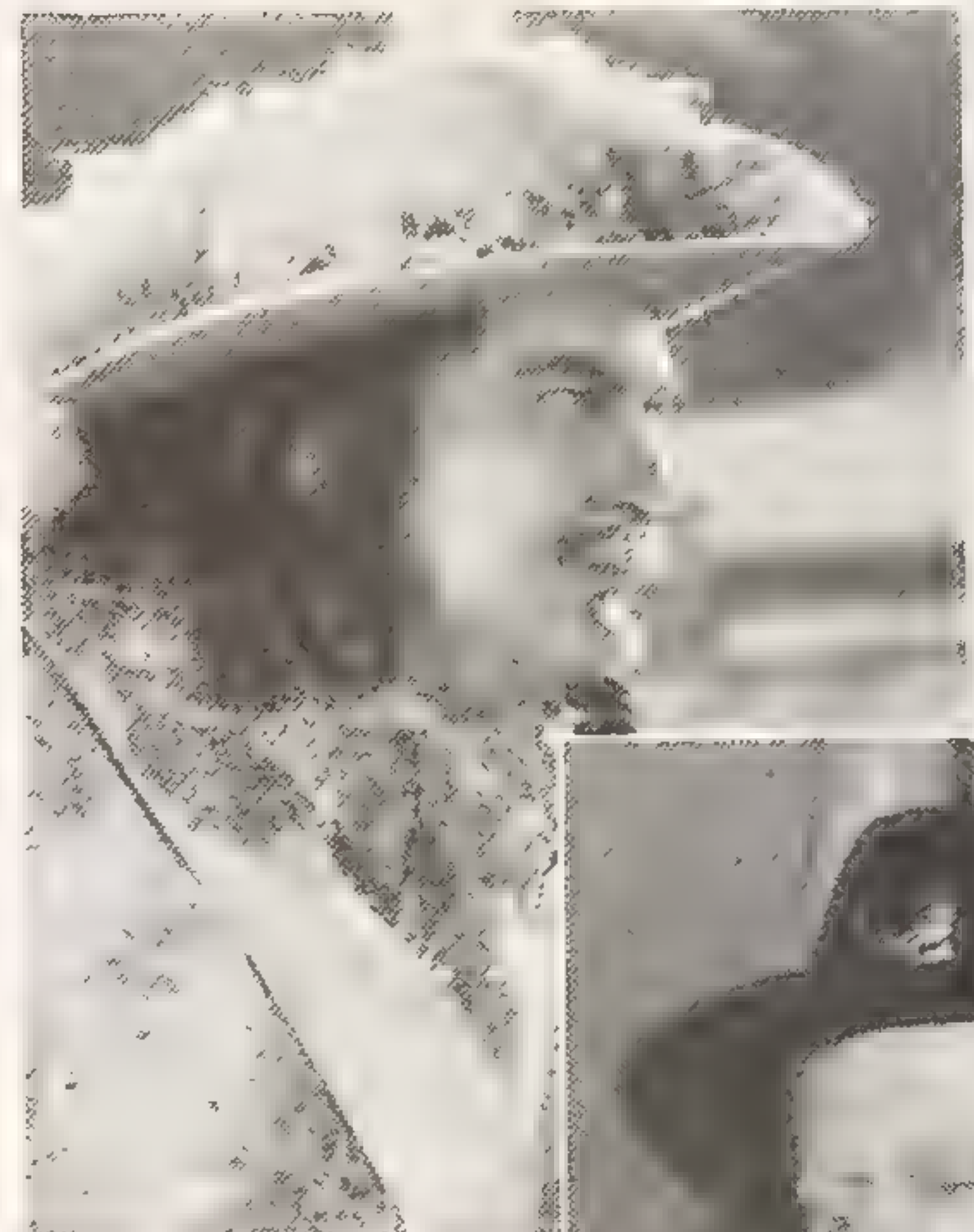
Arliss. On the contrary, over a long period of friendship, this writer has found Edward Arnold to be that rarest, an artist whose life and career move along straightforward lines.

He is an amazingly honest fellow, almost devoid of inhibitions and complexes. If he has a complex, it is a yen for good beer. Arnold insists upon good beer which he consumes in prodigious quantities. After all, why not?

As a character star, he doesn't have to worry about his waist line or his weight. His "biographies" are of successful men, robust fellows all, thus bearing out the old saying about "carrying your successes in front of you."

Arnold has just finished playing the title role in *Meet Nero Wolfe*, which incidentally is the only fictional role in the above-mentioned group. But, what a character! Nero Wolfe is an even more eccentric detective than Philo Vance. He loathes any form of exercise or physical exertion, directs all his

[Continued on page 75]



Noted as one of the screen's greatest character stars, Arnold has played in swift succession King Louis the Fifteenth of France, General John Sutter and Diamond Jim Brady. This year he will play eight remarkably divergent characters



WISH I WAS
HOME AGAIN—
I HATE THIS
PLACE...



SALLY'S
BAD
SKIN
NEARLY
QUEERED
HER
WHOLE
SUMMER

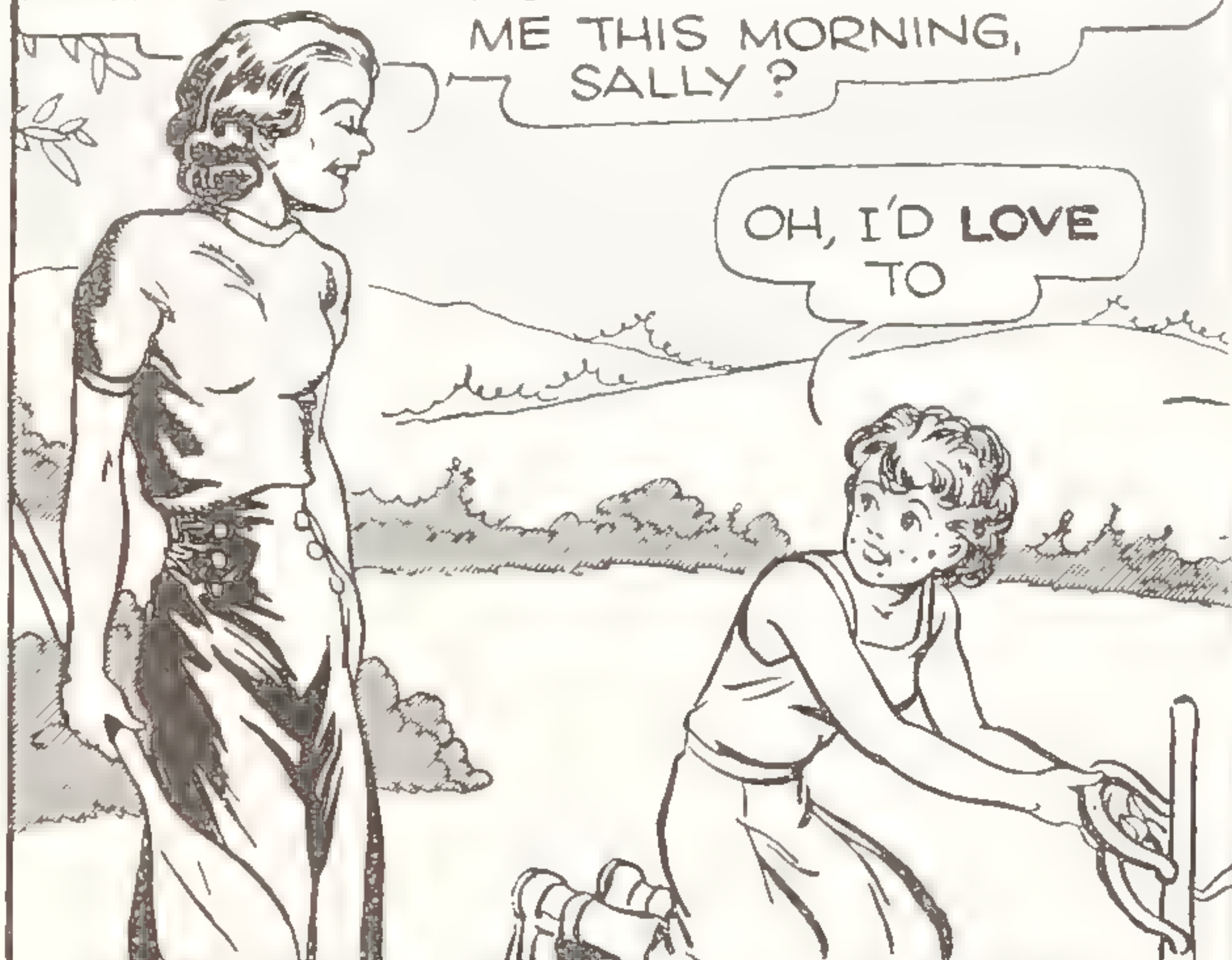
WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? ... I THOUGHT **ALL** THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC

IT'S JUST A **SHAME** THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS



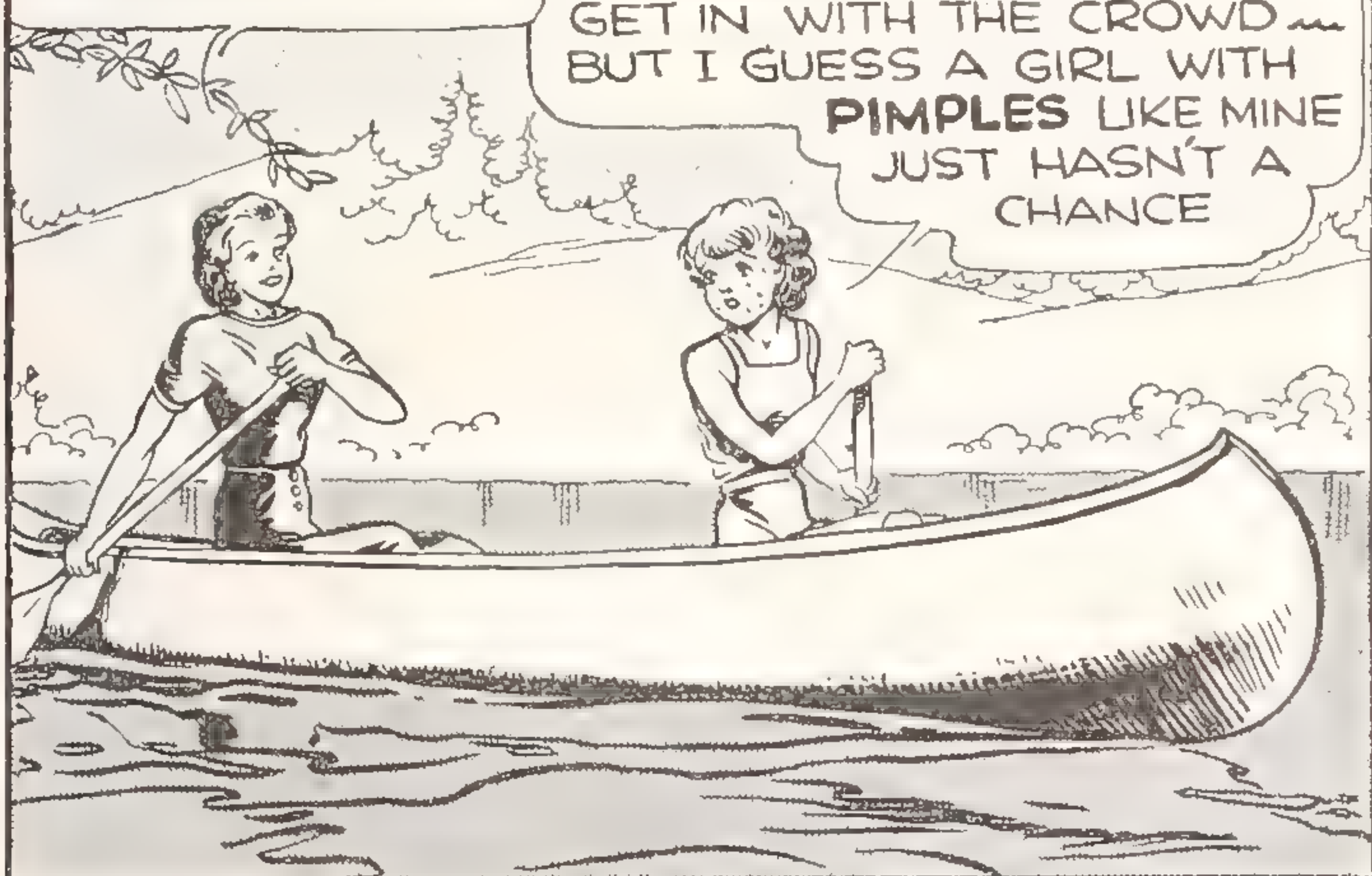
HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?

OH, I'D LOVE TO



ISN'T THIS A **PERFECT** PLACE?

WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS **MORE** IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD ... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH **PIMPLES** LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE



NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M **SURE** IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?

I CERTAINLY WILL ... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE **RIGHT NOW** TO GET SOME



LATER SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME ... THERE'S NOT **ONE** PIMPLE LEFT!

GOOD WORK ... SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!

HI, THERE, SALLY ... HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep
YOU from making friends**

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

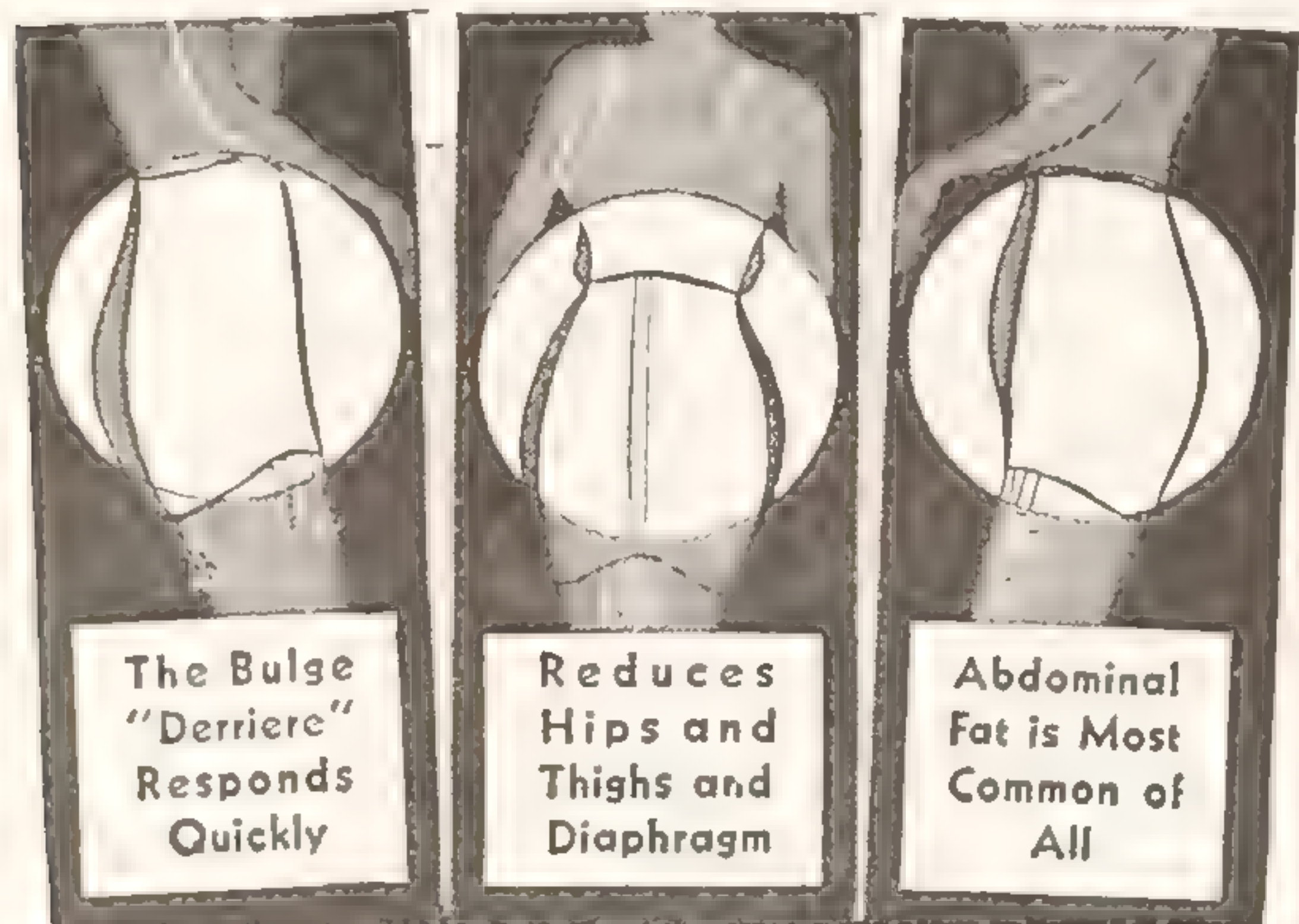
But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

REDUCE . . .
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!

"REDUCED
9 INCHES"
writes
Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS



Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

You do not risk one penny . . . simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . at our expense!

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
 Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card



The Winner

AT LAST! Here is the announcement which you have been awaiting with eagerness. Here are the prize awards in the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest.

Reed Williams, of Glendale, California, wins the grand prize of \$500 as well as MOTION PICTURE Magazine's first prize of \$100. His winning design, reproduced above, will be seen on the screen wherever and whenever Pickford-Lasky productions are exhibited. Modern in theme, the new trademark is perfectly adapted to motion.

Congratulations, Mr. Williams!

Edward Crane Denton of Boston, Massachusetts, author of the design reproduced

at the bottom of this page, wins MOVIE CLASSIC's first prize, a cash award of \$100. Again, congratulations!

Winners of the cash first prizes offered by the other magazines of MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS and FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS group will be announced in those respective magazines.

In addition to the cash awards, designs submitted by the following persons have been given honorable mention:

Maurice Anthoni, Hollywood, California.

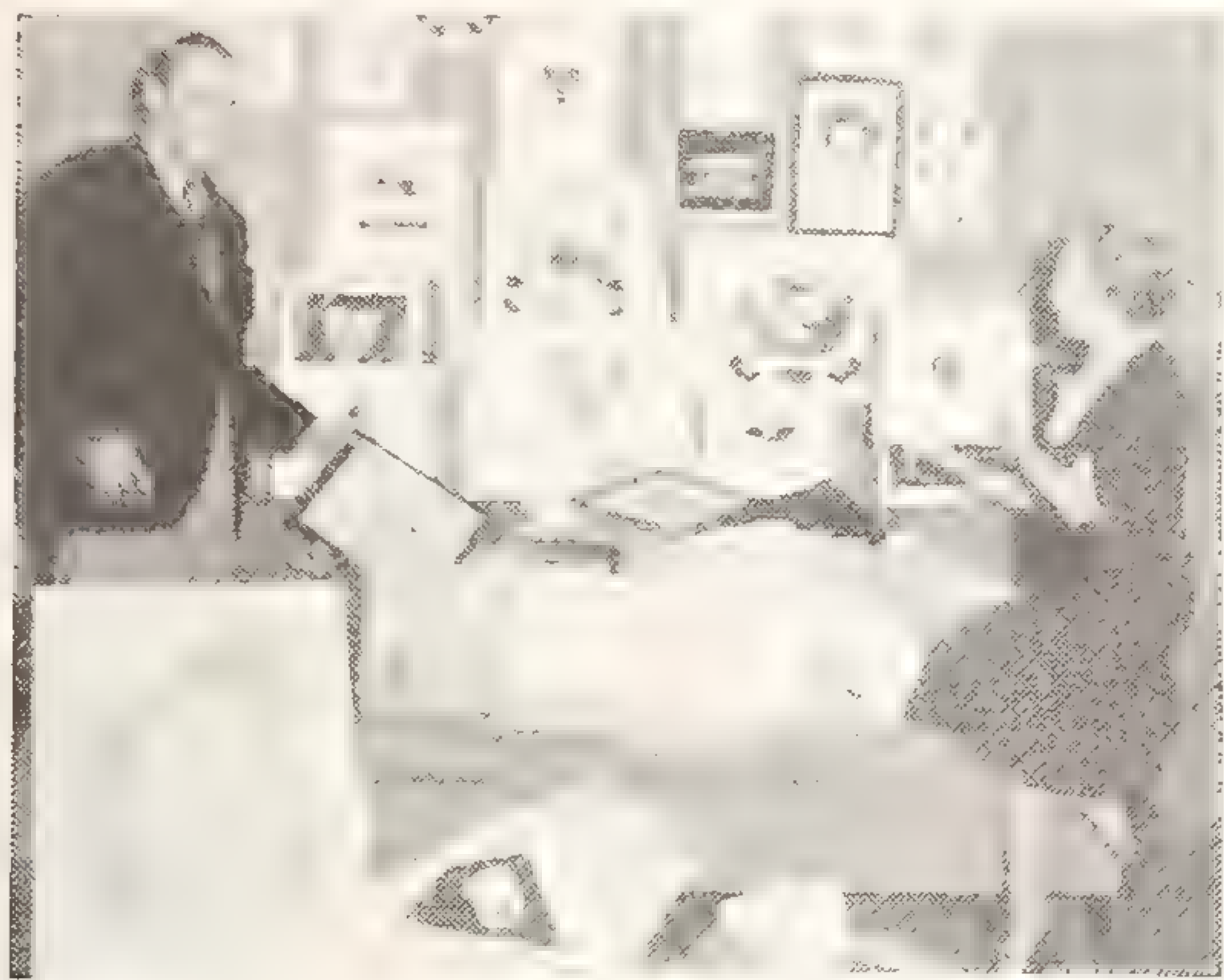
Theodore Braasch, North Hollywood, California.

Edward Czarnecki, Detroit, Michigan.



The above design, submitted by Edward Crane Denton, wins MOVIE CLASSIC'S first prize, an award of \$100 cash

Here are the results of the Pickford-Lasky Trade-mark Contest . . . and our hearty congratulations!



Jesse L. Lasky and Mary Pickford scanning the many entries

Pauline Gale, Hollywood, California.
Ruth Keller, Salt Lake City, Utah.
M. M. McGowan, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
Julius Pardi, Schenectady, New York.
Ralph E. Patten, Hollywood, California.
C. Reinhardt, Jr., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
King Richardson, Los Angeles, California.
Eldon Dunbar Skolil, San Pedro, California.
Sam S. Tigner, Sausalito, California.
Alicia Alma Will, North Troy, New York.
Minetta Wilson, Los Angeles, California.
In all, more than twenty thousand entries

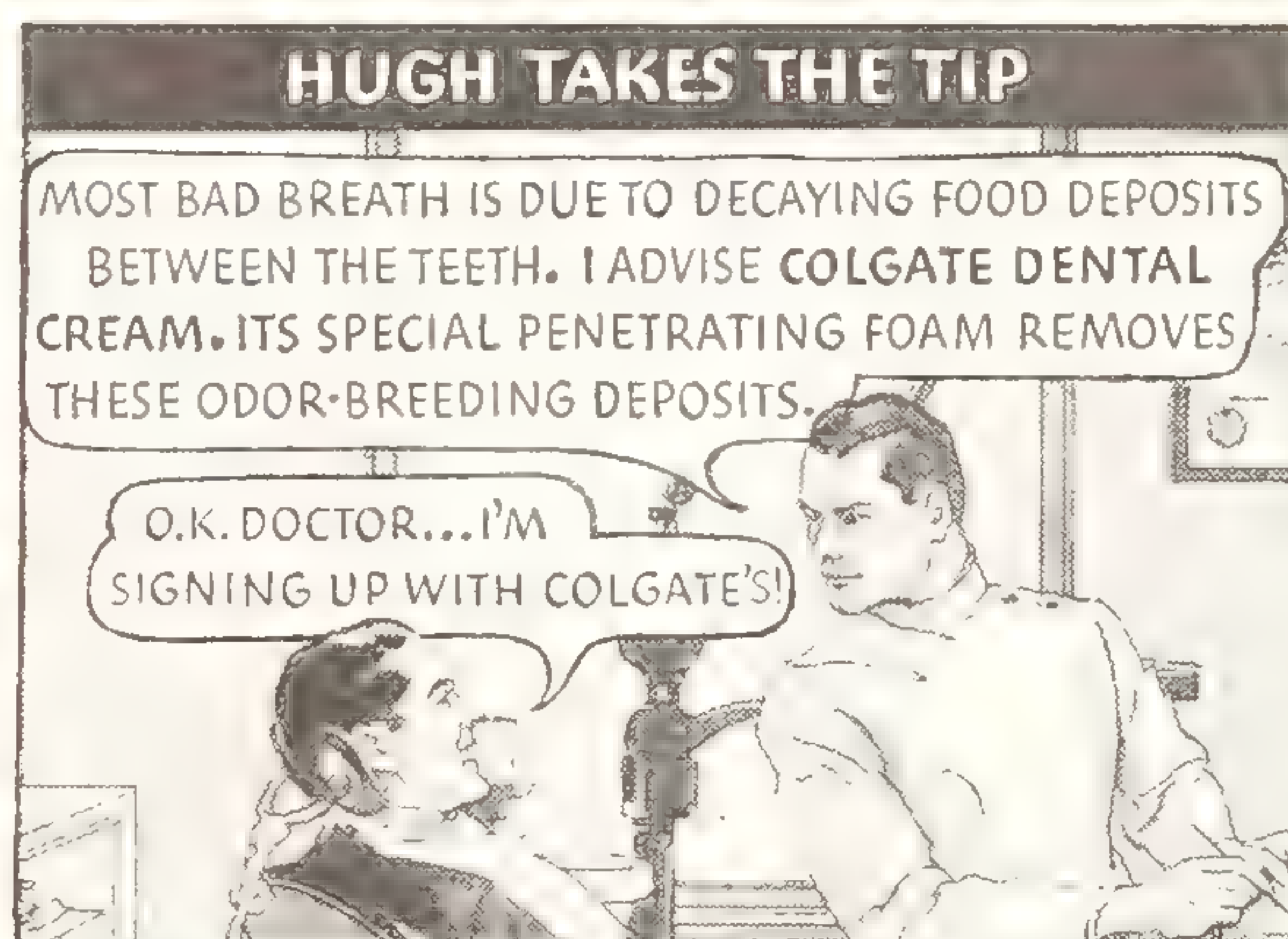
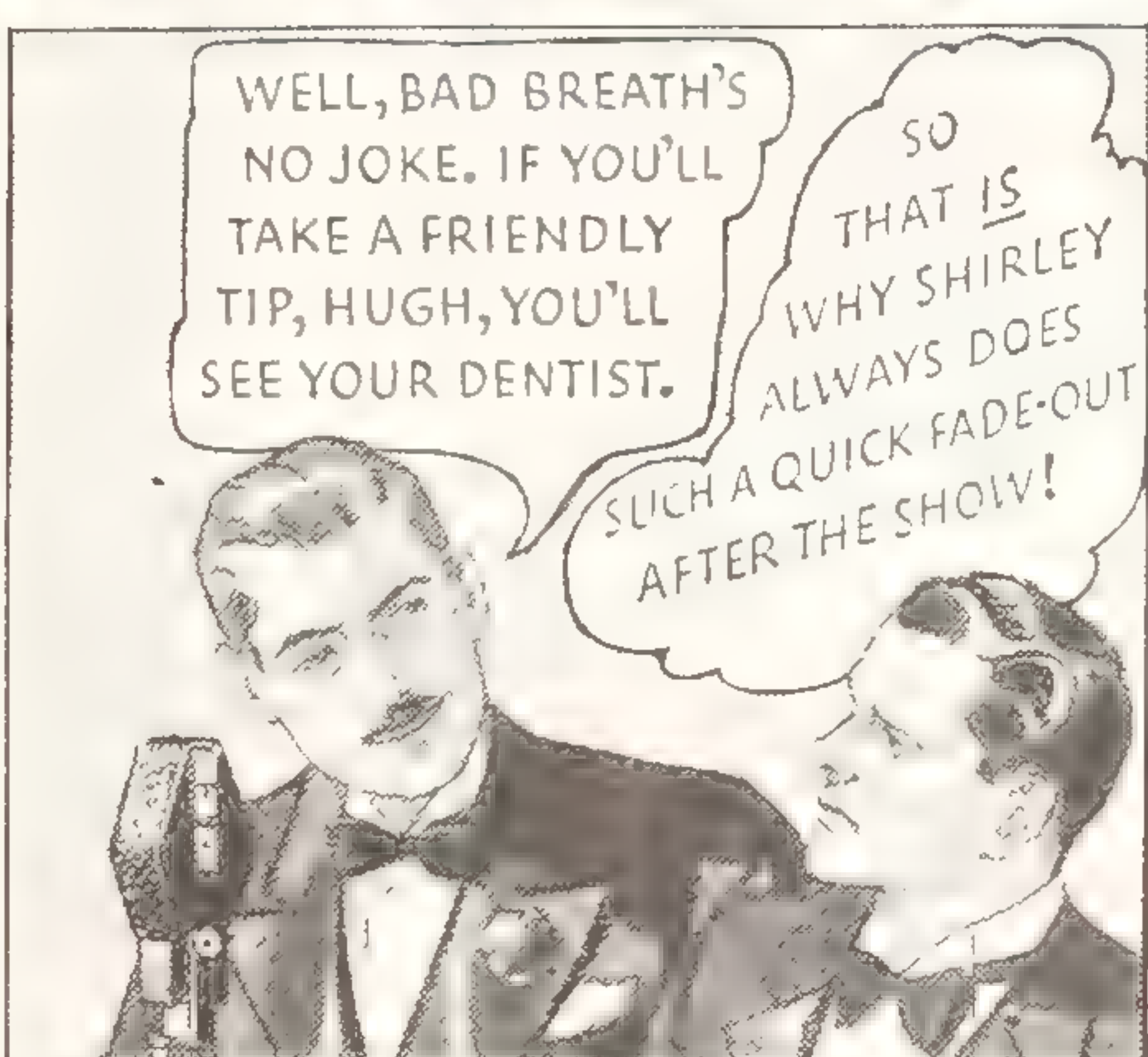


Edward Crane Denton, of Boston, winner of MOVIE CLASSIC'S award

were received. They represented every country in Europe, several countries in Asia, and all of the South and Central American republics.

All received careful appraisal by Jesse L. Lasky and Mary Pickford, who were delighted by the tremendous number of entries. Miss Pickford repeatedly expressed surprise and pleasure at the unusual degree of thought and skill represented by the great majority of entries.

It is the hope of the new corporation that they will be able to have the newly adopted trademark animated in sufficient time to use it on *The Gay Desperado*, co-starring Nino Martini, Ida Lupino and Leo Carillo, which is now nearly ready for release.



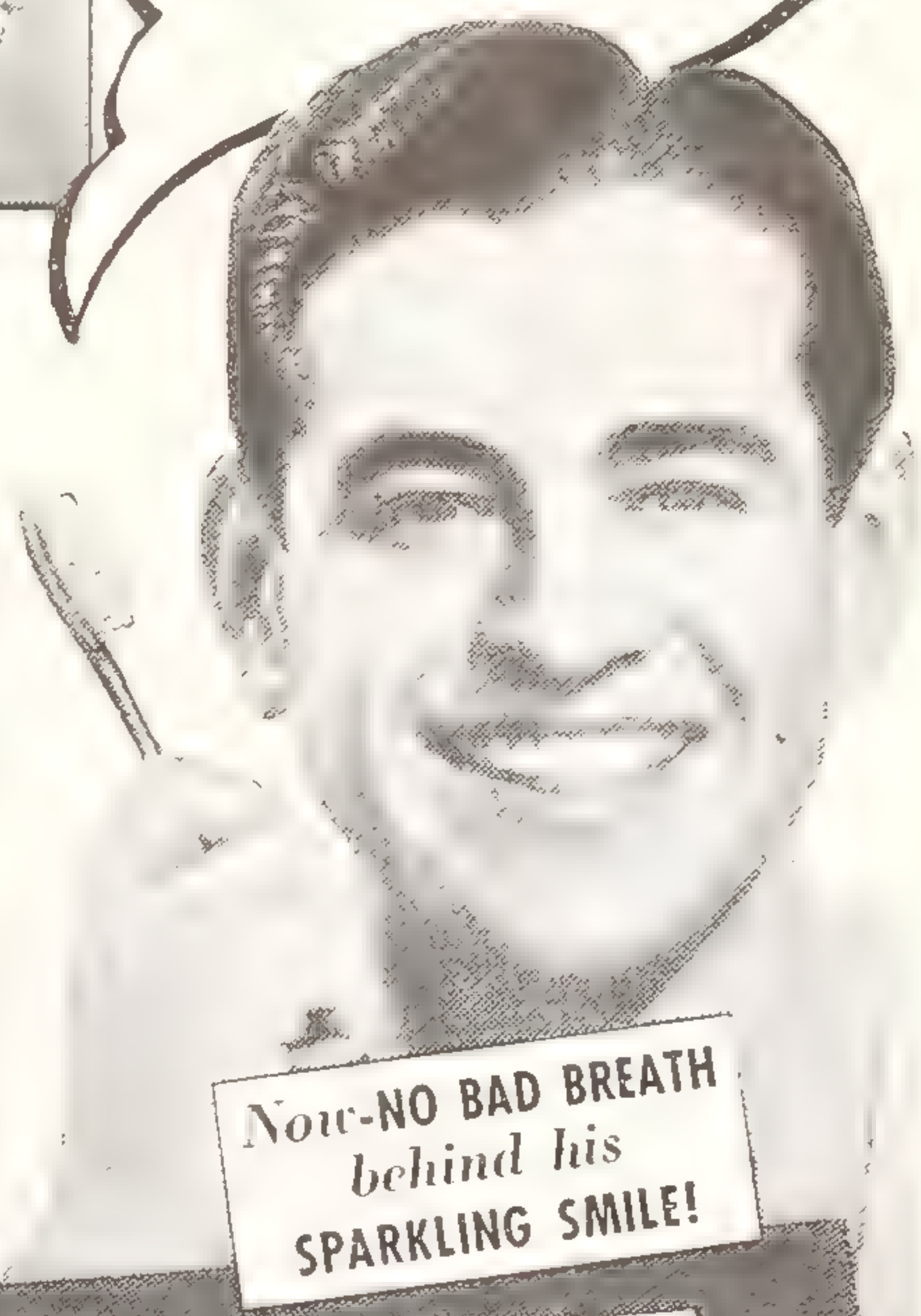
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

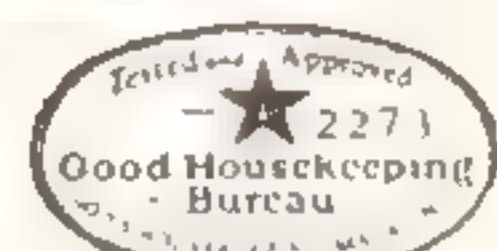
WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢



CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH MILK



ANN RUTHERFORD WHO PLAYS THE FEMININE LEADING ROLE IN REPUBLIC'S "THE HARVESTER"

Amazing results from new type beauty creme made from fresh dairy MILK

Gone are your worries about coarse pores, blackheads, lines and blemishes, once you start using Creme of Milk. In less than 90 days more than 100,000 women have changed from ordinary creams... started using Creme of Milk and are amazed at the speed with which this entirely new-type creme clears the skin and brings back that soft delicate flush of child-like freshness.

Forget all you know about ordinary creams, for Creme of Milk is the first and only beauty creme in the world made from fresh dairy milk. Milk contains a certain fine, penetrating and nourishing oil that does things for your skin no other cream can possibly do. A trial will convince you. You'll see improvement in your skin the very first day. Send now for your trial jar... enough to last a whole week for only 10 cents. Use the coupon.



SEND 10c FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR
SEND 50c OR \$1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES
DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose (10c) (50c) (\$1.00) for which please
send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....8

Hollywood Highlights

[Continued from page 23]

And Sudden Death!, which promises to be a sensational preachment against speeding.

The Hollywood Gauntlet

I'd hate to have been Lady Sylvia Ashley of London, heading for Hollywood as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks! Hollywood's a queer town—it'll fall all over itself to kowtow to titled foreigners and visitors at one moment, and the very next, it'll turn down an important personage with a set of frigid shoulders. Lady Sylvia didn't know what hers would be—and it didn't make it any easier to realize that most of Hollywood *does* thoroughly love Mary Pickford.

And so the new Mrs. Doug was palpably nervous, ill at ease, even frightened, when she arrived. News reporters who met her told me she was "difficult," when they tried to talk to her. Without delay, Doug whisked her off to their beach house.

Almost at once, visitors arrived—Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon and David Niven, the Fred Astaires, Marion Davies. These constitute the style-setters in movie-land, these and the others who visited. And so, the leaders having given the signal, Lady Sylvia is already the social lioness of the town. And the nervous aloofness has gone, and Doug's much-publicized bride is overjoyed at Hollywood's reception.

But still the Hollywood Branch of the Wonder-What'll-Happen-When Society is waiting to see what'll happen when and if Mrs. Fairbanks and Mary Pickford meet at some function or other.

Incidentally, Hollywood's already arguing about Sylvia. One group insists she looks and acts like Joan Bennett; the other group that she's a second Garbo in type. Oddly, nobody admits she's just Sylvia Ashley, ex-actress from London.

Taylor's Hazard

The bets are even, from what I hear, about whether or not Garbo will do her usual trick with Bob Taylor, this time. By "her usual trick" I mean her predilection for making a fuss over some particular male in her current picture—usually her leading man. You all know about John Gilbert. And there wasn't much secrecy, thanks to newshounds' busyboddiness, about how Garbo and Director Rouben Mamoulian used to take auto rides together. And even the garbo-like George Brent, woman-shrigger-offer, rather went for Garbo himself when she exerted her appeal during the making of *Painted Veil*.

Now—it looks like Bob Taylor's number is up. Bob is Garbo's leading man in *Camille*.

Guileful John

Wonder if John Boles, who looks and talks like such a mild and craftless chap, didn't put a fast one over on the very crafty Darryl Zanuck, explosive boss of 20th Century-Fox? You see, John had been getting a fair salary at Fox, but no time for making personal appearance tours and no permission to radio-broadcast songs. It wasn't in the contract.

John went to Zanuck and wondered what could be done about it. He told Zanuck, with tears in his voice, how deeply he longed to get in closer touch with his fans, by making personal appearances. Zanuck, with an eye to business, realized such tours would increase John's popularity still further. So Zanucky abrogated the old Boles contract.

BUT—within a fortnight and before his new 20th Century deal was completed, Boles signed a new contract. Only the catch is this: it was with Paramount, and not Darryl Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox. By the Paramount deal, John gets \$50,000 a picture (more than he got at Fox, in the average) *plus* all the time and freedom he wants for personal appearances and radio!

And Zanuck, hailed as one of Hollywood's smartest dealers, is wondering about John.

Ginger's Bon Mot

You should have been at that Sunset Boulevard night club the other evening, when Ginger Rogers pulled a fast one on Betty Furness. Betty was wearing one of these funny new hats with the carrots and mushrooms and things on it.

Ginger danced by and got one look at the hat. Suddenly, in one of those momentary pauses of music and chatter, so that you could hear it tables and tables away, Ginger called to Betty:

"Stick around, Betty!—I'll order a steak and be right over!"

Note from London

Got a letter from a certain Hollywood starlet now in London, the other day. Tells me that the Strand and Piccadilly Circus look like Hollywood Boulevard, with all the Hollywoodsmen and women making English films. "But," she adds, "we all feel we're just being tolerated here. Not that the British aren't cordial and friendly and all, but there's that indefinable feeling that we're on the outside, and that as soon as they've learned all we can teach them, they'll be jolly well glad to get along without us!"

Talking of letters from London reminds me of the one Virginia Bruce got from Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Dick Arlen, you know) who's in England. With her is Richard Arlen, Jr.—three years old. "Ricky hasn't yet acquired an English accent," Joby wrote, "but you should see him go for his afternoon tea!" And that, I suppose, is the British idea of getting square with us "Uhmeddicans" for ruining the King's English, as they complain. They take it out on our *children*!!

Tea! my word!!—

The Parting of the Ways

Something like an epilogue to the final break between Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres came a few days after the separation announcement. It was just an unobtrusive little gesture—an agreement between Lew and Columbia whereby the studio released him from his long-term acting contract. Hereafter, Lew will not appear again before the camera. He intends to devote himself to directing.

Back of it is the persistent understanding in Hollywood that the fundamental difficulty in all of Lew's trouble has been his inability to achieve the acting heights he dreamed of, after his great one-picture success in *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Somehow, despite his unquestioned ability and charm, Lew never reached that peak of success again. They say it preyed on his mind. They say his unhappiness over it was one of the factors that didn't help make for happiness in his home life either.

It Couldn't Take It

These voice-recording machines so many

LET'S TALK SENSE

about Permanent Waves

of the stars have in their homes nowadays can take so much—but too much is TOO MUCH!—and so Nelson Eddy's recorder is *kaput*! It happened at the party Nelse threw the other night for a mob of his friends—including Tenor Richard Crooks.

"We had sandwiches and cake and beer. Lots of beer," Eddy told me next morning. "And we had fun. We all began talking and singing into the voice-recording machine for a gag. It went swell—it took everything I could give it, and it took everything Crooks could give it. BUT—when we gave it a duet, out blew a tube!"

"Suppose," I supposed, "you'd had Larry Tibbett there, too . . .?"

"Then," said Nelse, "we'd have probably blown the walls down."

When In June

It's a hundred-to-one cinch that by the time you read this, Myrna Loy will be Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Hornblow is one of the Paramount's producers, and for many months he and Myrna have been waiting for the day when they could do the altar act, and move into the house Arthur has built on a Hollywood hilltop. In the way stood Mrs. Hornblow. The other day, however, Mrs. Hornblow got her final decree at Reno—and everybody knows that there'll be a plain circlet any day beside the huge engagement ring Myrna's been wearing.

Enough's Enough!

Jaawn Barrymore has had, it appears, just about enough of this "Caliban-and-Ariel" stuff. Either that or he's getting thin-skinned.

Well, anyway—after months of taking it from all the newspaper ribbers, columnists and wisecrackers about his Caliban-Ariel romance with Elaine Barrie, Jawn has just snorted a challenge at 20th Century-Fox. In letters from his lawyer, the studio and Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou have been warned that if they go through with a certain scene in *Sing, Baby, Sing*, Barrymore will sue for libel or slander or something. Jawn, the lawyer says, believes the scene is a burlesque on his interlude with Elaine.

The studio, via headsman Darryl Zanuck, sticks a figurative tongue in cheek and replies that by no means did they have Mr. Barrymore and Miss Barrie in mind when the scene was prepared. By NO means . . . !

The Exception

Just to prove that some folks can—and DO—stay happy though married in Hollywood, one of the oldest old-timers of 'em all had a gang of friends in, the other night, for his thirtieth wedding anniversary.

It was Charlie Murray, the "Kelly" of that once-famous *Cohens and Kellys* series Universal made. Among the guests was George Sidney, who played the Cohen.

Charlie and his wife Beatrice have been married longer than Charlie's been in pictures. And that's a record that some of the newest newcomers in films can't boast!

No Appreciation

Fred MacMurray confessed to me the other day that he still has the battered old saxophone he used to play in that college jazz band. He has it up at the little apartment in which he and his mother live.

"Y'ever play it any more?" I asked him.

"Naw," said Fred.

"Forget how?" I asked.

"Naw. Tried it once. But the neighbors banged on the walls," he said.

Which shows—that Hollywood, surfeited with fame and genius, just ain't got no appreciation, no how!



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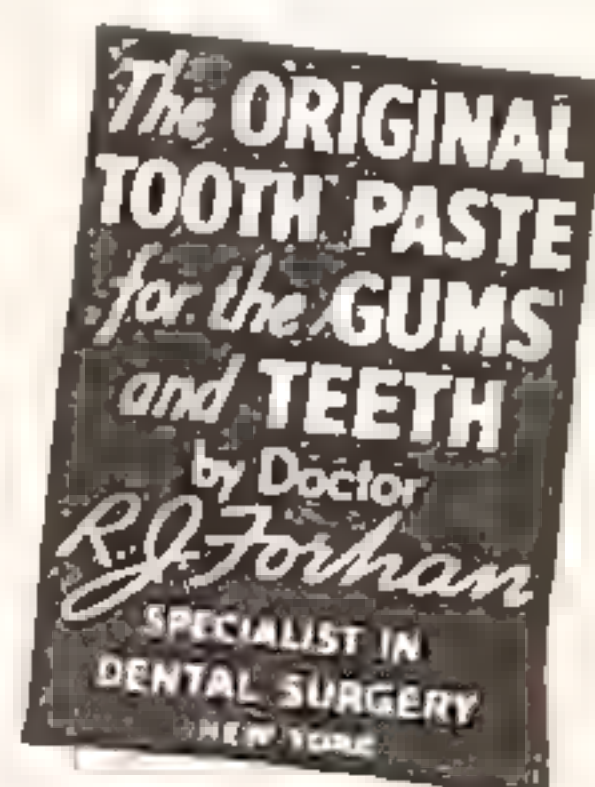
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way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

Drama in the Desert

[Continued from page 45]

cially. Color interests me. Naturalness interests me. And I enjoy experimenting—trying something new. I tried comedy in *Desire*, and liked it. Now I am trying color—and I like this, too."

Boleslawski told me that Marlene has a phenomenal sense of color and color harmonies. The night before, recovered from her fainting spell, she had stayed up until one o'clock, making today's costume, with the help of a wardrobe woman.

What new experiment will she try next? "As soon as I finish *The Garden of Allah*, I'm leaving for England to make a picture for Alexander Korda, perhaps with Robert Donat as my co-star, if he is available." To show the world that Dietrich still can be Dietrich without Hollywood? "No, there is no challenge in it. I simply feel that everyone should have a change of scenery, go away for a new perspective, every so often. I haven't been abroad for two years.

"And when I come back this time, in September," she added, with a wistful smile toward her daughter, "I won't have Maria"—she pronounces it *Mar-ya*—"with me. She will be going to school in England." Maria likes the prospect of school in England but dislikes the prospect of "being so far from Mother."

The attachment of the two is eloquent in every glance, every gesture, every word. I wondered if the coming separation, which will be difficult for Marlene to endure for long, might be a signal that she has plans for returning to Europe permanently before long. Maria promptly interjected that she wants to go to college *here*. She likes America, its informality and freedom. It isn't old and stuffy.

Marlene smiled at her thoroughly Americanized daughter. "I have two more pictures to make for Paramount. The first will be a musical, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Something airy and gay, with a Viennese mood. I don't know what the second will be. Perhaps something else new for me. And after that—well, I'll let 'after that' take care of itself when the time comes."

Despite the heat, despite her collapse of the day before, she was enjoying the sand dunes, their beauty and fascination—enjoying them so much that she agreed that the setting cried for something new in trailers for the picture. Why not shots of the camp, of the crew at work, of Boleslawski in a directorial pose, of Boyer and herself preparing for scenes? (P. S. Selznick is making such a trailer!)

She has one worry about *The Garden of Allah*. "I wonder if I'm not in too many scenes? In *Shanghai Express*—everybody liked that—I was in very few scenes. Everything built up to them . . . I think I was in too many scenes in *Desire*, even though nobody else has said so yet. I don't want so much of the camera. I don't want them to become tired of seeing me."

AS SHE had been talking, she had been watching the sky. "Where's the camera?" she asked suddenly. She was referring to her own small movie camera, ever-present with her. Maria handed it to her. Expertly, Marlene loaded it with film, set the aperture at the correct gauge, stood up, walked away a few feet, "shooting" some colorful extras, dressed as Arabs: Boleslawski, with her orange scarf around his neck "to give him some color"; Jedaan, once Valentino's favorite mount, which she and Boyer ride in the picture. Then she pointed the lens at Marie.

"Do your imitation of Joan Crawford, Maria."

The child, for a moment, was self-conscious before the strangers. Then she thought better of it. She tilted her head sideways at an exotic angle, raising a languid hand to her face, brushing away an imaginary lock of hair, slowly turning full-face toward the camera, with exaggerated intensity in her eyes. The mimicry, tellingly faithful, was Maria's own.

Maria has potential dramatic talent. But no acting ambitions. "Sometime," she told me, "I'd like to play Mother as a child in some picture, as I did in *Scarlet Empress*. But that's all. That would be fun. Even though I don't look awfully much as Mother did at my age. She was sligher."

Marlene denied that she was making any attempt to influence Maria's future. Maria will become what Maria wants to become.

"Right now," the child confided, "I think I want to write short stories. I've written some already. I see stories in everything, everybody I know. I wouldn't let anybody but Mother see them, though. They aren't good enough."

Marlene interrupted to protest, "They're very good, Maria. Especially the one about the lame princess and the four princes who wanted to marry her." Maria smiled, as if to say, "You don't have to believe her if you don't want to. She's my mother," and continued, "So far I've written in German. When I write in English, I have to stop to think how to spell words, and that spoils the flow of the story."

I asked Marlene how old Maria was. "Eleven. She looks at least fourteen, doesn't she—my great big girl? Sometimes I feel like the little red hen that hatched a little duckling, and kept wondering if it was



Clark Gable and his favorite hunting dog, companions on many a shooting jaunt, go for a stroll along one of Beverly Hills' bridle paths. Clark has just completed work in *San Francisco*

hers, particularly when it ran into the brook and started swimming by itself." She smiled at the mental image.

Marlene had been on location for nearly three weeks. She had not seen Maria during that time. In the interim, Maria had tried a little experimenting on her hair—a rinse of some sort. She has missed some spots in back, which Marlene discovered. "I wonder what your father will say when he sees it?" Marlene teased, in mock severity. "I'll ask him to comb it more gently than you do," Maria teased back.

A reunion with husband-and-father Rudolph Sieber, a film director abroad, is another reason for ardent anticipation of the trip to Europe. Maria, one suspects, wishes that the three of them could be together in California for the rest of their lives. "I like it, all that I've seen of it."

"We *haven't* seen much of the world, or America, or even California, have we, darling?" Marlene asked her. "The only two cities we've seen in America are New York and Los Angeles. In between, we've seen only railroad stations. We've been to Palm Springs and Arrowhead. But we're going away again without seeing Yosemite, or Del Monte, or San Francisco. Though we *have* seen the sand dunes of Yuma."

Marlene was thirsty; Maria ran to bring her a drink. Marlene took a cigarette; before she could light it, Maria had a match ready for her. Marlene commented on the attentiveness; with amusement, asked the explanation. Maria, it developed, was supposed to learn eight pages of a lesson by heart over the week-end; if Marlene allowed her to remain one more day, Maria could postpone the memorizing a few more hours. (Marlene later acquiesced.) . . . That, Maria thought, might be another reason why she had no acting ambitions: she didn't like to memorize. Except music. She is studying the piano with a teacher recommended to Marlene by a famous concert pianist. And Maria is enjoying it, particularly the playing of "some of Chopin's nocturnes." (As for Marlene, she confessed that she has given up playing.) Another interest of Maria's at the moment is Basil Rathbone, also in the cast of *The Garden of Allah*. She chided her mother with not getting a promised autographed photo from him yet.

THE shadows on the dunes were lengthening. The company went into action. Marlene repaired her inconspicuous Technicolor make-up, which had dried in the heat of the afternoon, started again toward the honeymoon tent. This time Boyer was to rush out of the tent, followed by Marlene a few moments later, in search of him. She was to find him on a hillock of sand, gazing moodily toward the East. She was to make a confession to him, then walk away slowly, sorrowfully, through the sand—toward the camera . . . The scene went perfectly except for the walk toward the camera. The sand slithered underfoot, treacherously. Marlene felt that the walk could be more graceful, even though everyone else was satisfied with the scene. She went through it three times, until she herself was satisfied.

She played one more brief scene, greeting a French officer near the castle ruin, silhouetted against the setting sun. The light was fast fading from the sky as the scene was finished. Marlene went into the small, stuffy dressing-tent on the sand, changed into powder-blue silk slacks for the ride back to Yuma. Boleslawski decided that the cloud-effect in the sky was just right for one more "dusk" shot. Marlene, with make-up off and clothes changed and her day's work over, said instantly, "I'll be ready in a moment."

That—in desert country, or any other country—is called trouping.



• "Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."



• "Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"



• "Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"



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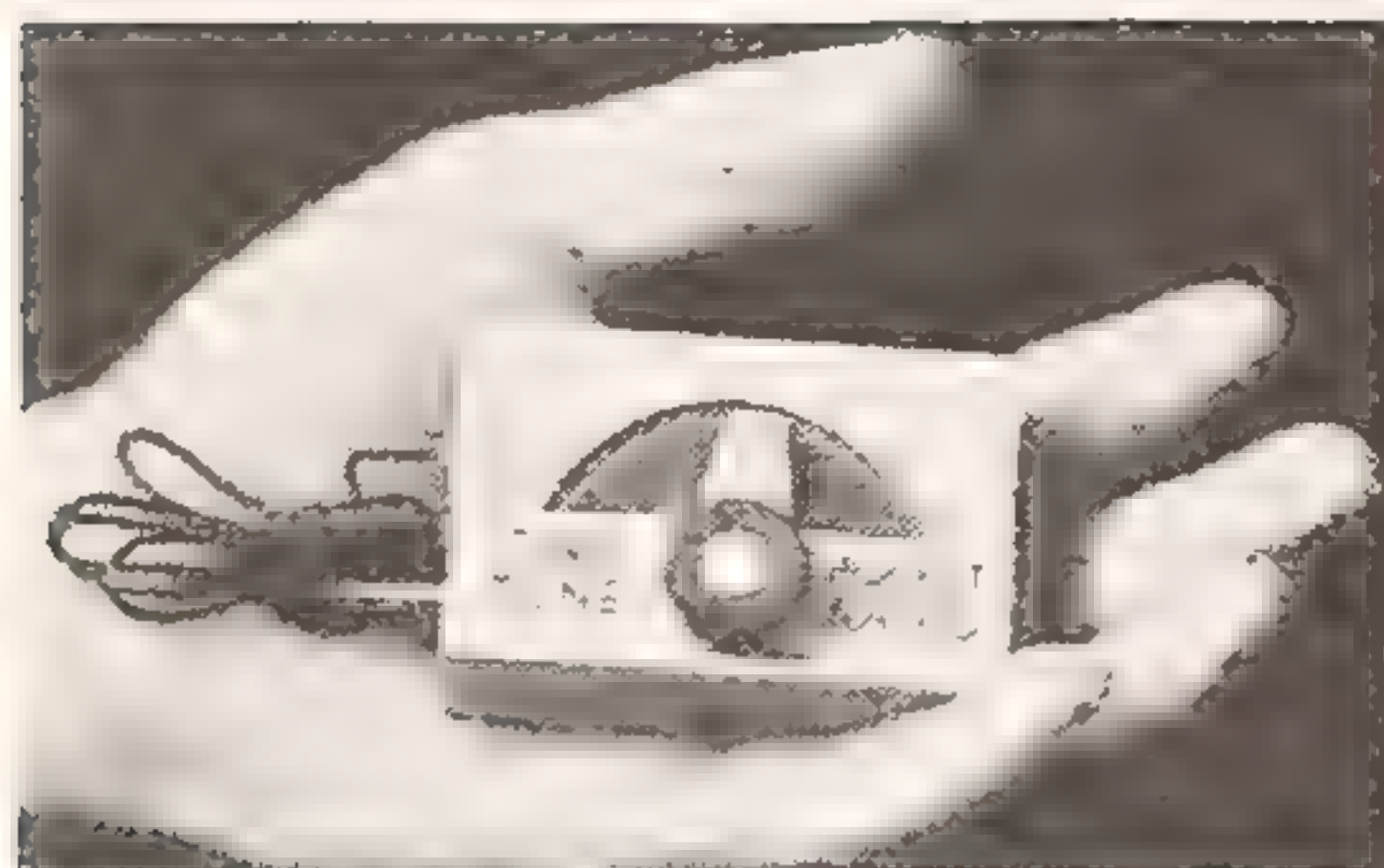


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Loretta Young and Don Ameche as Ramona and Alessandro in the new Twentieth Century-Fox production of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel. A startling change has been wrought in Loretta's personality by the black wig she wears

Speaking of Sandwiches!

[Continued from page 8]

Schnauzer given to the actress by Warner Oland, had been run over a few hours before and the accident resulted in two broken legs for the pet. Astrid had just returned from the hospital, pale and visibly distressed, yet she *must* personally make her famous tid-bits! "Gretchen," Astrid's other Schnauzer, raced from one end of the kitchen to the other, sliding to a stop before stray crumbs—and barked furiously from pure joy. Undaunted, Astrid is now seeking a third dog of the same breed!

Astrid's dainty sandwiches are a far cry from their ancestors. They are truly works of art. "Choose bread not too fresh, so it will slice easily," she advised, "and the butter will spread more readily if it is creamed. Then, let your imagination run riot as to sandwich fillings and shapes."

For your next luncheon or tea, Astrid suggests this **CHEESE SANDWICH LOAF**.

Remove crust from a small loaf of sandwich bread. Trim loaf and slice bread lengthwise, in five long slices, one inch thick. Butter on both sides, except the top and bottom slices. Suggested fillings are made as follows.

RED FILLING—Mix together, four slices of ham, chopped fine, three slices crisp, broiled bacon, cut fine, and one chopped pimento.

YELLOW FILLING—Mash the yolks of three hard cooked eggs, and season with salt, pepper, and ½ tsp. vinegar.

WHITE FILLING—Soften ½ package of white cream cheese with ½ grated cucumber.

GREEN FILLING—Mix four small

sweet pickles, chopped fine, and six sprigs of chopped watercress or parsley.

Each filling should be mixed with a little mayonnaise to make it spread easily.

Spread bread slices with fillings in order given. Soften three packages of cream cheese with cream and "ice" the outside of loaf as you would a cake. Garnish with almonds or pecans, sliced stuffed olives, cherries, or slices of avocado. Wrap in damp cloth and keep in refrigerator several hours before serving.

Astrid gave me the recipes for two of her fillings that will help make summer picnics a success.

CREOLE FILLING

Cream 8 tbs. butter, and add 1 tsp. finely minced onion, 1 cup finely flaked canned shrimp, 2 tsp. lemon juice, and a bit of grated lemon rind, 1 tsp. prepared mustard and 4 tbs. finely chopped, stoned green olives. Salt to taste.

EGG WHIPS

4 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine
2 pimentoes, chopped fine
6 sweet pickles, chopped fine
salt
1 tsp. dry mustard, folded into tart mayonnaise.

Mix all together well, allow to stand about two hours to become firm before spreading. Spread on thin slices of various breads, cut in unusual shapes.

I secured this information to the tunes of *O Promise Me* and Schubert's *Serenade*! You see, beside Schnauzers and sandwiches, Astrid has another hobby—collecting old fashioned music boxes. The latest addition to the collection had just arrived from the East, and what a treasure! Seventy-five years old, the box

tinkled merrily through the Gilbert and Sullivan operas while Astrid explained the mysteries of roulettes, ribbon and rolled sandwiches to me—they always look so intricate. Follow Astrid's instructions, and you'll never again rely on a caterer.

RIBBON SANDWICHES

Cut six thin slices of bread. Spread the first with butter, the second with cream cheese that has been tinted yellow with vegetable coloring, the third with cream cheese tinted green, and the next slice with orange cheese. The fifth slice is buttered and topped with the sixth slice. Wrap in wax paper and chill for thirty minutes. Cut crosswise in thin slices. Other fillings may be substituted.

ROLLED TOASTED SANDWICHES

After cutting loaf in thin slices, pile together again, and wrap tightly in a damp cloth. Let stand in refrigerator several hours, spread with any desired mixture, and roll up each slice tightly. Toast under broiler heat.

ROULETTE SANDWICHES

Remove the crusts from a loaf of bread. Spread the top surface with butter and then with tinted cream cheese. Cut off in a long thin slice and roll up like a jelly roll. Wrap in a damp cloth and chill. Cut in thin, round slices.

The Show Window

[Continued from page 19]

trations of the average family are combined in a plausible, human-interest story and inter-larded with a goodly quota of laughs. Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Dixie Dunbar and Spring Byington head the cast. *Twentieth Century-Fox*.

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS—

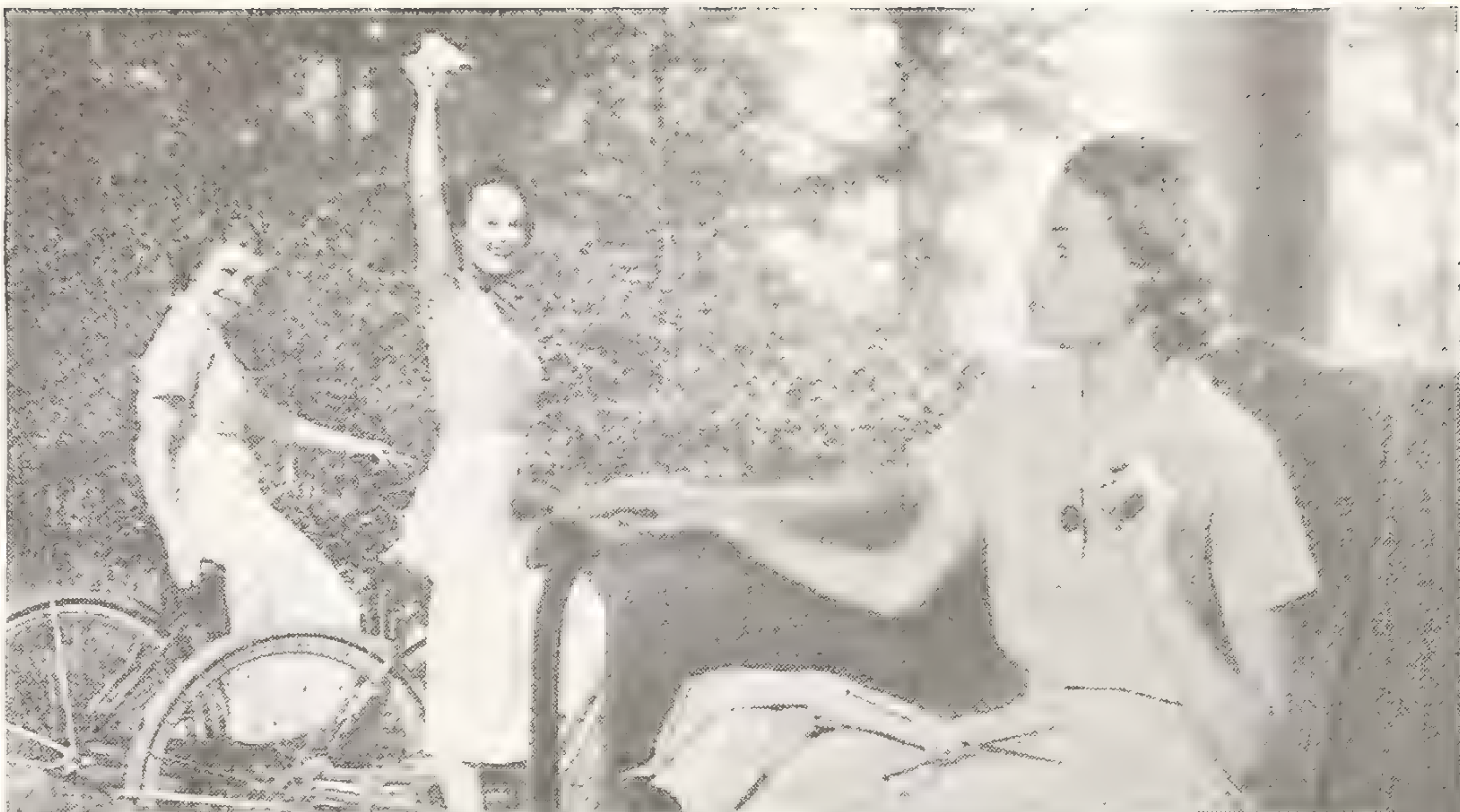
Another of the Perry Mason "whodunits", with Warren William again playing the debonair lawyer-sleuth. Handicapped by the most illogical, unconvincing plot that ever reached the screen, it still manages to entertain, largely through the personality of its star. Claire Dodd handles the love interest in satisfactory style. *Warner Brothers*.

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—

Grim, laughless drama, based on the ruin of two lives by the newsmongering of a sensational radio broadcaster. Too tragic to be entertaining, too much a preachment to be quite believable, it can hardly be recommended for audience favor. Humphrey Bogart makes the most of his rôle and Henry O'Neill, Linda Perry, Helen MacKellar and Beverly Roberts are satisfactory in the cast. *Warner Brothers*.

For the complete fiction stories of next month's movies see the magazine, **ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES**, on sale July 10.

This magazine prints the complete fiction stories of motion pictures before they are shown in any theatre. The current issue contains fictionalizations of "The Gorgeous Hussy," featuring Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor; "Two In A Crowd," with Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett; "The Bride Walks Out," with Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck; "Girls' Dormitory," with Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton and Simone Simon—and many more coming movies. This magazine is at all newsstands and sells for ten cents.



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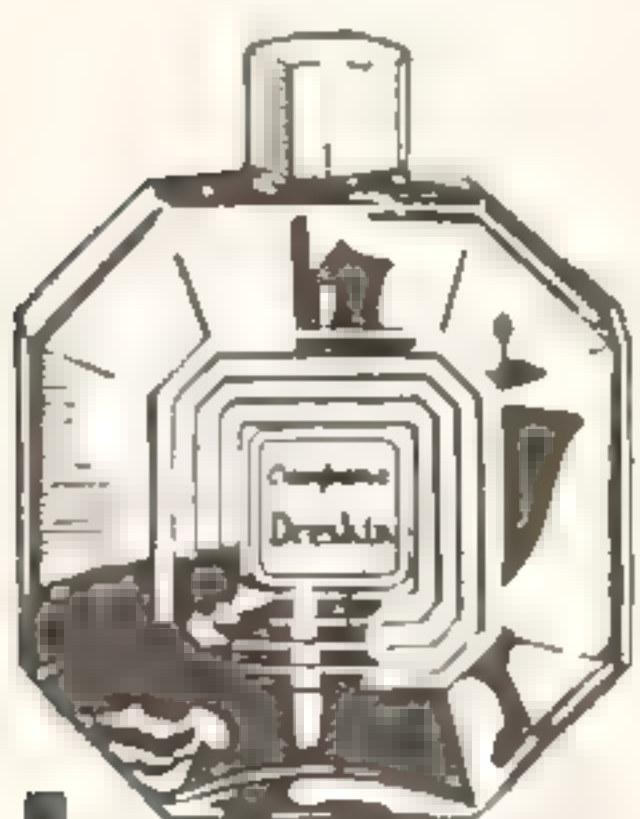
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Movie Classic for August, 1936

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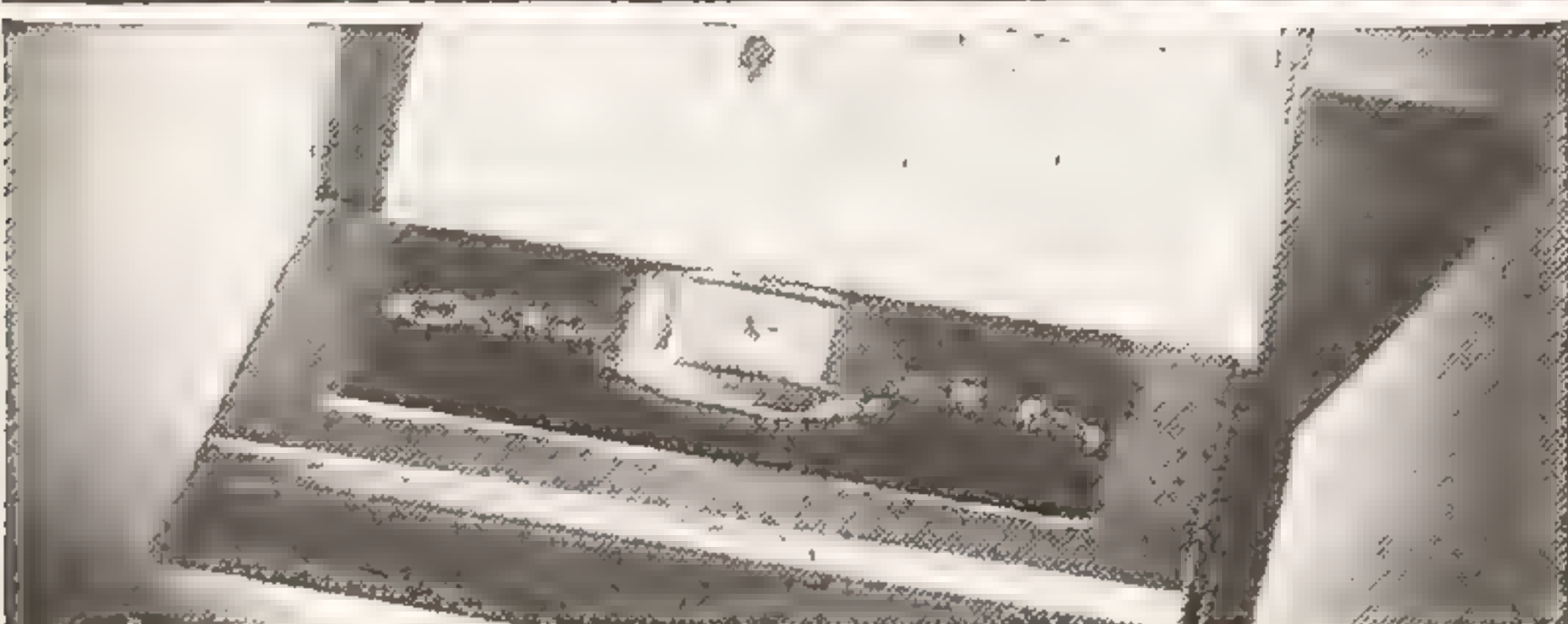
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Hailed as a new discovery of unusual brilliance, Jane Wyatt comes to the screen as Ronald Colman's leading lady in *Lost Horizon*. Frank Capra, the noted director, selected her "because she doesn't look like a Hollywood actress."

Small Wonder!

[Continued from page 42]

"I could keep you here all day, with more," she told me, "but let's go have our pictures taken together, shall we?"

So we did. She arranged the sitting, paying no attention whatsoever to the suggestions of the cameraman.

"Jane," gently scolded her mother, "can't you ever walk without skipping?"

Her reply was quick: "Not when I'm always happy like this, Mother!"

She refuses to say lines just as the author wrote them, preferring her own interpretation, and the director always agrees that Jane's slant is much more natural for her. When she walks on the set in the morning, the dialogue director always says, "Well Jane, I know you've learned your lines, so I'll just work with the grown-ups." And, of course, that delights her!

SHE speaks Spanish and French with the fluency of a native, and does pieces in Scotch dialect that would shame Harry Lauder. She is an expert swimmer, horse-back rider and ice skater—and I mean *expert*. She has had considerable radio experience but likes pictures best. Her penchant for mischief caused her to be starred over KFWB for a year-and-a-half as "The Pest." She has more pep than a Mexican jumping bean on a hot day. She has a collection of one hundred and seventeen dolls of various kinds, sizes and costumes. She loves to slide down banisters—and the longer, the slicker and the more winding they are, the better!

She is the sweetheart of every man, woman and child at the studio. And even if she sees a person ten times a day, her greeting is just as cheerful the tenth time as the first. Gatekeepers, prop men, electricians and carpenters worship her, and she reciprocates the affection. She shows no more favor to Darryl Zanuck, the production chief, than to the studio policeman. She is no respecter of important personages, but has a great file of autographed photos of the stars in her bedroom. The wall is practically papered with them.

Her first picture bit was with David Butler, director of *Handle With Care*.

More bits followed, and then the studios again closed their doors on her. She returned to radio and was selected from five hundred children to play in KFWB's *Juvenile Revue* as "the Pest." Her mother heard that David Butler was to direct a Shirley Temple picture, and took Jane to the Fox lot. They could not find Mr. Butler. But the casting director came along, and without waiting for his permission Jane began her impersonation of various Fox stars. He was so impressed that he gave her a contract on the spot, and she also got the rôle with Shirley—that of the spoiled little rich girl in *Bright Eyes*.

"Jane was never rich and never spoiled," her mother told me, "but she feels things instinctively and seemed to know, without being told, just what a spoiled little rich girl would do."

She has a great gang of youngsters of the neighborhood constantly at her playhouse, and their favorite game is enacting the characters of the Sunday funny papers. Jane always prefers to be the hero and not the heroine. The children also have a regular Saturday afternoon debating society. All this, believes her mother, keeps Jane natural.

An unspoiled, unaffected child, slightly large for her age, and gifted with an unusual combination of talents, Jane will go far in her screen career. Twentieth Century-Fox could loan her scores of times for rôles in other studios but prefers to keep her on the home lot.

Just as we were leaving Jane, she spied Marshall Neilan, who directed her in her "tomboy" picture, *This Is the Life*. With a leap, she landed on his somewhat prominent stomach, and his resultant grunt could have been heard for a block.

"Better take bending," Jane told him, "and get young in the middle. I have that trouble, too, but I bend!"

You will see her next as the star of *Gentle Julia*, which has just been finished at Twentieth Century-Fox. Studio reports hail it as her best to date.

And Jane's best is excellent, indeed.

Now You're Talking

[Continued from page 6]

Theatre, created not one tenth of the attention paid the cinematic hit.

When William Shakespeare visits Broadway stages, sometimes he gets a warm welcome . . . more often lukewarm. But when a long, rather dull movie version of his *Midsummer Night's Dream* opened in Manhattan, the whole town SIZZLED!

I happened to be taken to that première by a prosperous gentleman I know. That was my first experience at a moving picture "première", and even though I was sitting within whistling distance of such celebrities as Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Will Hayes and Edward G. Robinson, all evening my economical soul was aching with the thought that my escort had plunked down \$7.50 per seat for—a moving picture! And some of the seats, I understand, sold for as much as \$11.50. With not an empty seat in the house!

When we left the theatre, we were almost thrown through the glass windows of the restaurant next-door to the theatre by enthusiastic autograph-hunters who closed in to demand signatures from the stars . . .

Could any Broadway stage production of Shakespeare create that frenzy? Could stage stars arouse such adoration in the hearts of fans? The answer must be: Broadway is an "also-ran." Hollywood's the *winn-ah!*—Eleanor F. Levy, 255 W. 84th St., New York City.

Down with Double Bills—I am glad to see road-show pictures coming back. It speaks well for the artistic and commercial progress of the movie industry.

After seeing *The Great Ziegfeld*, I am more than ever convinced that such pictures should be road-showed. Three hours full of top-notch entertainment, combined with breathtaking extravaganza, perfection in every detail and genuinely human story, is worth all the double bills laid end to end.

After all, there will always be a demand for good pictures, whether they be road-showed or not, and I, as an ardent supporter of better pictures, will continue to see such pictures.—Chas. Mersich, 1708 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.

Alma Mater Hollywood—Ask any youngster if he knows what Louis Pasteur contributed to the world and he will fire a barrage of authentic details at you.

Is our school system responsible for this diffusion of knowledge? Perhaps. But the motion picture industry is in the van of the march of intellect.

Taking only a cursory inventory of the educational value of the movies, one finds available a varied educational program far more pleasant to digest than the fabricated wisdom pills.

News reels provide colorful accounts of current history.

Vivid historical dramas furnish an intelligent supplement to printed material.

Frank Buck and Martin Johnson's epics of the wilds offer living details of animal life. Pictures of travel variety are certainly more inviting than geographical tomes and easily as informative.

A Tale of Two Cities and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* stimulate our interest in good fiction.

So don't be skeptical if one refers to the theatre as his alma mater. Even our college faculty is giving the flickers their well-earned laurels.—Lewis Martin, 4731 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

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—Good for Your Mouth—
A Treat to Your Taste!"**

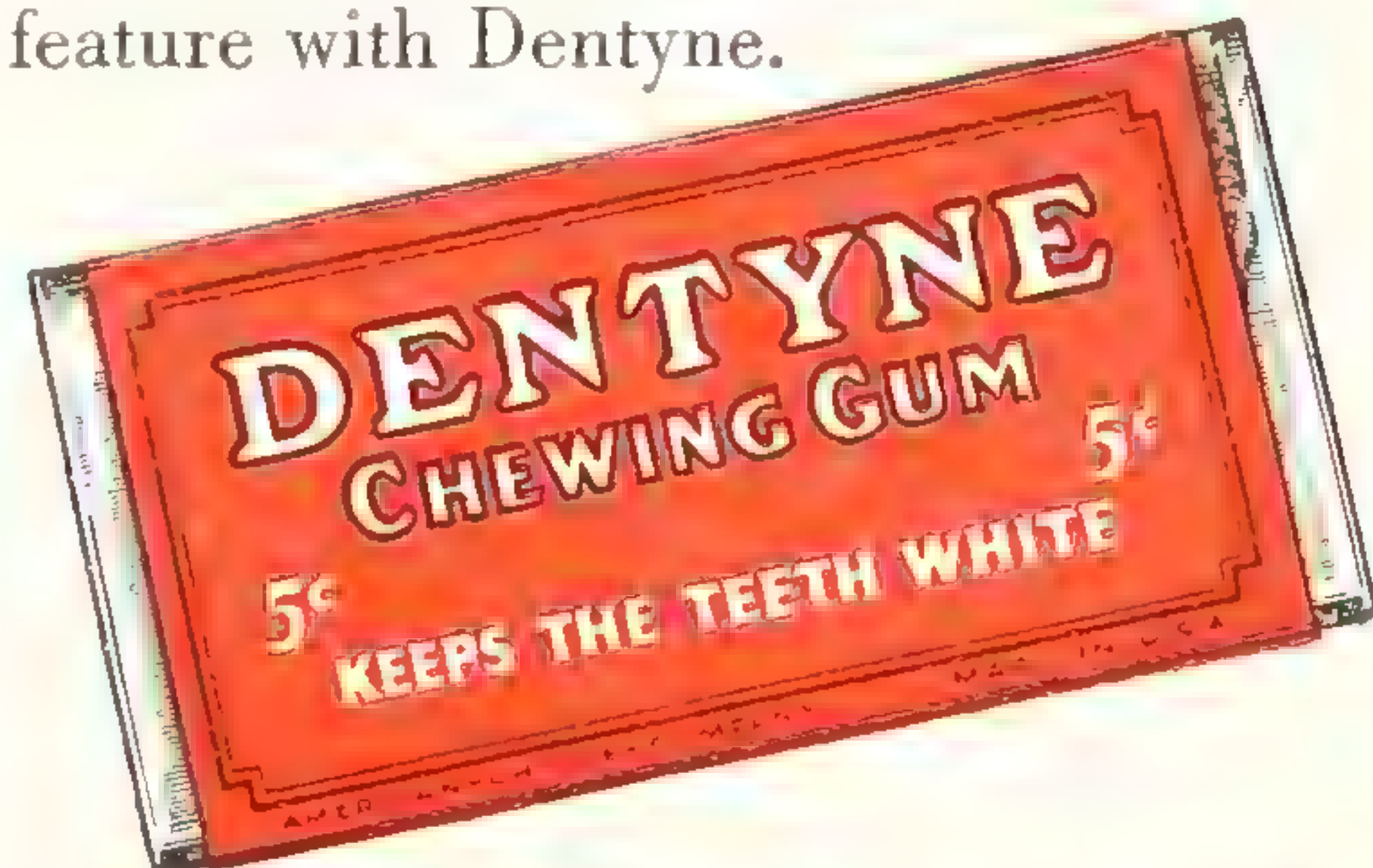


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The moment you open the Dentyne package, you get that delicious, spicy aroma. It's a superior chewing gum in *every* way! You'll appreciate too, its smart flat shape that fits so neatly into pocket or handbag — an exclusive feature with Dentyne.

*Keeps teeth white —
mouth healthy*



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Fred MacMurray Answers

[Continued from page 25]

kind of books do you like?

A. Action stories principally.

Q. Please describe yourself, height, coloring, etc.

A. I am 6' 2" tall, weight 185 lbs., have grey eyes and black hair.

Q. Are you and Henry Fonda friends.

A. Yes.

Q. Did you appear at the American theatre with the show, Roberta?

A. I played in Roberta only in New York and was not with the company on the road.

Q. How did you meet your fiancée, Lillian Lamont?

A. She was a show girl in the New York production of Roberta.

Q. When do you intend to visit New York?

A. As soon as I have a vacation, probably some time next fall.

Q. Why haven't you married before?

A. For a number of reasons, the most important one being that I didn't have the price.

Q. When did you first come to Hollywood and how long did you stay?

A. I first came here when I was thirteen and left about seven years later.

Q. Are you Irish?

A. Scotch-Irish.

Q. Are you going to dance in your next picture with Carole Lombard?

A. We danced together in *The Princess Comes Across*—just an ordinary dance though.

Q. Is Miss Lillian Lamont a model?

A. Yes, she models for Howard Greer, one of Hollywood's best known designers.

Q. Do you hope to play in another color film soon?

A. Yes, I do. I think that color will be in universal use before long.

Q. Is Bing Crosby a friend of yours?

A. Yes, we are friends.

Q. Do you have a double for any parts you play?

A. I have a double for certain scenes in almost every picture.

Q. Who is your stand-in, if any?

A. Mr. Henry Wise.

Q. Do you pilot a plane? Have you a license?

A. No.

Q. Do you autograph your pictures to fans personally?

A. Yes.

Q. What nite spots in Hollywood do you enjoy visiting most?

A. I don't spend a great deal of time in nite clubs but I enjoy occasional visits to the Trocadero, The Hangover, The Cafe Lamaze and the Cinegrill among others.

Q. Can you sail a boat?

A. No.

Q. Do you enjoy the beach?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you cook?

A. I have the usual male ability to open a tin can.

Q. Do you drive your own car or have a chauffeur?

A. I drive my own.

Q. Do you apply your own make-up or have it put on by a make-up man?

A. I put on my own make-up.

Q. Do you attend the previews of your pictures?

A. Yes, whenever work in another production doesn't interfere.

Q. Are you preparing for the future by investing in outside interests or do you bank your money?

A. I haven't reached the investment stage yet, but I try to bank a certain percentage of my earnings.

Q. If you had a choice, how many pictures would you prefer making a year.

A. Just as many as I could. I like my work.

Q. Do you enjoy being under contract or would you rather freelance?

A. I am very well satisfied to be a contract player.

Q. Are you superstitious? If so, in what way?

A. I am not superstitious—I just think it's safer not to walk under ladders, whistle in dressing rooms, or let black cats walk across my path.

Q. Have you any special director you like working with?

A. I've enjoyed especially working with Henry Hathaway.

Q. Do you prefer he-man rôles to parlor parts?

A. I don't think I am particularly well cut-out for parlor parts. You know the old saying about a bull in a china shop!

Q. Are you a racing fan?

A. In a mild way only.

Q. Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?

A. I have no preference. You can't get me on that one.

Q. What is your real name?

A. Fred MacMurray.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Tennis, swimming, and horseback riding.

Q. What is your pet "peeve"?

A. Being asked questions about Lillian Lamont.

Q. Do you prefer the movies to any other career?

A. Yes, I do. I think that motion picture work—any branch of it is much more interesting than the average job because there are new problems to be faced every day and consequently it never becomes monotonous.

Q. Where can I obtain stills from the pictures you have played in?

A. The best way is to contact your local Paramount Exchange.

Q. Would you want the girl you had chosen for a wife to smoke?

A. Frankly I'd rather she wouldn't but I don't think that smoking is a major issue.

Q. Is it true that you were once bashful?

A. I still am.

Q. Are you ever going to play the saxophone in a picture?

A. Not if I can help it. I'd like to stay in pictures for awhile.

Q. Will Lillian Lamont ever appear in a picture with you?

A. She is not an actress and has no ambition for a screen career.

Q. Are you going to make a personal appearance in Chicago?

A. I don't know. I have no plans at present for a personal appearance tour.

Q. What is your version of the ideal girl?

A. Lillian Lamont.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?

A. I try to read all of my fan mail for occasionally it carries helpful criticisms. I answer as many of the letters, per-

sonally, as my time will permit.

Q. What do you do for relaxation when you are not working on a picture?

A. A lot of good sound sleeping.

Q. What do you think of the new Technicolor?

A. While undoubtedly it can be still further improved I think it is a very important step forward in the filming of motion pictures.

Q. Has your hair always been wavy?

A. Yes.

Q. How many pictures have you made?

A. Seven.

Q. Do you consider living your part in a picture necessary to a successful portrayal of the character?

A. No.

Q. Was your first picture, The Gilded Lily?

A. That was the first picture in which I had a featured rôle.

Q. To what do you attribute your sudden rise to fame—hard work or choice rôles?

A. To a combination of good luck and choice rôles. The "breaks" came first and the hard work afterwards.

Q. Who in your opinion is the "Grade A" lover?

A. How would I know?

Q. Do you like pets? If so, what kind do you own.

A. I am fond of dogs. I have a Pointer.

Q. Do you like Hollywood?

A. Yes, I like it here. It is an ideal spot to live and work in.

Q. Do you ever go to see your own pictures?

A. Yes, when they are previewed if possible; if not, I try to catch them later on.

Q. Is it true that when a man is tall he has a better chance for movie leads?

A. Yes, I think that is true, but simply because a tall man is easier to cast since he can play opposite almost any feminine star without making her seem taller by comparison.

Q. Do the lights used on a set hurt your eyes?

A. No. The old kleig lights which were responsible for so much suffering in the days of silent pictures have been superseded by lights which do not affect the player's eyes.

Q. About how long does it take to complete a picture?

A. That depends somewhat upon the nature of the production. The average shooting time for a grade "A" picture is approximately six weeks.

Q. With what band were you playing when you were discovered?

A. With the "California Collegians."

Q. What make and type of car do you drive?

A. I drive a Chrysler sport coupe.

Q. Did you really play the concertina in The Princess Comes Across?

A. Yes, I really did. S'prised?

And there you have Fred's answers to your queries. They reveal an amazing number of facts about his likes and dislikes.

Next month, remember, Robert Taylor takes the witness stand—and already the questions are storming in by the hundreds. Watch for his answers in September MOVIE CLASSIC.

WIN A TELEPHONE CALL FROM LORETTA YOUNG

Watch for the announcement of this unusual contest in

September MOVIE CLASSIC

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!



THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor if you deodorize only. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm dry, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though you are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

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Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments re-

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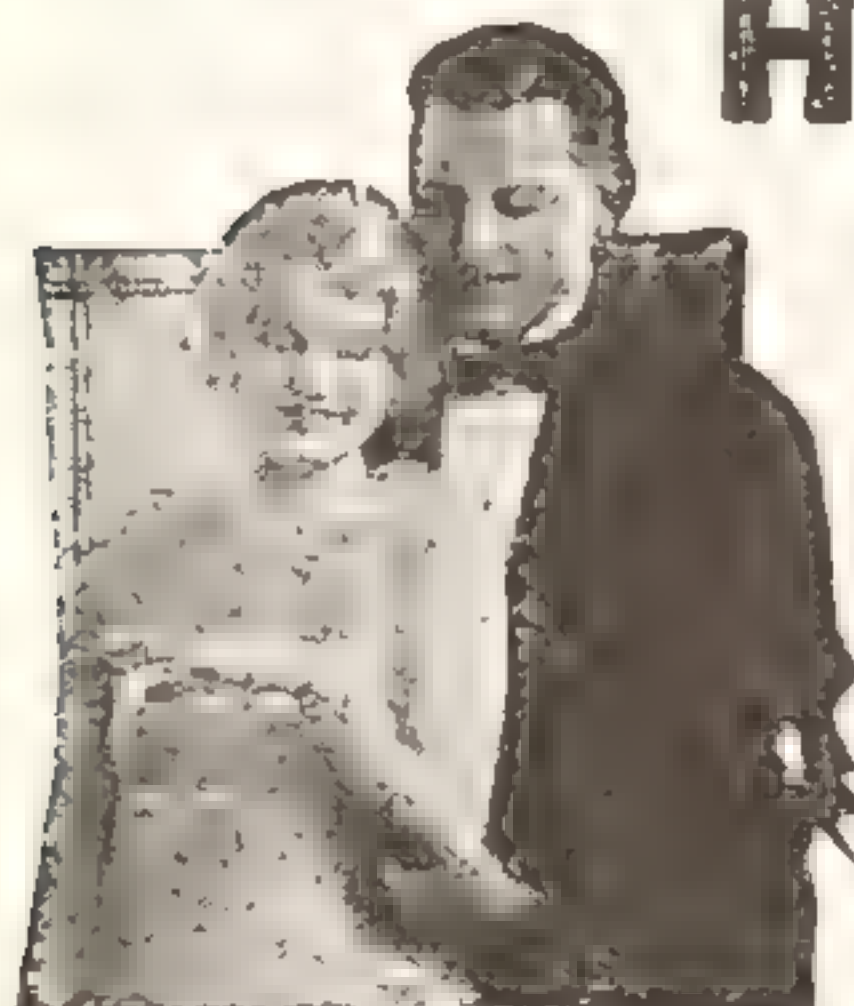
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cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 42-H, 585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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THE NEW FRENCH WAY

4 STAR DRESSES

(Continued from page 39)



Photos by A. L. Shafer

novelties to compete with such established favorites. Nevertheless, taffetas have emerged as alternatives for prints for the more dressy occasion. Joan Perry wears Paquin's smart two-piece cocktail costume of black matelasse taffeta with white lacquered dots. She wears Agnes's glass hat to complete the outfit.

5. Tunics have turned the corner on the road of Oblivion into the spotlight of summer styles. They are out in all lengths and fabrics ready to give a 1936 touch to costumes for every hour. Often they lengthen with the day, being short for morning, medium for afternoon and longer for night, though there are numerous exceptions to the rule. Drue Leyton appearing in the Columbia production *Blackmailer* wears a smart black and white checked taffeta tunic over a slim black crepe skirt.

6. Being amusing in print! Imagination has been released in the prints of patterned fab-

sleeves bigger and braver than we've had them before, even when grandma was here, are a feature of Claire's brief basque jacket.

2. Something new for the year 'round is this smart suede dress worn by Joan Perry appearing in the Columbia production *Meet Nero Wolfe* and designed by Voris of Hollywood. Suede is cool for summer and keeps one warm when winter winds are blowing. This all suede outfit is in a lovely faun shade trimmed with brown leather belt, buttons and bag studded with silver. The crown of her chic beret is of matching leather.

3. Marcel Rochas, Parisian couturier and designer of this dress, is a disciple of Nicolas Chauvin of Rochefort, celebrated soldier of the First Republic and Empire of France. He is a courageous campaigner on the Fashion battlefields. Despite the foudroyant details of his summer collection, Rochas is a kindly commander, for he has not forgotten the working woman. He has reflected admirable strategy in making clothes which stand up under the bombardment of a workaday world. Conscious of practical requirements Rochas refuses to permit us to entirely lose our sense of humor. He has created this practical and dignified black dress trimmed with white pique only to let out our alter idem with bright silver crowns used as buttons marching down the front! Simone Simon who makes her American debut in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Girl's Dormitory* is the happy soldier in this scene.

4. Prints have had such inalienable popularity for so many summer seasons that it would seem impossible for any rival





rics this season—imagination that has produced beautiful designs and others that are amusing. Apropos of the amusing ones is the tambourine print worn by Marguerite Churchill appearing in the Columbia production *San Francisco Nights*. White pique in loops trim the collar and short jacket of this navy and white print dress. Following this season's fashion dictate, the sleeves are full.

7. Lace, like jewels, is considered in the heirloom class provided it is real. As such it is one of the precious elements of feminine attire. French and Brussels points have been transmitted from generation to generation in aristocratic families and Joan Perry proves its enduring charm and smartness. Joan wears this ethereal gown of shell pink lace with a pattern of hibiscus and roses.

8. An irresistible pyjama is this one Ida Lupino is wearing in the Paramount film *Yours For the Asking*. Black velvet trousers with a fitted hipline are attached to a frilly white net blouse with short ruffled sleeves and a bow of black satin ribbon accenting the neckline. It is the type of costume every girl loves to have for leisure hours when friends may call or one may lounge luxuriously about at home.

"Another glass!"

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See description
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Eye Make-up by **MAYBELLINE**



Marion Valle

*Quills are smart—write it down! Marion Vallé, who delights all America with her brilliant hat creations, pierces this adorable coral pink felt crown with a striking jade green quill. Says Miss Vallé: "It is smart for both summer and fall, for dress, suit, and coat styles, and it has an off-the-face brim which does not cast a shadow over the eyes—this is very important, for it allows the all-important eyes full power to display their magnetic charm."

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Here are the Knitting Champions

Prize awards in the motion picture publications-Bernhard Ulmann Knitting Company contest have been decided. Final judging of the hand-knitted garments entered was conducted at a luncheon meeting of the judges on Monday, May 11th in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Among the well-known people present was the Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. Winifred J. Oviatte, Mrs. William H. Hoppins, and Mrs. Gaynor Maddox. The following prizes were awarded:

1. One railroad trip with all expenses paid, to Hollywood and return: Mrs. C. R. Goudie, 1400-8th Avenue North, Great Falls, Montana.

2. One airplane trip from New York to Hollywood, or Hollywood to New York, value \$288: Miss Sylvia M. Abel, 203 Liberty Avenue, Fairmont, West Virginia.

3. Mendoza beaver coat, value \$100.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Box 48, Woodlawn, Maryland.

4. Ta-Van Wrist Watch, value \$100.00: Miss Ella E. Heydt, 953 Cedar Street, Allentown, Pa.

5. One Year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), \$75.00 value: Miss Louise Hawkins, 346 Albermarle Avenue, Richmond, Va.

6. One hand-hooked rug (Fleisher), value \$75.00: Miss Hazel Calbaugh, 303 West Mexico Avenue, Denver, Colorado.

7. One hand-made Afghan (Bernhard-Ulmann Co.), value \$75.00: Miss Grace Warren Abbett, 3444 North Pennsylvania St., Apt. 11, Indianapolis, Ind.

8. One year's supply of Mojud Clari-Phane silk stockings, value \$54.00: Dr. Anna Reznikon, 360 Kresge Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

9. One year's supply of Mojud Clari-Phane silk stockings, value \$54.00: Miss Elizabeth S. Young, 2107 Boulevard, Wilmington, Delaware.

10. One year's supply of Lenthieric Perfume and Cosmetic, value \$50.00: Miss Eve Furginelle, 1005 Bedford St., Fall River, Mass.

11. Evening ensemble of Coro Pearls (Cohn Rosenberg) consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, value \$50.00: Miss Margaret Wright, Box. 118, Pittsburgh, Pa.

12. One year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles, value \$50.00: Miss Agnes Sherer, 87-22 Jamaica Avenue, Woodhaven, New York.

13. One Gruen Wrist Watch, value \$50.00: Mr. David Sanderson, Winona, Mississippi.

14. One year's supply of Corday perfume (Voyage a Paris), value \$50.00: Mrs. Fred Neilson, 1709-8th Street, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

In Quest of Romance

[Continued from page 41]

villagers to whom they were trying to explain their friendly intent to no avail. Ergen, the leader, saw Flynn in the Laki-Laki house and advanced quickly, eager for help. . . . A thrown spear just missed him as he made for the threshold. Goldberg and Williams, the camera-men, began to feel nervously for their guns. Flynn, sensing trouble, leapt to his feet with a barked command, and, from nowhere, was suddenly surrounded by a ring of menacing spears. Obviously the natives suspected treachery and no amount of explaining would do any good. Even old Yapanee was viewing him with suspicion. It was a time for quick thinking, not action.

"How so, my father?" asked Errol of Yapanee in a pained voice. "Am I an enemy who brings no gifts to be treated so?"

Yapanee stared back impassively, his friendly eyes inscrutably cloaked as the younger men watched him for a signal.

"Ytray ootay ackbay uppay. Ontday ouchtay ungays!" Flynn said conversationally to Ergen hoping that he knew pig-latin. He was relieved to see that he did as Yapanee harked suspiciously. "I have just told my white brothers to have no fear of so great and kind a Chief. They mean no harm and will leave with me in peace as we go to the home of the 'Govamin' to tell of Yapanee's kindness." This latter was a shot in the dark, but it seemed to work. Yapanee still remembered "Govamin's" last punitive trip in.

As the white men left with Flynn he cautioned them to make no hurried or sudden moves, told them that the innocent brush was alive with menacing, unseen spears.

"We saw your boat and thought that it would be okay," complained Ergen. He and his man had stayed quiet and calm despite their greenness and Errol admired him for it.

"It is 'okay'—if you know the jungle!" he commented not unkindly.

"You seem to know the natives all right! How about joining us? We need a boat like yours—and a man like you."

"Got a permit?"

Ergen displayed credentials from everybody in Australia and New Guinea and offered marvelous charter terms. A moment's consideration, a hand-shake followed by a drink aboard the Maski, and Errol Flynn had entered the motion picture business. They made their plans that night, turned the boat about and headed for the mouth of the Sepik River on the perilous North Coast.

The Sepik was an old story to Errol, until they made land at the last outpost, Ambunti. That night they put up with District Commissioner Waugh. At dinner the latter okayed their credentials reluctantly. He'd just returned, by the skin of his teeth, from the interior. He'd led a punitive expedition against the rampaging natives only to be ambushed and lose three-fourths of his men. He begged them not to go on as the tribes would be expecting another expedition—and would be waiting!

THE Sepik in-country is the nearest spot to hell on earth. The natives are wild and blood-thirsty, the jungle lies in the appalling damp heat of the actual equator and the denizens of the jungle are as in-

credibly fatal as they are beautiful. Despite all this the Americans insisted on going in—and Flynn led them.

They came to a village and Errol wisely led them far around the outskirts as no living being was in sight. Along the trail they passed a dead pig—an evil omen. A little further they came upon dozens of rotting, headless native bodies, horribly mutilated. Even Flynn owned to a sickish feeling as they passed doggedly on into a vast, dry plain of cane-brakes, eight to ten feet high.

Dawn and a light breeze brought the fearful smell of smoke. The others were calm, but Errol went cold in every joint. He knew what it meant . . . Cane-fire! With Maru's help he got his head above the tall cane. Ahead of them, still mercifully distant, was a vast, unending semicircle of roaring flame! There was but one answer. The savages had circled them in the night, set the cane on fire.

He cracked out orders. Instead of backtracking the easy way where they'd already cut the painful path, he cut off at an angle—but demanded of the willing, fearful natives such speed as they themselves never thought possible. All that day they struggled on, leaving everything behind but the guns and cameras, the flames gaining on them every second. When they reached the border of the wet, green jungle they were a scarce hundred yards ahead of a burning death, their backs scorched by the terrific heat. . . . But they'd made it and were several miles west of the main party of the cannibals!

Late the next day, however, as they forced their way toward the river and the Maski II, the air was suddenly filled with arrows and spears. Ambush! They scattered like quail for every possible point of cover but still four boys were killed—and Flynn felt the touch of hell in his left leg! A spear had transfixed his ankle. Face drawn with pain, he snapped the long pole, jerked the short end through his ankle. It was a question of do or die, not ju-ju, this time!

When you're in a jam like that you fight like hell. . . .!

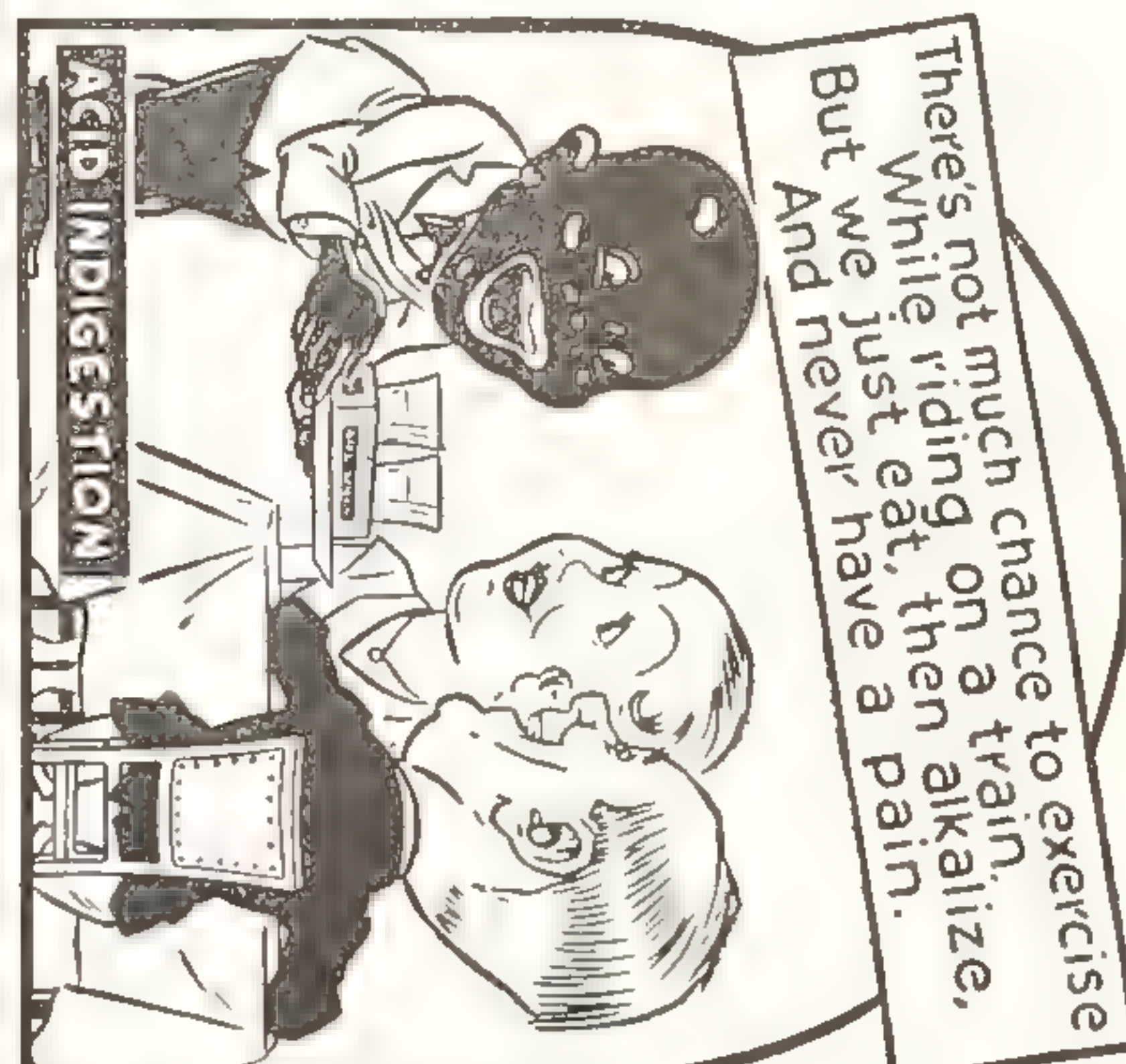
The battle was brief and Flynn was everywhere, a gun spitting death in each hand—a man crazed, fighting, unconquerable. Even Williams, his camera still going, photographing everything with the height of optimism, had his left hand going on a pistol. A breathing space and Errol whirled about to take stock. Over where he'd been when the attack started was Ergen, crouched behind a rock, loading his gun. Just above him and behind, crouched a huge, devil-masked savage, spear poised for the thrust through Ergen's back. Flynn shot with a prayer. . . . The spear missed Ergen's shoulder by less than an inch as the savage toppled, dead.

A wail from the hidden head-hunters rose and a great scrambling was heard in the brush as they turned tail and ran. Flynn had killed their supposedly immune devil-doctor!

THAT was the end of photographing head-hunters as far as that troupe was concerned! They'd learned that the savages really *do* still hunt heads! But as they parted from the grinning, limping young Irishman at Port Moresby neither of them

[Continued on page 68]

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In Quest of Romance

[Continued from page 67]

realized what the aftermath would be of that little trip and ambush!

Nearly a year passed and Errol was prospecting for gold far up near Mount Julien when the cable overtook him.

"YOUR WORK IN TRAVELOGUE MAGNIFICENT. WILLIAMS PHOTOGRAPHED WHOLE SCENES WITH YOU. YOU ARE A NATURAL. HAVE THREE OFFERS NOW. COME AT ONCE. AM SENDING FARE PORT MORESBY. ERGEN."

But Errol thought someone was crazy. He wasn't any actor! He paid no attention until after he'd made a lucky strike, sold his claim for a good profit and wandered back to Port Moresby. And there was the fare waiting for him—and another cable.

"DON'T COME YET. ENGLISH COMPANY EN ROUTE PAPUA TO SHOOT MUTINY ON BOUNTY. UNDERSTAND YOU ARE DIRECT DESCENDANT FLETCHER CHRISTIAN LEADER OF REAL MUTINY. SWELL PUBLICITY TIE-UP. YOU CAST FOR PART. CONTRACT FOLLOWS. DO NOTHING UNTIL I GET THERE. ERGEN."

Even when he was actually playing that part in the little known British picture Errol didn't believe it was all so. Not that he wanted to be an actor! Heaven forbid! But the money was surprisingly good, the work easy. A pleasant interlude in a life of action. . . .

To-day, in Hollywood, Errol is frank to say that the job wasn't so good—after all, it was the first time he'd even thought of acting and the whole thing was very new and strange. In any event he was good enough for the company to bring him to England where he tried a couple of more pictures that weren't conspicuous successes.

It wasn't long before he was picked up by a couple of play producers and that added to a very gay summer of stock in the provinces taught this surprisingly quick young man the rudiments of his new profession. He was still far from feeling that it was anything but a pleasant and inconsequential little adventure when he was called by his friend, Irving Asher, the headman of Warner Brothers in England.

They had a very pleasant little dinner with Asher's wife, Laura La Plante, but throughout the evening Flynn was vaguely wondering what it was all about. Intuitively he knew something was in the wind and was sure of it when Laura excused herself to leave the men with brandy and cigars.

"Irving, my lad—out with it! Something on the mind. . . . I can see the brain fairly oozing with thought!"

"Right, Errol! Just been trying to soften you up. . . . How about going to the States? We can let you have a decent contract with a good future to it. Now don't be hasty in deciding. . . ."

"Hasty? Don't be silly! Do you actually think you have to 'soften me up' for a deal like that? Where's the contract! Quick, boys—the pen! The ink! Hats—coats—luggage. . . . Cal-i-forn-ia here I co-o-ome!"

ANOTHER gorgeous adventure was presenting itself to this amazing man of fortune out of the East. It was in that devil-may-care, take-life-as-it-comes spirit that Errol boarded the boat for New York in the next few days. He still doesn't take it all seriously—and for that reason will get far further along than most. He refuses

to worry, refuses to be put in the spot of most actors who have worked their lives away trying to get where he is right now.

Why? Errol has his own answer.

"In the first place, almost everyone seems to have been saddled by civilization with a Purpose. A Purpose with a capital 'P'. Rot! You immediately start to worrying. First about getting a job to achieve that Purpose, later your worry about keeping it. Life's not worth it. You can move about with the winds and always have food if you're smart enough to get it for yourself rather than whimpering because it's not on a silver spoon. The important thing in life is to laugh, and happiness is all I want out of it. There isn't a single spot of ground on earth that I want when it ceases to mean happiness to me."

But we seem to be getting ahead of ourselves. Everyone knows of the whirlwind romance that started on the high seas when the Flynn met Lily Damita. It started on the high seas and ended on the high mountains above Hollywood where they have a house overlooking the world's loveliest view. Strangely enough the gorgeously happy Mr. and Mrs. Flynn can *actually* see Catalina on a clear day from their home. . . .

And, on that high hill, remote from the moiling falsity of so much of our so-called "civilized society" is a small section of peace—a peace that is within themselves because they are smart enough not to let that peace depend upon any man, woman or business outside of themselves.

With his strange Irish forethought Errol had brought with him from Papua a glorious unset diamond, securely wrapped in tropical leaves. He had put it in his pocket against the time when he might marry and then the diamond, being Papuan, would help to bring the then unknown girl back to the islands with him again when his blood might yearn for the warmth, the beauty and the eternal freedom of brilliant southern skies, unbelievably colored isles and the soft caress of the trade winds over a phosphorescent sea far—"down under" in dangerous, mystic Papua. . . .

And, if I may foretell a bit of future, that is where you'll hear of the Flynn one of these roaming days. After the acclaim of years and pictures like *Captain Blood* and *The Charge of The Light Brigade* have begun to lose their savor to young Mr. Flynn—for he'll always be young—he will quietly pack up his things and leave Hollywood and contracts and celluloid life and return to his real job in life which is creating romance out of the raw material of living—living gaily and may the devil himself take the hindermost. . . .

The End

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MOVIE CLASSIC

Evelyn Venable Reveals Her Beauty Secrets

[Continued from page 11]

of cold water is all I need to open my eyes with a sparkle.

"I take my 'luxury' bath at night, a warm tub with delicately fragrant bath salts, a long handled bath brush, and plenty of soapsuds. I am a great believer in the merits of soap and water and I use lots of both. In the morning a quick shower, tepid at first and then cold. It takes courage to take a cold shower but the resultant glow is well worth the first icy downpour.

"I give my hair a good brushing every day and wash it every ten days. About once a month, or every third shampoo, I have a hot oil treatment to keep my scalp in condition." She touched the lustrous braids coiled into a graceful flat knot at the nape of her neck. "My hair has always been long. I have wanted to cut it but Hal thinks long hair is right for me."

Hot oil treatments should be included in every girl's beauty routine during the summer months when too much exposure to wind and sun is apt to leave the hair brittle and dry.

Two manicures and one pedicure each week are also on Miss Venable's schedule.

"When I have been out in the evening and must appear bright and early at the studio," Evelyn said, "I rub a small piece of ice lightly over my face upon arising. This brings the blood rushing to the surface and erases any tired lines that might have lingered overnight. On these 'off' mornings—and this sounds odd—I get up extra early and go for a horseback ride. That does wake me up! And I feel thoroughly exhilarated when I return."

Diet and Exercise

"I like tennis and riding, but fencing is my pet diversion," she said. "I don't take any kind of calisthenics but fencing sets me up like nothing else and it's the most fun. I first started fencing while attending Vassar and have kept it up ever since. It is excellent for posture which I consider one of the greatest assets to beauty."

I knew Evelyn was a vegetarian but had never been told whether it was a health measure or a matter of principle.

"It's both," Evelyn explained. "My father was a vegetarian and of course I was brought up that way. I have never tasted beast, fish or fowl. After we were married, my husband became interested in my diet and he, too, is a vegetarian now. Yes, and our baby is a vegetarian.

"Being a vegetarian family is a bit inconvenient at times and for that reason we seldom dine out. I eat everything I want, vegetables and fruit mostly. We use such proteins as cheese dishes, nut loaf and eggs.

"Besides the vegetarian diet, I drink about two gallons of water every day." She smiled at my look of amazement. "I know that sounds incredible, but I have counted the glasses of water I drink for weeks at a stretch and the average is from twenty-five to thirty glasses every day."

Drinking large quantities of water has long been extolled by physicians as a health and beauty measure and looking at the flawless perfection of Miss Venable's skin would be an incentive to every girl to increase the amount of water which she consumes.

"So your husband accepted your theories and became a vegetarian but you wouldn't change your makeup to please him," I chided.

"I didn't let him know I did; I just went about it gradually."

"Please tell me the rest of the story," I begged, "How long did it take you to become friends?"

"I'd love to tell you," she confided. "The next day after we had the terrific battle I went over and held his hand very firmly, much to his embarrassment and the amusement of everyone else on the set. The third day I ignored him . . ."

"And the fourth day," I prompted.

"The fourth day we went on location out at Riverside. That night he asked me to go for a drive with him. I did—and he proposed!"

It was no surprise to learn that Evelyn Venable's romance had gone hand in hand with beauty—it so often does. Proper diet and exercise both play important parts in giving the foundation for good looks, but it is in makeup and careful grooming that the average girl can successfully compete with her more fortunate sisters. Many of the makeup tricks of the most glamorous stars of the screen can be adapted to your own use and in later articles I shall tell you more about the arts of beauty employed by your favorite stars.

What are your problems of beauty and makeup? Would you like to know the brand names of cosmetics used by the stars? Your questions will be answered promptly if you will drop me a letter—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Address your inquiry to Alison Alden, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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George Brent Shuns Romance

[Continued from page 37]

there is any, is his own. And so let me tell you the truth about a lot of things concerning which George has been thoroughly misrepresented heretofore.

First of all, George is NOT a woman-hater, despite all the symptoms. "On the contrary," he told me. "After all, I'm male, quite normal, with all human appetites and reactions. I'm thirty-three years old. I admire women, realize the utter incompleteness of a man's life without a woman—or rather, *the* woman."

"Then why," I wanted to know, "do you dodge 'em?"

"I've just answered that," he said. "I said 'THE woman,' didn't I? And frankly, I haven't run across THE woman, yet. Until I do—*nothing doing!*"

BUT—George *can* be had! In fact, despite his emphatic assertions that there's no place for romance in his life for at least six years, I'll bet plenty that long before 1942 is here, George will be head over heels in love with some woman. It's illogical, unreasonable, impossible to believe that this hot-blooded, handsome young Irishman can go through more than half a decade without some woman knocking all his notions cock-eyed.

Already, it has happened to him—in Hollywood. But that's an old story—the Ruth Chatterton romance, marriage, divorce. It's not improbable that the disillusion that came with that has influenced George's beliefs tremendously—that that broken romance inspired his belief that love can't survive the studio life, for one thing.

BUT get this—the collapse of the Chatterton love has not soured George on the idea of marriage. George is not "agin' marryin'." But he doesn't want or expect to do it until after 1942.

"Of course," he admits—and there's a sort of worried apprehension in his admis-

sion—"I know that it's not unlikely that tonight, or tomorrow or next week or next month, a girl will suddenly come along and there'll be romance. I don't believe it will happen to me, but I'm not such a damned fool, as to say it *can't* happen to me."

"If it comes—if romance barges into my life that way, despite my wish and hope that it won't, well then, all right. I'll take it, and gladly. But I don't think there's a girl in Hollywood, or whom I'm likely to meet in this profession, who can do it to me; that's all."

I asked the good old stand-by question: "Is there, George, some 'ideal woman' for you?"

He laughed. For just an instant. Then his face straightened, and his lip curled ever so slightly, and he said, simply:

"Where can you find *any* sort of ideal today?"

But that didn't kid me. I do believe George has an ideal woman, even if he's not consciously aware of it himself. He thought that Chatterton was that ideal. It was not until the stress of professional work rubbed the illusion off and bared the reality that both found different.

I think what George wants—and eventually will find—is a girl who has and is these things: first of all and most important, a pal. A girl who'll go travelling with him when he wants to; who'll hop into a plane and take a fool trip with him on a moment's notice when he's in the mood for flying; who'll sit at home with him, probably silent and unspeaking for hours, when that's his whim. A girl who will subordinate herself utterly and completely to being Mrs. George Brent—I don't mean to the extent of slavery, and certainly not unwillingly on her part—but a girl who'll do it because she loves him, and because that love is to her the most important thing in her life. A girl who has or wants no career of her own, to interfere with the essential one-ness of married life. A girl whose social aspirations are not embodied in giving whoopee parties, or having half the producers and stars in Hollywood at their home every other night.

Those are some of the things I'm sure George Brent wants in the ideal woman that lurks in the subconscious of every man's mind.

But the specifications—read 'em over—explain why George doesn't think he'll find THE girl in Hollywood. Those requirements don't fit anybody you know in films, do they?

George told me the simple reason behind his "six-year-clause" against romance. It's because he's under contract until 1942, and that, to him, is tantamount to being in prison.

"I'm too damned busy for romance, for one thing. I've been in more films in a few years than any other star or leading man. It looks as though it'll keep up that way. I've even had to sell my plane, although I'm nuts about flying, simply because I had no time left to fly. Same with women. How in Hades, in sheer justice, could I ask a girl to give herself all to me, when I couldn't return it?"

"So, wiping out romance for six years, I've substituted my own Six-Year Plan. I'm going to work. If I'm in prison, I'll make it pay me off. I'll give the studio all they've contracted for, and more. BUT—in 1942, I'll kiss it all good bye! I'll



Leslie Howard and his eleven-year-old daughter, Leslie Ruth are the best of pals. They are also a new radio team for Leslie Ruth frequently appears on her famous dad's program



Frances Langford's inseparable companion is her pup, "Melody," which received its name in honor of *Broadway Melody of 1936*, Frances' first great screen-musical hit. Her current picture is *Palm Springs*, which was recently released

have plenty of money and time then. I'll do what I'd like to do right now, sometimes—tell 'em all to go to h—, get on a boat, and go where and do what I please, from then on. And then I'll have all the time for romance. I'll be barely forty. I won't run around chasing 'em—and I won't want 'em to chase me. But I won't turn my back on love; I'll welcome it. When THE girl comes along.

"That's that."

HE'LL be a mighty young forty, will George. He's handsome as a maiden's dream right now—handsomer than ever before in his picture career. Something has added a strength, a dignity, an added poise to the Brent there was before. No use kidding ourselves—while he was Ruth Chatterton's husband, he was in the unenviable position of being Mr. Chatterton. Now he's a definite entity—and a forceful one.

Physically, he's more mature, more solid. Lately, he's grown a moustache. It does amazing things to him; makes him ever so much more good looking. The "front office"—the Warner Brothers big shots—are crazy about it. They've told him—or rather ordered him—not to shave it off.

George has lived already, even though he feels he's in prison now. You all know, by now, the story of his death-defying adventuring in the Irish revolution. You've heard of his trips abroad. I met him first in Spain, at a training ranch for the bulls they raise for the bull fights. George himself got into the ring, made a few passes at some vicious young bulls, laughed when their lethal horns grazed his side. I remember what the owner of the ranch—an old, white-goated grandee who knows bulls and men, said: "Thees Señor Brent ees wan of the mos' brave, the mos' fine, the mos' interesting, the mos' exciting men I 'ave ever met. He has what you call the *gots* . . ."

Just at present, some of the Hollywood keyhole-lookers-inners and the door-listeners-attenders are tuning eyes and ears on Greta Garbo, now that she's back.

They anticipate that maybe George Brent will resume the campaign he seemed to be waging for the affections of the Great Garbo just before she left for Sweden, months ago. It was an open secret then,

that there was warm air there. George stunted in his plane over Garbo's locations, and Garbo clasped hands, admired his aerial Romeoing, and said "Ahhh . . . !"

But neither she nor he would discuss things. When it came to being shut-lipped, George proved he could match Garbo at her best. But his intimates knew that he was interested—and more—in Garbo. And then she wanted to be alone; she said "Ay t'ink Ay go home," and off she went to Sweden.

George sank back into the monotone that is his daily life. No more public appearances in the rôle of lovmaker. Garbo stayed away. As far as anyone knows, there was no communication between her and Brent during her absence.

But that absence didn't make the heart grow fonder, as the old adage has it. Garbo's back now—been back for days. George hasn't made a pass. George stays at his home between studio days. From all outward appearances, the Garbo-Brent romance is as dead as yesterday's fish. Garbo has exactly the same place on George's amorous blacklist as the other Hollywood dolls he mentioned in his talk with me. She can wait until 1942, as far as George is concerned.

And so it goes.

He's happier right now, in his Hollywood contract prison, than he is most of the rest of the time. That's because he's working with Kay Francis, in *Sweet Aloes*. It's about the fifth or sixth picture he's played in, opposite Kay. There's never been a hint or whisper or breath of romance between them. But they're the swellest two friends in Hollywood. As far as George is concerned, Kay could be a man—because in their friendship, there's exactly zero of sex. That's why he's 100 percent happy (as happy as possible for him in Hollywood, I mean) working with Kay.

At night, it's home to his womanless Eden, and his books, and his tennis, and his swimming pool and his dogs. Every morning, it's back to the studio. And so, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, he runs along in his little squirrel cage.

Until 1942. Then he'll be forty.

And for George Brent. Life Will RE-Begin at Forty.

—but I'd taken one precaution and it didn't leave a trace!

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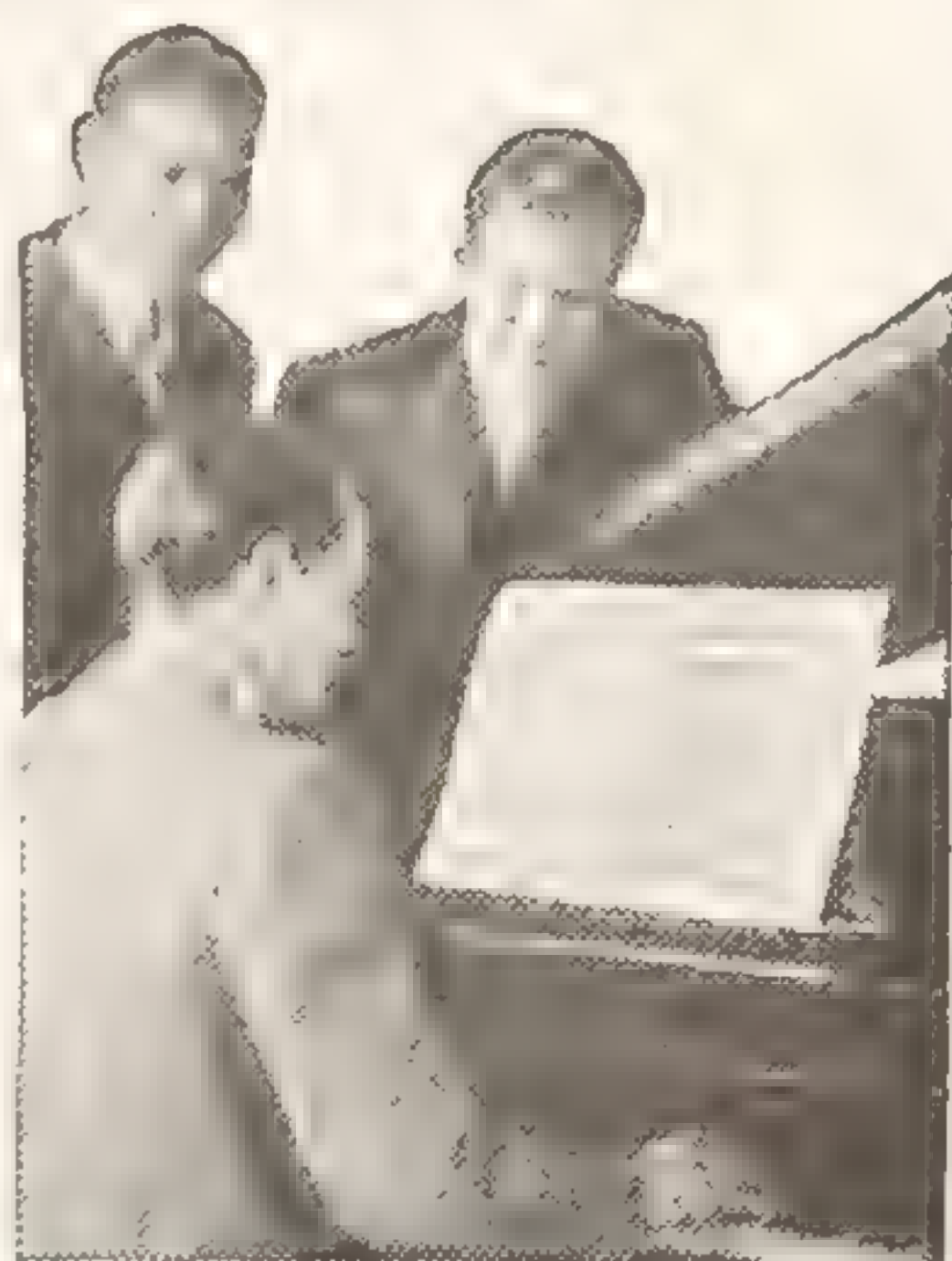
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The Fortunes of Hopkins, Inc.

[Continued from page 36]

She has them visit her on the set and tell fortunes with cards, crystals, tea-leaves, palm-reading, astrology and just plain guessing, in her dressing room between scenes. Nights, she hunts out new ones to have them tell her fortune. She says she doesn't believe a word they tell her! She even had a physiognomist and phrenologist feel her head-bumps and look at her facial contours. He told her her low-ridged nose with its thick lower end denoted the desire to please, plus the knowing-how and consideration for others; that her high and wide forehead showed capacity for thought and ideas, and that her broad jaws denoted strength of ambition. He must have been a screen magazine reader.

One thing in which she differs from most other screen stars—she doesn't imagine she's beautiful. She doesn't even care to play beautiful roles. In Sam Goldwyn's *These Three*, she wears her hair plastered back, and dons horn-rimmed specs as a school-teacher, and what's more, she doesn't get her man, and what other big-shot star would go for that? I'm tired of being bee-oo-tiful and glamorous on the screen," she says, and she thinks audiences are a bit fed up with seeing heroines swim raging torrents and come out with perfect make-up and marcel, or tramp through north-woods ices and snows in fur clothes and then appear in a dog-tent wearing lace negligees!

SHE doesn't even stand for that final patting-up most stars get from the set makeup man just before facing the camera. "I'd rather feel natural with a hair out of place," she explains.

Oh, yes—that hair. It really is blond. More than that—it's silver-grey. And it's her own and she can prove it, because she still has the blonde curls they cut off when she had her hair bobbed when she was eleven. She's freckled, too. And her eyes, if you must know, are blue—but they grow blacker than a killer's heart when she's mad.

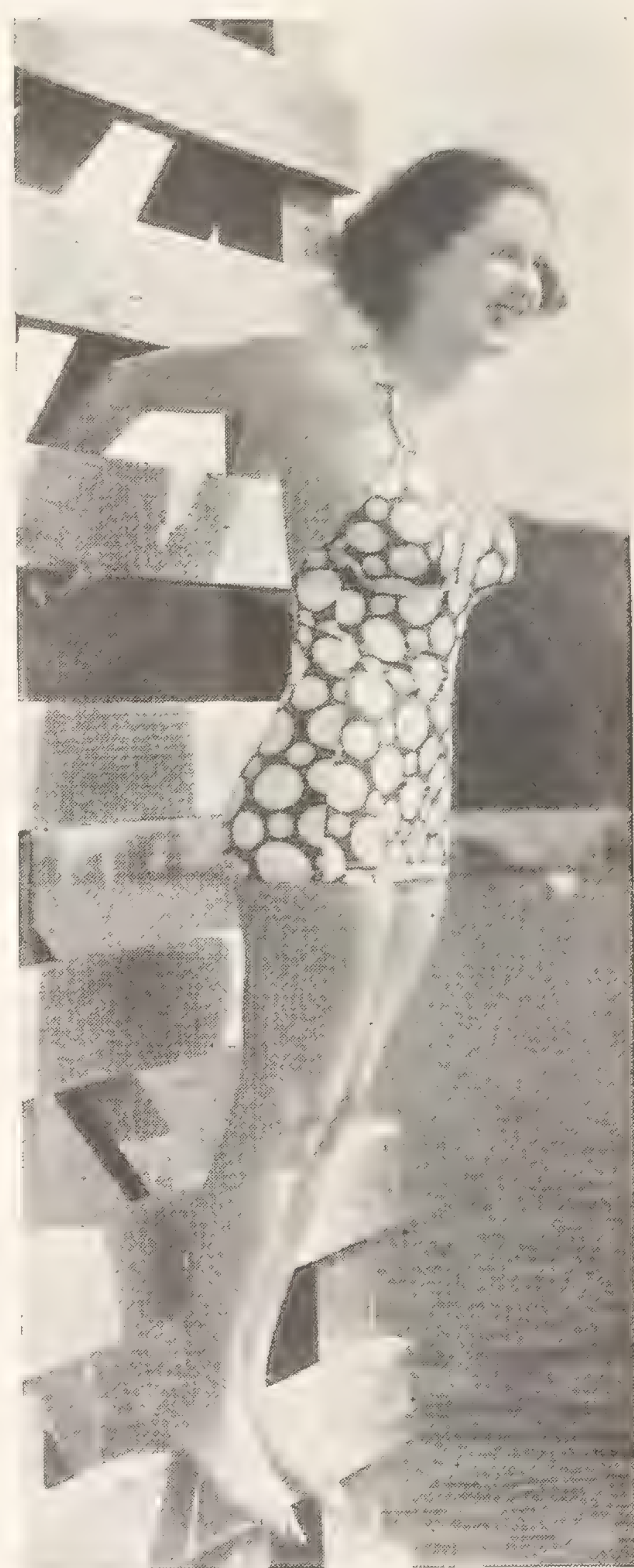
Most amazing thing about her, if you ask her friends what impresses them most, is her tremendous vitality. She looks like a fragile, weak thing, but she can go at top speed throughout a day that'd drag the life out of a day-laborer. She's got secrets for that, but everybody knows them. One is her trick of relaxing at will. She can fall asleep between "takes" in her chair on the set, and rip off ten or fifteen minutes of shut-eye, so she's refreshed when she wakes. Another is that hot-water-and-sherry-and-cold-water combination of hers:

She fills the bathtub with hot water, and gets in. Then she fills a glass with sherry, and puts that inside of herself. Then she lies in the hot water for fifteen minutes. Then she turns on the cold water, and when she begins to shiver, she climbs out and puts a rough towel to work. Less than a half-hour spent in all and she feels like a new woman. Says it's better than a facial or a massage.

Yet she often has a masseuse come into her dressing room. Not to give her a complete once-over, but to work out on her feet. She loves to have her feet kneaded and twisted and massaged, frequently. They are, by the way, the tiniest

feet in Hollywood. Her shoes are size two-and-a-half. Her pals call them "junior garboes." Her pals call her "Happy" Hopkins, too. That's her nickname.

Socially, she's a hit. She has two and a half homes. One is the house she owns in New York's exclusive Sutton Place district. The other is Sam Goldwyn's beach house at Santa Monica, fifteen miles from the studio, which she rents. The "half" is her studio suite of foyer, drawing room, kitchen, dining room, dressing room and bath. One could live in it, it's that complete. She supervised the decoration herself. The color motif is white. But her favorite color is yellow. She says if city dwellers would use more yellow and green in their homes, they'd be happier, because color controls one's emotions. Nervous people ought to decorate their bedrooms in blue, too, she says, because blue soothes. Ho, hummmmmmm.



June Travis, born June Grabiner, is skyrocketing to fame these days in Warner Brothers pictures. She created a Hollywood sensation by refusing a contract several years ago and only recently was persuaded to reconsider

She's choosy about her friends. What she wants is someone she can talk with. She'd rather chin with a bus-driver who can converse intelligently, than with a millionaire who's a mental dud. Once she was out on a yachting week-end with a group of rich people. They bored her so that she calmly went to the owner of the yacht, made him turn the boat back and set her ashore!

She's got the knack of making people feel at home. One of her tricks is to let her men-friends do the cooking for those late after-theater suppers in her house. She knows every man thinks he's a great cook. But she always has her own cook on hand, just in case.

Her dinners are famous. She's southern. (She has tried for years, with voice-and-diction teachers, to shake off the southern drawl that was born into her in Georgia, but, despite all her efforts, she still goes into it, especially when she's excited.) Her cook's southern, too. There are no eatier dinner parties in Hollywood than the Sunday-night fried-chicken, baked-ham, corn-bread and biscuits, hominy, sweet-potato-pie dinners she throws. But her cook is headed for a nervous breakdown, because Miriam's pet trick is to invite twenty or twenty-five people to dinner at her house in the late afternoon, unexpectedly!

Incidentally, she always has dinner at eight. Always. She thinks dinner earlier than that isn't civilized. Breakfast at ten—except when she's in production, and then it's seven. Diet?—no, because no matter what she eats, her weight stays at 102 or 103. Lucky gal!

She's got a guiding motto. It's the same as Hitler's—"Live Dangerously!" Or is it Mussolini's, instead of Hitler's? Anyway, it's Miriam's. She's broken both ankles, an arm, a collar bone and wrenched her back seriously, living up to her code. Wants to live even more dangerously. Wants to travel, alone, to strange places. Particularly Pekin and Timbuctoo, because the names fascinate her.

With all her—ahem!—sophistication, idiotically simple pleasures delight her. She has lots of fun at the concessions on amusement piers near Hollywood. Once she outbid a whole roomful of people at one of those Jap fake-auction joints on a beach, for an armful of Jap kimonos. "My Gawd, Miriam," squalled a friend with her; "you wouldn't wear *those* things, would you?" Answered Miriam: "But I just *had* to outbid those other people, didn't I?" Then she took the kimonos home and gave them to her colored cook. Another pet game of hers is "Didja." It's childish. The guests and Miriam all sit around and say things like "Didja ever see a horse fly?—or a college dance?—or a stocking run?" Things like that, *imagine!*

Her biggest offscreen interest is Michael. Michael is four years old. She adopted him from a foundling home when he was two months old. She calls him "son," but he calls her "Miriam," and when he visits on the set, the director knows it's no use expecting any work from her until he's gone. Michael looks very much like Miriam. She won't talk about him because (a) she doesn't like kidnapers and (b) she thinks it isn't fair to him to be discussed as a star's child, because it'd interfere with his normal growing-up.

She doesn't play bridge or golf, because, she says, she can't afford the time both require for practice, to be good, and she won't do things half way. Yet she's

such a good tennis player that they call her the Helen Wills of the screen. She swims and plays the piano and is an expert at touch typewriter. Wherever she travels, she always takes a portable typewriter with her. Also a portable phonograph.

On the set, she always wears tennis shoes, except when it's a long shot that'll show her feet. She often tells the director how she's going to do a scene, instead of vice versa. She's usually right. She studies her lines in complete privacy, and gets peeved when anyone intrudes. On the set, she does it behind the locked door and drawn shades of her portable dressing room. Offset, she does her "homework" script studying in her auto, while her chauffeur drives her between her beach place and the studio.

She likes parties, but doesn't like the guy who's the "life of the party." She doesn't like showoffs of any sort.

SHE'S such a stickler for punctuality that she apologizes profusely when she's as little as two minutes late for an appointment. And yet she thinks nothing of breaking an appointment if and when she thinks she has a good reason for it. But she always breaks it ahead of time—even if only five minutes ahead of time. That is, she's not the sort who'll stand a person up without letting him know.

Her ambition is to become the greatest of all movie stars. She formed it when she was in Europe years ago (a comparative unknown, although she had done some stage work) and watched the casino at Monte Carlo go into a dither of excitement when Constance Bennett walked in. "Humph!" she told herself; "I can do that, too."

Yet she admits movie-making is sometimes a very funny business. The story she best likes to tell to illustrate it is about Clark Gable. Metro was going to co-star her and Gable, so they called her for some pre-production picture-taking. "Miss Hopkins, this is Mr. Gable; Mr. Gable, Miss Hopkins," the director introduced them. Without more ado, they went into a series of the most torridly passionate love-clinches the Hays office has ever been asked to censor. After an hour of kissing, gooing, clinching and blazing, the director told 'em it was all. "Good bye, Miss Hopkins; glad to've met you," bowed Gable, formally. "Good bye, Mr. Gable," she replied. They've never met since.

She likes chow mein. She hates gossip. She likes dogs. She hates to play the piano even though she does it well. She likes classical music and wants to play the violin but can't find time to learn. At her parties, she often shows movies, but never one in which she herself appears. She's never seen Shirley Temple on the screen. When she's about the house, she wears pajamas. When she's asleep, she doesn't wear anything at all. She hates to be tickled. She has a mole twelve inches below her chin.

Professionally, Miriam is not an individual. She's a corporation. Actually. That's because she has legally incorporated herself, and her mother and lawyer are officers in the corporation.

Privately, she's a decided individual, with beliefs of her own. After two marriages that didn't jell, she doesn't believe in love at first sight. After two broken marriages, she believes heart break should be nothing more serious than a stepping-stone to a new experience.

At present, she's waiting for the new experience.

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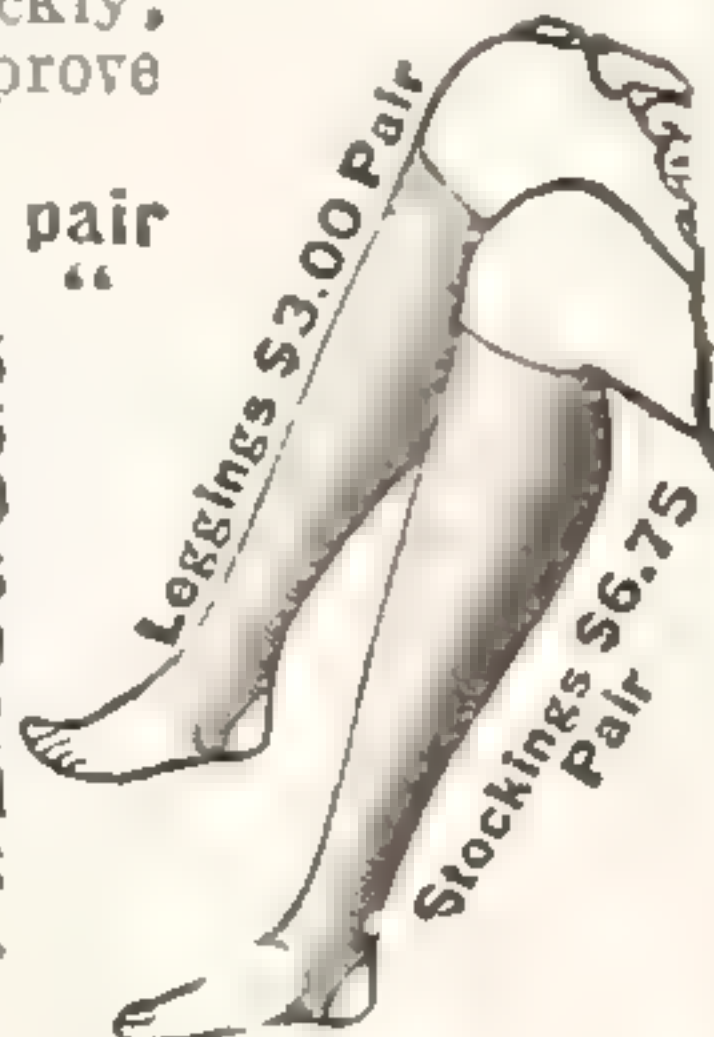
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Circus Daze in Hollywood

[Continued from page 35]

filled the schedule till lunch was served at Gene Raymond's home. The twenty-four-hour festivity ended at the John Mack Brown's with an Easter egg hunt and dinner.

After one of the matinees the circus management held a gala dinner in the dining tent, with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Cobb, and Joe E. Brown and family as guests. It was more than a dinner for Fred Stone. It was a grand reunion with his old friend George Tipton, cookhouse steward, whom he hadn't seen for forty-five years. As boys, they tramped together in the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* road show.

Fred Stone was quite an acrobat when he was a small boy. When he was only nine years old a circus stopped in his Kansas town. The circus owner saw how skilful he was and invited him to travel with them as a tight-rope walker. That was Fred's start in the amusement field. Later he was a clown with the old Forepaugh-Sells outfit.

Joe E. Brown loves to tell how he started to earn his living as an acrobat with a circus when he was only ten. "I didn't run away," Joe says. "I just went." His parents didn't object to Joe leaving his Toledo, Ohio, home for the summers, but made him go to school the other three seasons of the year till he finished the eighth grade. Joe's first wages were \$1.50 a week and his keep with the show.

The act Joe took part in was billed as *The Five Marvelous Ashetons*. He and two other boys were tossed back and forth, forty feet in the air, by two men.

BEFORE Joe and the family had dinner in the cook tent he climbed up in the howdah on the back of a pleasant old pachyderm, with one of his very young daughters, Mary Elizabeth Ann, while newspaper photographers snapped their picture. Brown appeared in a movie called *The Circus Clown* not so long ago and made friendships with many of the Barnes animal troupers.

Perhaps you've seen the Tom Mix Circus during its annual trek around North America. Tom's show winters in Compton, California, which is only a few miles from Hollywood. It is the largest circus traveling by motor transportation in the United States.

Mix holds the distinction of being the world's highest paid performer. Back in 1929 he received \$10,000 a week with the old Sells-Floto circus.

The Tom Mix Circus is another pet of the movie colony. This year, when his outfit played Santa Monica, he had a "straw house," which in circus jargon means that they had sold so many tickets that some of the customers had to sit on straw placed around the hippodrome track.

No wonder folks wanted to get into Tom Mix's big top so fast. The audience was liberally sprinkled with cinema celebrities. The crowd got an extra thrill when Tom took the mike to introduce and rib Irvin Cobb, Clark Gable, Leo Carrillo, Charley Murray, Barbara Stanwyck, Harold Lloyd, Ken Maynard and Fred Stone.

If you are fortunate enough to be on one of MOVIE CLASSIC's Movieland Tours this summer the first thing you'll attend, after arriving in Hollywood, is Ken Maynard's Diamond K Wild West Circus and

Indian Congress at Van Nuys, a few miles from the movie capital.

I attended the preview of his Wild West Show recently. Before the preview he had a real buffalo barbecue lunch for all his guests.

All of the Hollywoodites have been making week end pilgrimages to Maynard's ranch. Ken's film contracts to make several Westerns for Columbia made it impossible for him to take his new show on the road this season. However, next summer it is going out on forty railroad cars to tour North America. Perhaps you'll see him then.

KEN started his career as a cowboy with Ringling Bros. Circus. For ten years or so he has been a leading cowboy of the screen. Dozens of Indians, gauchos, zouaves, Russian cossacks and cowboys take part in his show. Besides the usual elephants, the menagerie also includes a sizeable herd of buffalo. Ken appears in person with his wonder horse, "Tarzan," at the afternoon and evening performances, every Saturday and Sunday, this summer.

Maynard has hired Charles B. Murphy, veteran trainer, to manage his many wild beasts. Charles Bickford, virile "he-man" of the cinema, probably owes his life to Murphy who, with an axe handle and shouts, scared off "Tarzan," a 400-pound lion, that attacked Bickford in that memorable scene in *East of Java*. Murphy has helped direct scores of animal pictures and has played minor parts in the recent *Sutter's Gold* and other films.

In the future several studios are planning to use Ken Maynard's Diamond K Ranch Show as a background for western and circus films.

Another of the screen's great Western stars, Col. Tim McCoy, is personally heading his thrilling congress of rough riders and Indians with the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus for the second summer. Tim finished making *Border Caballero* and *Lightnin' Bill Carson* with Lois January before he joined the Big Show this summer.

Clyde Beatty, the world-famed wild animal trainer, made the serial *Darkest Africa* for Republic pictures, before he started touring this season with the show whose title bears his name—Cole Bros. & Clyde Beatty Circus.

And then there's Jimmie Durante who has such a great time comparing his snuzzle with the trunk of Big Rosie, a fifty-four-year-old elephant, in *Jumbo*, the circus-musical that made such a hit in the New York Hippodrome and on the air. Jimmie says the spell of the sawdust ring has him. Now he is down at the Frontier Centennial Exposition in Fort Worth, Texas, with the *Jumbo* show. There is much talk around Hollywood about bringing the show here to make it into a picture. Before long you may see it on the screen. Donald Novis and Paul Whiteman and his band also take a leading part in the great *Jumbo*.

This article wouldn't be complete without mentioning what a great circus fan the beloved Will Rogers was. In Hollywood, circus folk missed his visits around their big tops this year. He, too, was once a circus trapper when he did a rope act with Wirth's circus in 1904.

The Man of a Thousand Faces

[Continued from page 50]

operations from an apartment where he raises orchids, and which he hasn't stepped foot out of in seven years—but he always gets his man.

Nero Wolfe has one weakness, beer. Home brew beer, at that.

But, as Arnold also loves his beer, he made the company supply the finest Pilsener in the land.

If you haven't guessed by this time that Edward Arnold is of Germanic heritage, you're no detective. He was born Guenther Schneider in New York City, February 18, 1890. He was born amidst almost incredible poverty and privation, in an east side tenement.

Today, we find him one of Hollywood's most famous and highest salaried stars.

Dub him "the happy warrior!"

Sustained by an indomitable spirit in those formative boyhood years of bitter poverty, and driven forward by an inflexible will to succeed, young Guenther Schneider was, above all, a happy warrior. He was endowed with a cheerful nature that enabled him to plug along, constantly looking for silver linings.

He was a working man at eleven, helping to support four brothers and sisters. His invalid father had died, leaving a broken-spirited little mother who followed into the great beyond when the boy was fifteen. Newsboy, errand boy, bell hop—but perhaps we had better draw a charitable curtain over the hardships endured by this little German-American lad in these golden years when kids have a right to be happy-go-lucky.

Edward Arnold, boy and man, has never known the meaning of self-pity. If he is stout of body, he is also stout of heart.

To him, those years were important



Herbert Marshall, climbing to even greater popularity by virtue of one outstanding performance after another, makes his home in the luxurious Beverly Hills Hotel. He plans a trip to England in the near future

milestones along a rough but worth-while road. He learned to work, and to like hard work. He learned the value of money. And he learned the joy of living.

Always, he believed in himself. In various New York settlement houses the poor boy discovered that he liked to act. The directors staged little shows for the kids, and by the time he was well in his teens the future Edward Arnold had landed a job as a "bit" player with no less a stage figure than Ben Greet, whose Shakespearean repertoire companies were ever popular on the road. He got twenty-five dollars weekly and some invaluable experience. During the next season he was a juvenile actor and an assistant stage manager with Maxine Elliott. That position brought him fifty dollars weekly.

Believe it or not, Edward Arnold made his motion picture debut twenty years ago, but he would be willing to skip that experience. (However, if he does biographies, the writer can do likewise.)

He was a leading man for the old Esanay company in Chicago, and he was featured in a serial called *Is Marriage Sacred?* (I don't blame him for wanting to forget it.)

Discouraged with the old silent pictures of Chicago vintage, Arnold returned to the stage. The virile role of "Buss" Winton in *The Storm*, with Helen MacKeller, brought him Broadway fame. He stayed with it until Ben Schulberg re-discovered him for pictures thirteen years later.

Fame and fortune hasn't changed Arnold's character one whit. He may not wear the same size belt, but he does wear the same size hat.

Weighing approximately 220 pounds, he doesn't go in for tennis, golf and other athletic diversions. He likes horses too well to ride, he admits with a rueful glance at his bulk.

He might go fishing, if strongly urged, but that would be the limit of his physical exertion. He prefers to sit around home and talk with his family and friends. He is a conversationalist with a decided flair for philosophy.

He is a man of simple, wholesome tastes, despite the command of luxuries that success has brought him. Love of family and home is deep-rooted in his life.

He is devoted to his second wife, whom he married in 1928, and to his own three children. They are Elizabeth, seventeen; Bill, fifteen; and Margaret, eleven. They're his pals.

He is too worldly-wise to spoil them, but there is no doubt that the greatest kick he gets out of life is to be able to give them the advantages and good times that he never enjoyed as a boy. In a sense, he is now living his own boyhood.

I'll venture to say that Edward Arnold gets more genuine enjoyment out of life than any other actor in Hollywood.

The harder he works, the jollier he becomes.

His hearty laugh echoes throughout the studio stages. When everyone else on the set is worn out and cross, Arnold is still jovial, still capable of playing his scenes with vim, vigor and enthusiasm.

If, in some future generation some actor were to portray a "screen biography" of Edward Arnold, it wouldn't be a bad idea.

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The Romantic Czech

[Continued from page 31]

Hollywood's night clubs, ever. You don't see him at the beaches, swimming or getting a chocolate coat of tan. You don't see him on the tennis courts, or on the bridle paths. You don't see him at Hollywood's whoopee parties—and you'll never see a whoopee party at his own house. You don't see him out with Hollywood's beauties, night after night—either the same one, or different ones. . . .

But you will see him and hear him, many nights of the week, lecturing on his great passion—the promotion of world peace. At the universities, at women's clubs and at men's clubs, before gatherings of various kinds, Lederer will talk on that subject. He has financed and has a staff of employees operating a Peace League that is his own child.

He believes the world's troubles can be simply remedied, if a few selfish individuals will consent to certain sociological changes. Hollywood knows that Lederer will "get on a soap box" on that subject at the drop of a hat.

That sort of thing is Lederer's play. Of how the rest of Hollywood plays, he is as ignorant as any person who has never been outside of the confines of Kansas, or Minnesota, or Timbuctoo. Yet, he is fascinated by the tales he hears of it.

"I love to read," he told me, "of how Hollywood's stars live, what they do, the parties they give, the night-club affairs, their sports, their play. . . .

"But for myself, I do not wish any part of that life. It is not a pose with me. I am driven by an innate force that will not permit me to do anything except the things I believe are worth while. I devote my every waking moment to—to—well, it seems too big a term for it, but I cannot help but say 'to improving myself'—both mentally and physically."

"I do not play any games—of any kind," he went on. "I do not go to night clubs. I leave tennis and swimming and such to those who play at them. . . ."

I looked at the man. I noted the lean, greyhound lines of his body. Underneath, there were muscles of steel; you couldn't mistake that. Physically, the man is a marvel.

"How," I asked, "do you stay in trim, then?"

"Exercise," he told me.

"But you just said you don't tennis, or golf, or ride. . . ."

"I work at my exercise. I do not play at it," he said.

HE TOLD me that in his childhood, he belonged to a youth movement whose aims included extreme physical fitness. Today, he has in his home a set of gymnasium equipment. He works on that.

"Sometimes, when I am not working, I spend a whole day exercising. I do not mean steadily. I do not believe an hour's work—in a gymnasium or a tennis court—means exercise. I will work with the dumbbells or the bars for fifteen minutes. Then I quit and read for a half hour or so. Then I go back to the dumbbells. I keep that up all day. It is like a day's work. . . .

"I study people. Mentally and physically. I have watched men of all kinds, and I have noticed that the most splendid physical specimens are the laborers—men who dig ditches. I watch them and envy

them. And when I exercise, I try to do it as they do—make a day's work of it, instead of play."

He carries his exercise with him. When he travels, he carries bars, weights, clubs along. Week-end hosts and hostesses stare in surprise when Francis Lederer accepts their bids, because when he unpacks his week-end luggage from his car, out comes a set of dumbbells, weights, Indian clubs, or handbars. A corner of his room or part of the suite they have given him becomes a miniature gymnasium. While other guests tennis or swim, Lederer lifts his weights and his dumbbells.

"I never travel without dumbbells," he said. "And I don't mean blondes."

That switched us, naturally, onto the subject of women. To women, Lederer is one of Hollywood's most fascinating men. Yet Lederer is no "woman's man," as the term is generally known. You don't hear of him with this beauty, that charmer. You don't see him linked in the gossip columns with various Hollywood lovelies.

"Why is it?" I asked him. "Is it that you don't have time for women?"

He winked.

"For women, I always can find time," he said. "Women are a necessary part of a man's life. But of women, I may offer one criticism. . . .

"They do not seem to understand that men want them to love, and at the same time, to worship. Man, by his nature, requires that women remain to him a sublime ideal, a something to adore, to—let me repeat—worship."

"Now it is equally true that all women want to be loved, of course. BUT—they have forgotten, it seems, that they must make themselves lovable. Today, too many women accept it as a matter of course that merely because they are women, men will love them. They seem to take it as a natural sequence, and they do not realize that they must make themselves worthy of being loved, adored, even worshipped."

To women, Lederer offscreen is as charming—even more so, I can say from personal observation—than in his most romantic screen rôles. Never does he meet a woman or greet one he already knows without that continental straightening up, heel-clicking, bowing from the waist—and then, inevitably, the gently-lifted hand and the touch of that hand to the lips.

Why, even the publicity girl that took me onto the set of *The Count of Arizona* to talk to Lederer was greeted in this fashion!—He bowed to her, deeply, and kissed her hand, and she blushed like a school-girl. And she doesn't blush when the other ninety-nine out of a hundred male stars hail her with a "Hiya, keed?" or a rough-and-ready Hollywood bit of Rabelaisianism.

And I have a friend who throws these Sunday "breakfasts"—at noontime—for friends. Now and then, Lederer is one of the guests. And, says my friend—

"—I've seen Lederer, even that early on a Sunday, in broad daylight, with no moon or no music or no other romantic aids, take a seat on a couch. And in a moment, there'll be a lovely woman on one side of him, another on the other side, and three or four others sitting worshipping him on the rug before the couch. And does he love it. . . .!"

"Love it? But of course I do," Lederer



Marilyn Knowlden and Bradley Metcalfe, child screen stars, set up their portable "Fox Blox" gymnasium on the beach. Marilyn appeared as "Kim" in *Showboat* and as Florence Udney in *Anthony Adverse*. Bradley Metcalfe has the title role in *The Millionaire Kid*.

confesses, naively. "Women are charming, utterly charming."

"In theory, you mean?" I suggested.

"In practice, too," he protested.

"Then why don't you have the reputation of being Hollywood's greatest Lothario?" I demanded.

"But I do not go out to night clubs, or dances, or parties, or affairs. Sometimes I go to the theater—usually to study the screen or the stage, and the other players, that I may better myself. I am only too glad to take a girl with me then, if she wants to go."

At his home, there are never "parties." Sometimes dinners—but never more than five guests. And he prefers to have guests like great scientists—astronomers, professors of chemistry, sociologists, explorers.

"FROM men like that, when they talk, one can learn more than from many books. One can improve oneself," he explains. "One has mental intercourse with such people that is worthy of the time spent. How can one have advantageous mental intercourse at a party where there are twenty or thirty people milling about, drinking, dancing, singing?"

His home is an artistic show place in Hollywood. "It is artistic not through my doing but because the man who built it came from Italy, and he transplanted a bit of Italy. To step into its garden is to step into a bit of old *Fiorenze*," exulted Lederer, telling me about it. He has added to its charm a collection of antiques—Italian and Spanish. Of these, he is a collector. They represent beauty to him.

Soon he will move. He is building a house of his own, on that property whence came the cabbages, whence will come the apricots and walnuts. When the house is done, he will transfer to it his staff—his cook and his negro man-of-all-work, combination butler and valet and even secretary.

Eating is not especially important to him, but he has the cook because his other man cannot cook, and neither can he. "I can not cook even an egg," he says.

For relaxation and amusement, he does

things that he believes will better the world, and the lot of others less fortunate.

"When you have lived as long as I have under conditions where others might have but did not help, you realize how fine and how worth while it is to help others," he says. He was referring, of course, to his own childhood—when, as son of a poor leather dealer in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, he lived in crowded tenements, knew deprivation and poverty, and want.

"Don't mistake," he begs. "It's not affectation on my part. It's not just being humane or altruistic. It's honest and sincere. I want to better others' lot; I want to better the world, if I can."

I couldn't help asking how, in view of his intensity in that direction, and his "driving force" that makes him want to ever improve himself, he found contentment in being a movie actor, rather than devoting himself and his time to more serious, constructive work.

Again, the indulgent smile—as of a patient teacher with a very obtuse pupil.

"Does not the screen do much to better others' lots?" he asked. "Well—let us consider Greta Garbo. . . ."

"Garbo has a divinity, a super-earthly soul-beauty, that is a tremendous inspiration to millions of women. They see her on the screen. They say to themselves: 'We read of such creatures in fiction and in fairy tales, and we dream of such creatures. And when we become hopeless and say to ourselves that such creatures cannot truly be, then we see Greta Garbo, and we know that such persons can be, for there she is.' And so those millions of women derive hope, happiness from Greta Garbo, and they aim to be more like her, and so their own lives are bettered."

"I remember myself, in my blackest hours of poverty, that when I could see Douglas Fairbanks, or Maurice Chevalier, it would lift my life high. I would get from them a joy of living, a happiness of hope, that brightened and inspired and encouraged me for days. How can you ask, then, why I find happiness in being 'just a screen actor'?"

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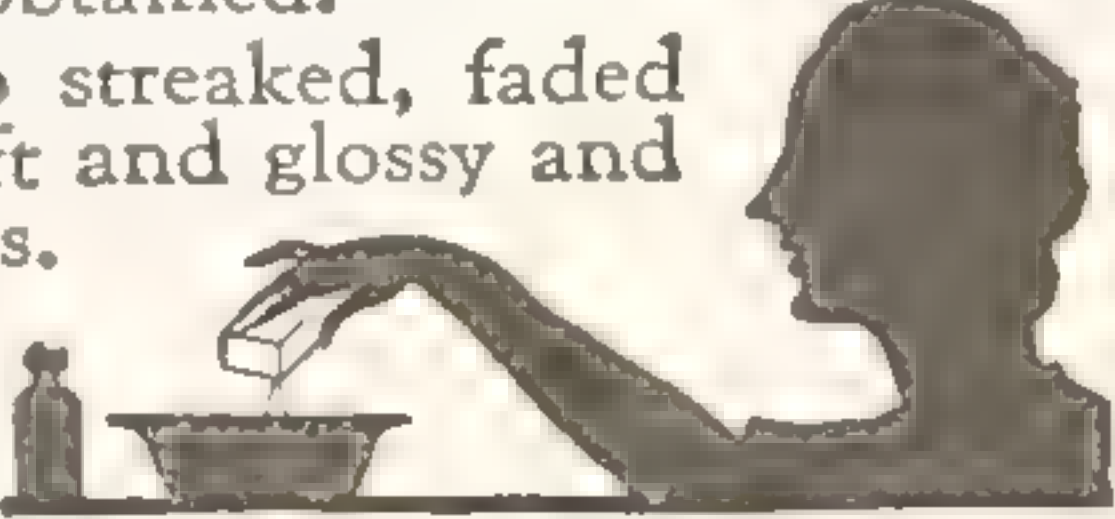
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Saddle Leather vs. Sex Appeal

[Continued from page 47]

bearded villains. Tom's salary was one of the highest ever paid to any motion picture actor; his pictures were used as "whips" to induce exhibitors to book the studio's other, and much more publicized, offerings. The theatre owners were so eager to satisfy the public demand for Mix pictures that they were reluctantly willing to book society dramas in order to get them.

Mix lasted as a top-notch for years—while suave purveyors of sex-appeal came and went—and then Fox built George O'Brien to take his place. O'Brien starred in western after western, in the Zane Grey stories, in originals scribbled by studio unknowns on wrapping paper, and his pictures poured new millions into Hollywood's coffers. For years, he was the biggest money earner on the Fox lot, bigger than Janet Gaynor, bigger than Warner Baxter. He received very little publicity. His pictures were never given formal openings at the Chinese or the other world-famous show places, but they *made money*. And the Fox fan mail department was literally buried under the storm of adulatory letters which poured in to praise a Western star.

The late Fred Thompson was one of the greatest western heroes. Every Saturday afternoon, the theatres were packed with children, there to see his pictures.

Richard Arlen, starring in a long succession of somewhat glorified "horse-operas" for Paramount, was the biggest and most dependable money earner on a lot which prided itself on its sophisticated pictures. Tom Keene—probably many of you never heard of him—was the biggest asset of Radio Pictures, notwithstanding the fact that his westerns were overlooked by the publicity scribes who were busy boosting the stock of Connie Bennett, Katherine Hepburn and Irene Dunne.

GARY COOPER became a famous star because he "clicked" in a series of inexpensive westerns for Paramount, and one of his greatest triumphs since, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, follows the old western formula in every respect. Warner Baxter, then on the skids, scored his greatest success in the first western talkie, *In Old Arizona*. Richard Dix's one smash hit of recent years, *Cimarron*, was merely a glorification of the cheaper Westerns that had been the foundation of his stardom.

And the westerners, booted, spurred and sombreroed, ride on... and on... right into this ultra-sophisticated year of 1936. And the exhibitors are just as glad as ever to hear the thunder of their mustangs' hoofs, even if it isn't accompanied by the publicity departments' brass bands.

Amazingly, a survey this month—or any month—of exhibitors reports as published in the theatre trade journal, shows that Buck Jones' and Ken Maynard's westerns have played to "big business" in many houses which gave the more sophisticated offerings a very cold shoulder.

The great western sextet of all time is Tom Mix, Bill Hart, Fred Thompson, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones and Ken Maynard. Tom is still "packin' 'em in" for the circus. Bill Hart is retired. Fred Thompson is dead. But Gibson, Jones and Maynard, seemingly as imperishable as so many Rocks of Gibraltar, are still three of the outstanding stars in Hollywood.

True, Hoot Gibson fell on hard times for a few years. But his troubles were due to poor investments rather than any loss of screen popularity. He's back at work again,

"forkin'" outlaw horses, rescuing fair range maidens and thwarting two-gun rustlers—and the exhibitors, driven by public demand, will soon be clamoring for his pictures.

Buck Jones has been a star, continuously and without a break, for a *little more than seventeen years*. Only one other star in screen history, Dick Barthelmess, can equal that truly amazing record. And Barthelmess, having waned decidedly, is not receiving *five thousand dollars a week*. Buck Jones is!

You don't hear much about him and if you live in a major city and patronize only the first-run theatres, the big "down-town" houses, you probably never see his pictures. But he is not being paid such a staggering salary for nothing. Get this: Buck Jones receives approximately twice as much salary as the average, celebrated, internationally publicized, sex-appeal star. According to the most authentic records, he earns more than Gable, more than Montgomery, more than Fred Astaire, more than Dick Powell. He earns more than five times as much as most of the younger sophisticated favorites who are being ballyhooed as the Gables of tomorrow.

Of the many fan clubs in America, *his* is by far the largest. Children idolize him. The "Buck Jones Rangers" number more than **SIX MILLION!**

And his pictures cost less to produce than the average studio program picture!

"We're out this year to put westerns—good westerns—into the first-run theatres," he challenges. "Because westerns are universally popular, we know that the public wants them in the big theatres. It is the motion picture industry itself which is prejudiced. Strangely so, for any producer knows that the lowly 'horse-opera' is the one sure-fire money maker. Westerns are built of the basic story ingredients—action, adventure and courage. The industry—I mean Hollywood—has come to look down on westerns because of the great flood of maudlin imitations produced by penny-ante fly-by-night producers on 'Poverty Row.' The real western picture has a hold on the public—and especially on children—that can never be broken. The old West offers the most colorful, adventurous and romantic background that any picture can have."

Ken Maynard, the last of the sextet, has been a star for fourteen consecutive years—and he is still a very, very big star. Like Buck Jones, he receives little publicity and lots of salary—far more salary than most of the ultra-publicized stars in Hollywood. His pictures—eight every year—coin money, and coin it with never a "flop." Like Buck Jones, he lays no claim to sex-appeal or acting genius—but Ken Maynard receives approximately *four thousand fan mail letters every week!* Four thousand a month is considered phenomenal.

And both Buck Jones and Ken Maynard, who have outlived, professionally, the combined lives of three or four drawing room favorites, predict that 1937, themed by a return to clean, wholesome screen entertainment, will be the greatest year in Western history!

Tour the Middle West, and the second-run theatres of every section, and the deep South, and ask the theatre owners to verify that prediction and they will ask in amazement how 1937, or any other year, can bring greater popularity to pictures which already play to packed houses.

Apparently Hollywood, itself, is the only community which forgets its cowboy stars.

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THEN—In the early summer of 1910, Colonel Seelig conceived an idea for a picture of the west and he sent a camera crew to Oklahoma to make pictures of frontier life. A United States Marshal, sitting on his horse, watched the proceedings and was intrigued with the idea of pictures. He asked: "Is this a private round-up, or can I get in it?" He not only got in it, but he starred in it. The picture was called *Ranch Life in the Great Southwest*. After it was made, the Marshal turned in his badge and became an actor. Tom Mix was the name. More than twenty years in pictures in 1925, his contract with William Fox netted him seventeen thousand dollars per week.
NOW—Mix is owner and star of a wagon show, traveling the country, and he appears in his riding, shooting and stunt-stuff at every performance.

Gertrude Michael's Hour of Horror

[Continued from page 30]

injuries, except the skull fracture. I would have had, if I had not been thrown clear of the car. I would have been killed outright. They later picked the car up in pieces and carried them to a junk pile.

"They took eight stitches in my forehead—here." She drew back her hair, showed me an almost imperceptible scar a couple of inches long, crescent-shaped, at the top of the right side of her forehead. "I didn't wake up when they sewed up the fracture. But my sub-conscious was plenty active, apparently. I knew a little something about surgery; I knew in the case of facial injuries, wounds should be sewed with black thread or thin wire, not with catgut. I kept crying, deliriously, 'You're sewing me up with catgut—you're sewing me up with catgut.'"

"They didn't set my leg until the next day. Didn't think it would be any use. That's how much they thought my chances were. When they set the leg, I had a flash of consciousness. The pain nearly killed me. I let out one howl, begged them to let me die. Then I lapsed into unconsciousness, and didn't wake up until four days later.

"I had the cutest hair—matted with blood. (It took me four months to get all the blood out.) While I was still unconscious, one of the nurses decided she would do something about it. She started to shave my head. She got about this far"—Gertrude indicated a point a half-inch above her hairline—"when another nurse stopped her. 'You can't do that,' she told her. 'She's in pictures.'"

I ASKED her about her hours of horror. I asked her if her first thought, on regaining consciousness, was that her career was probably over.

"It must have been a slow awakening," she said. "I didn't think, 'Where am I? My beautiful face! My glorious career!'" There was a tinge of ironic amusement in the adjectives she used. "I was too conscious of pain. Terrific pain. And, strangely enough, what bothered me most was my neck. I couldn't move it. I thought of suicide, of jumping out of the window just to end the pain."

No, she did not have any bitter reflections about the value of an unmarred face to an actress, no matter what her talents. "For one thing," she explained, "my face was not bandaged, except across my forehead and over my right eye. I asked how far the scar went, and 'Is anything wrong with my eye?' They assured me that my eye was all right, and I knew that my hair, with bangs, would cover the scar. So I didn't concentrate on worrying; I concentrated on getting well.

"I didn't think anything about my broken leg. I had broken my arm three times, and my leg once, several years before—so that didn't worry me. Yet it caused me the greatest trouble of all.

"A week after they brought me to the hospital, they transferred me by ambulance to a Hollywood hospital. They gave me a huge shot of morphine just before the trip. I joked with the nurses, the ambulance boys (that's one thing—I never lost my sense of humor); I was even sitting up; I felt marvelous, as if I'd be walking in a week. Nobody else seemed to realize how good I felt. They could see how green I was—which I couldn't. They had given me the morphine at four in the afternoon; about

[Continued on page 80]

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Gertrude Michael's Hour of Horror

[Continued from page 79]

ten minutes of nine that night, the thought finally pierced my muddled brain that the morphine, and the morphine alone, explained my high spirits. In a panic, I called a nurse, asked her, 'How long does the effect of morphine last?' She told me, 'About five hours.' She was right. That night, and the next day, I felt worse than I had ever felt before.

"I was in that hospital a week before I felt strong enough to be taken home, where I wanted to be. I had my bed moved downstairs, where I wouldn't feel so much like a shut-in. Finally, I was able to sit in a wheel-chair. I could even play the piano a little, by reaching over the side of the chair. For days, weeks, life was wheel-chair, wheel-chair, wheel-chair. I tried crutches just one day, and couldn't stand them.

"After two months, I had myself driven to my doctor's office for an X-ray of my leg. I was very, very enthusiastic, getting out in the world again. 'I can be walking in two weeks,' I told myself. The doctor shook his head over the X-ray. The broken bones had not knitted. I had to have them reset, had to wear a new cast—for another month and a half."

I still was curious about her reaction to the injury to her face. "One day they'd take out one stitch," she told me, "and the next day another, or maybe two—until they all were out. I didn't have any emotions about the procedure. The scar didn't seem important. The important thing was that I was alive. I don't have the petite type of beauty that can't be marred. I always wear bangs and never feel self-conscious about the scar. In the hospital, I joked about it, telling people that it had a romantic history—that it was a sabre wound I had received in the Spanish-American War.

"The funniest angle of all is that I'm thankful it happened. It may be a sophomore attitude, but I feel that everything happens for the best."

I asked her to explain.

"The strangest reaction came when I got home," she continued. "I relaxed, relaxed completely—for the first time since I had been in Hollywood. Nearly four years. I read books that I hadn't found time to read before. I listened by the hour to music I had always wanted to study. Stranger still, I thought. It's amazing, how little people think. One in a thousand ever sits down and thinks . . . Hollywood is a very funny place, like a lovely island, remote from the rest of the world, where people get in the habit of taking everything for granted, and grow very inactive, physically and mentally.

"What did I think about? People, beauty, life. I decided that life was pretty swell. . . . In the most inactive time of my whole life, I was, in imagination, the most active. I started playing a game with myself. I pictured dreamily everything I should like to do, from seven in the morning till the time I went to sleep. In imagination, I would do everything from cutting flowers with the morning dew still fresh upon them to going to the matinee of a play in New York that I had ached to see. At night I would pretend that I was dressing for a Toscanini symphony concert. And every day, every hour, I dreamed of doing things completely different. Believe me, it was the most interesting life I've ever had . . .

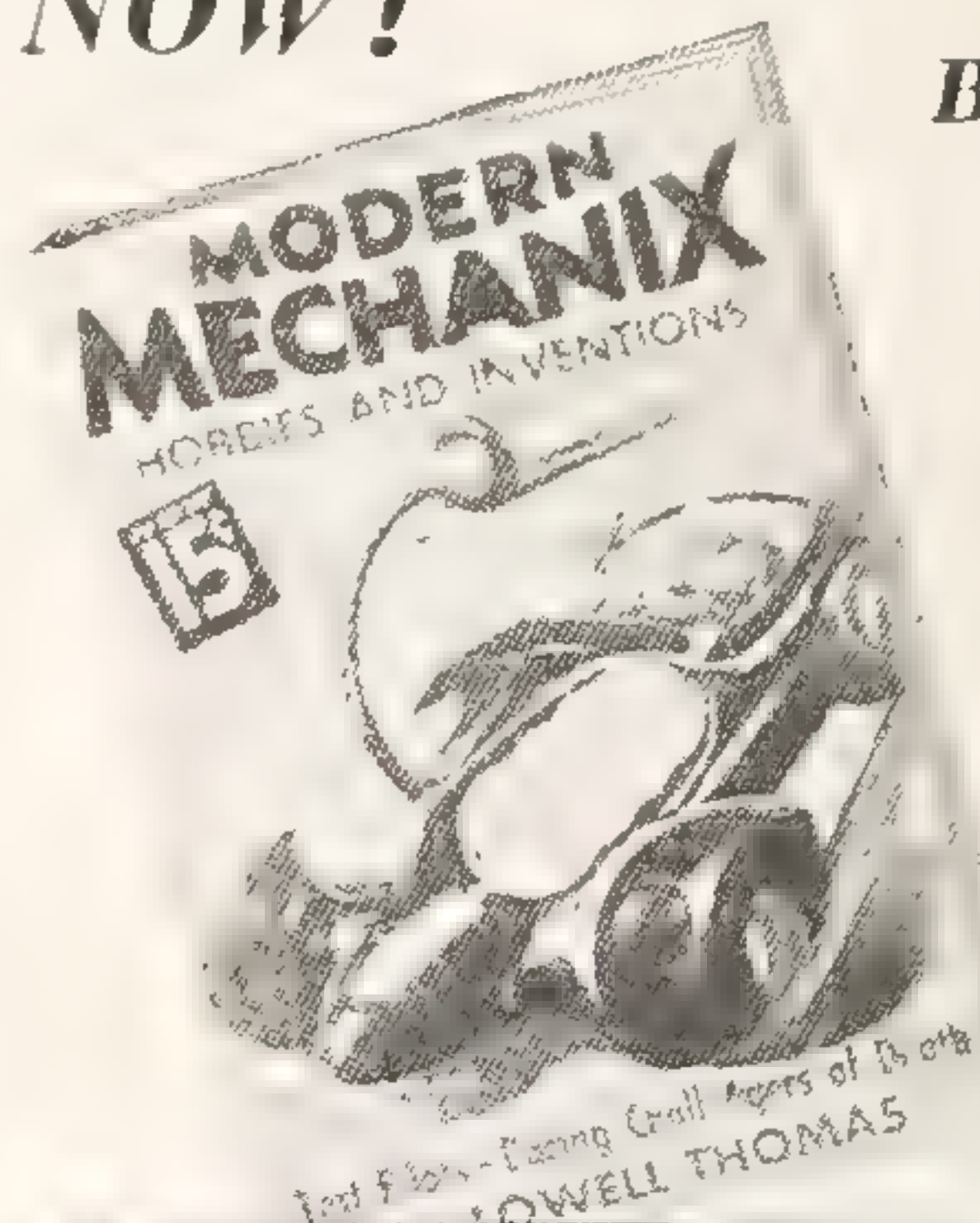
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me around, and I still had to use canes. But I wanted to do it, to force myself to get well. In my first scene, I had to walk up some steps, smiling, on the arms of two men. I held their arms so tightly that my fingernails must have dug into them; by the time I reached the top, I was crying my heart out. I was beaten. The pain was too great. Everybody told me I couldn't continue . . . But if anybody tells me I can't do something, that's the one thing I'm going to do. It was torture, but I stood it until I finished the picture!"

SINCE then, she has made two pictures, both with Herbert Marshall—*Till We Meet Again* and *Forgotten Faces*, in the latter of which, in an unsympathetic rôle, she gives one of the most remarkable performances of the year. In *The Return of Sophie Lang*, with Ray Milland and Sir Guy Standing, she is repeating an earlier characterization that she made famous. ("But she's not the same *Sophie*. She's reformed, I'm afraid," Gertrude told me.)

Keep your eyes on this dramatic Miss Michael, of the light brown hair, frank blue eyes, and soft Southern accent. She will do surprising things. Things as dramatic as coming back from the dead to reclaim her career.

She was born in Talladega, Alabama, on a June first about twenty-five years ago. At fifteen she had graduated from school, valedictorian of her class, and was embarked on the study of law. ("It was the actress in me, wanting to be the modern *Portia*.") Music crowded law out of her thoughts, and she went to the Cincinnati Conservatory, there winning a five-year scholarship in Italy. She never went to Europe. The stage crowded music into the background. First with the Stuart Walker

Stock Company, then on Broadway, she made a reputation for herself. A film company offered to pay all of her expenses to and from Hollywood for a screen test. She never used the return ticket.

Despite her nearly-tragic accident, she still drives—and drives fast. She has given up flying, however, to please her mother, who lives with her. Her father is dead. She dots her conversation with "Honey" and other Southernisms, but refuses to give them up, or "to exchange soft r's for hard r's." She has two older brothers, Arnold and Alan, who once told her she wouldn't be knock-kneed if she learned how to swim. Swimming today is her favorite sport; after that, bicycling. She dabbles in water colors and thinks she is pretty hopeless, "though it took Van Gogh eight years to paint a picture that would sell." She also harbors ambitions to write short stories. She can't bear long, stodgy books.

Her chief ambition now? "To be happy. Perhaps that sounds naïve. But I'm not saying, 'I want to be a great motion picture star, or nothing at all' or 'I want to go back to the stage' or 'I want to be rich.' I have been broke, very broke, and I have had happier times, much finer times, than I have ever had since. I haven't the slightest idea where I'll find happiness. Whether on the screen, on the stage, in marriage, in the face of a baby. It is the most elusive thing in the world. To me, it is a combination of peace of mind . . . fresh air . . . sunshine . . . music . . . books . . . people who have something I want, and to whom I can give something.

"I'm thinking right now of a new house. Maybe I'll build. Everything's maybe. Maybe I'll be in another accident—who knows? Anyway, I'll have a lot of fun planning."

The Girl Bob Taylor Can't Forget

[Continued from page 29]

stances. He could see the other chap's possible attractions. And a small inner voice told him that the prize was not yet won—even though another small and argumentative voice tried to tell him that *his* love for her far outmeasured any emotion that the other chap could feel, and that *his* love must inspire equal love in her.

"About that time," Bob revealed, "I decided that life just wouldn't be worth the living, without her. And I didn't hide that belief from her. I couldn't. . . . We became practically engaged. For a while, we were even talking secret marriage."

(A fine chance he would have, today, of marrying secretly—with columnists hovering over him like hawks!)

Then what happened—?

"I went crazy about acting, received the bid from M-G-M, and was rushing back and forth between Pomona and Hollywood. And, somewhere en route, I lost her. . . . She married the other fellow."

He isn't saying whether he considers himself lucky to be single, or whether he wishes that he were married. He just states, as a simple fact, that when the movies found him, he lost a girl whom he cannot forget. . . .

He hasn't been engaged since his college days (three years ago). And he isn't sure that he has been in love since then. Perhaps he wasn't in love *then*. He wouldn't know. He is just a young fellow, learning a business. The business of acting. That doesn't make him an authority on love.

Perhaps he would have lost the girl, even

if the movies *hadn't* changed his whole plan of life. There is always that possibility to consider—even though, on the screen, he always seems to be a winner. Also, there is the possibility that he would have found someone else before he was twenty-four.

Bob wasn't kidding when he told me that if he were in any other profession, he would "probably be married now."

"**B**EATRICE, Nebraska, is one of the smallest towns in America, I imagine," he told me—and then had to take time out to convince his pal and stand-in, Don Miloe, that *his* home-town (Shawnee, Oklahoma) couldn't be any smaller than Beatrice. "But that's where I'd be today, if my original plans had worked out," Bob continued.

"My father, S. A. Brugh, was a doctor there, and we both decided that I should be a doctor, too—follow in his footsteps. I went to college with that idea in mind. If I had followed through—let's see, I would be in the third year of medical school now. I'd be out in another year; then I'd have a year as an interne. Two years from now, I'd start practising. And it's a cinch that I would be married—long before I was ready to hang out my shingle as Arlington Brugh, M.D.

"A medical education demands a sacrifice of nine years of a man's life. He isn't ready even to attempt to make a living until he is nearly thirty. If he stays single all of that time, the chances are that he'll

[Continued on page 82]

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The Girl Bob Taylor Can't Forget

[Continued from page 81]

stay single for years after he starts practicing. He wouldn't have the nerve to ask a girl to starve with him while he suffered his early struggles. But I wouldn't have had that handicap, if everything had worked out as planned. I would have stepped into a ready-made practice. And, with that prospect ahead of me, I don't see what would have kept me from marrying."

Music, he had intimated, had led indirectly to his meeting the girl he had wanted to marry. How did that happen?

"Well, it led me to California, for one thing," he explained. "I went to Doane College at Doane, Nebraska, first—and if I hadn't been interested in the 'cello there by a great prof—and if he hadn't transferred to Pomona College at the end of my Freshman year, I might never have come to California. I followed him out to Pomona, you see. If I hadn't, I never would have met the girl—never seen Hollywood, either."

He was taking a pre-med course, still planning to become a doctor, like his father—until the spring of his Senior year. That was when his college romance reached its zenith. But even that did not alter his ambition. He saw no reason why they could not be secretly married—no reason why he could not continue to study medicine.

What happened was that the stage bug took a large bite out of him. He developed a high fever for the footlights.

Such a fever that he won the rôle of *Capt. Stanhope* in a campus production of *Journey's End*. An M-G-M talent scout saw him, arranged a screen test. Out of the test came a contract—to start upon his graduation in June, with a session in the M-G-M training school.

Two months later, his father died, leaving only a small estate. To twenty-one-year-old Arlington Brugh, his movie venture under the name of Robert Taylor was no longer just a pleasant experiment; it was a means of earning a living. It was a job—the only one in sight. He didn't stand much chance of finding anything better. The depression wasn't over yet. And, to the world at large, he was just another college graduate, without any special training of any kind.

So he went to work—at the business of becoming an actor. At a salary of thirty-five dollars a week.

"When I was in college, and getting seven-fifty a week from home, and had no prospects of any income for years—I had marrying ideas," he pointed out, ironically. "The folly of youth, maybe."

Now that he was out of college, and had responsibilities, he couldn't afford even to think of marriage. Not on thirty-five dollars a week.

When film companies start student actors at small salaries, they unconsciously persuade the boys to remain "eligible bachelors"—first out of necessity, then out of sheer habit. At least, that was what happened to Robert Taylor.

Besides, he had lost the one girl he had wanted to marry—and he was in no mood to search for a substitute.

Oh, there was one girl to whom he was briefly attracted, on the rebound. A young beginner, like himself. A dancer. Then she went off to New York—to stay for two years. Time and distance did their destructive business. When she finally re-



For months Hollywood was a-jitter about the reported engagement of Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Now they are no longer seen together and Dame Rumor has bestowed on each of them another romance

turned, he felt nothing but a vast, emotionless calm. They could find nothing to talk about.

Then he played his first important part—the title rôle of *Society Doctor*. Overnight, the fan mail started rolling in, warning the studio that here was a coming star. He made *Broadway Melody of 1936*—and the letters became a white deluge. About the same time, the press-agents and the columnists reported that Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey, young M-G-M actress, were romancing.

THE reports continued for months. Then, suddenly, they "broke up." Just as suddenly, Irene started going with someone else—belying any rumors that she needed sympathy. Bob's name began to be linked with several prominent feminine names.

All of which leads to the suspicion, perhaps unjustified, that the Robert Taylor-Irene Hervey "romance" was inspired by advisers. It would surround the new romantic hero with a harmless aura of the young lover; it would save him from a barrage of rumors, which might be annoying to him, his sponsors and his fans.

Anyway, with the end of the Taylor-Hervey alignment, Bob and Janet Gaynor were rumored "interested" in each other. (They happened to be making *Small Town Girl* together.) Then he was seen with Virginia Bruce at the Academy dinner. (On the strength of that one appearance together, one columnist jumped the gun and announced that they were engaged.) Now, as we race to press, he is escorting Barbara Stanwyck to premieres, parties and public dining spots.

At the starry premiere of *The Great*

Ziegfeld, the only time that the horde of sidewalk spectators got out of hand was when Robert Taylor (who was not in the picture) entered the theatre. To the Hollywood fans, Bob still was a highly eligible bachelor. Perhaps they had heard, and believed, the opinion of Barbara's friends that, though parted from him, she still loves Frank Fay—who is making a big name for himself again, this time in radio.

Bob told me that he thought the world of Barbara Stanwyck. Beyond that, he would not commit himself.

At the moment, he is co-starring with Loretta Young in *Private Number* (the new version of Constance Bennett's one-time hit, *Common Clay*). There won't be any new romance rumors in that direction, with Loretta making no secret of her interest in Director Eddie Sutherland. As soon as he finishes, Bob is scheduled to be with Joan Crawford, the brand-new Mrs. Franchot Tone, in *The Gorgeous Hussy*.

He isn't going to have the time to devote to any serious off-screen romancing, for a while.

Also, just between you and me, he will have little inclination for any serious off-screen romancing—until he meets the girl who can erase the memory of the girl he can't forget. . . .

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